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CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

FROM SPOTSYLVANIA TO THE NORTH ANNA.

GRANT AND MEADE.

ON the morning of May 13 [1864] General Grant expressed some anxiety as to the possibility of Lee's falling back toward Richmond without our knowing it in time to follow him up closely enough to attack him, although it was thought that the almost impassable condition of the roads would probably prevent such an attempt. Skirmishers were pushed forward near enough to discover the meaning of a movement of some of the organizations in Lee's center, and it was found that the enemy was merely taking up a new position in rear of the works which had been captured from him. There was no other fighting that day. The general busied himself principally with inquiries about the care of the wounded and the burial of the killed. He thought not only of the respect due the gallant dead, but of proper rewards for the living whose services had contributed conspicuously to the victory. He wrote a communication to the Secretary of War, in which he urged the following promotions: Meade and Sherman to be major-generals, and Hancock a brigadier-general, in the regular army; Wright, Gibbon, and Humphreys to be major-generals of volunteers; and Carroll, Upton, and McCandless to be brigadier-generals in that service. He had already promoted Upton on the

field, but this promotion had to be confirmed at Washington. He said in his letter: "General Meade has more than met my most sanguine expectations. He and Sherman are the fittest officers for large commands I have come in contact with." An animated discussion took place at headquarters that day regarding General Meade's somewhat anomalous position, and the embarrassments which were at times caused on the field by the necessity of issuing orders through him instead of direct to the corps commanders. The general-in-chief always invited the most frank and cordial interchange of views, and never failed to listen patiently to the more prominent members of his staff. He seldom joined in the discussions, and usually reserved what he had to say till the end of the argument, when he gave his views and rendered his decision. It was now urged upon him, with much force, that time was often lost in having field orders pass through an intermediary; that there was danger that, in transmitting orders to corps commanders, the instructions might be either so curtailed or elaborated as to change their spirit; that no matter how able General Meade might be, his position was in some measure a false one; that few responsibilities were given him, and yet he was charged with the duties of an army commander; that if he failed the re-

sponsibility could not be fixed upon him, and if he succeeded he could not reap the full reward of his merits; that, besides, he had an irascible temper; and often irritated officers who came in contact with him, while General Grant was even-tempered, and succeeded in securing a more hearty coöperation of his generals when he dealt with them direct. The discussion became heated at times.

At the close of the arguments the general said: «I am fully aware that some embarrassments arise from the present organization, but there is more weight on the other side of the question. I am commanding all the armies, and I cannot neglect others by giving my time exclusively to the Army of the Potomac, which would involve performing all the detailed duties of an army commander, directing its administration, enforcing discipline, reviewing its court-martial proceedings, etc. I have Burnside's, Butler's, and Sigel's armies to look after in Virginia, to say nothing of our Western armies, and I may make Sheridan's cavalry a separate command. Besides, Meade has served a long time with the Army of the Potomac, knows its subordinate officers thoroughly, and led it to a memorable victory at Gettysburg. I have just come from the West, and if I removed a deserving Eastern man from the position of army commander, my motives might be misunderstood, and the effect be bad upon the spirits of the troops. General Meade and I are in close contact on the field; he is capable and perfectly subordinate, and by attending to the details he relieves me of much unnecessary work, and gives me more time to think and to mature my general plans. I will always see that he gets full credit for what he does.»

This was a broad view of the situation, and one to which the general mainly adhered throughout the war; but after that day he gave a closer personal direction in battle to the movements of subdivisions of the armies.

General Meade manifested an excellent spirit through all the embarrassments which his position at times entailed. He usually showed his orders to General Grant before issuing them, and as their camps in this campaign were seldom more than a pistol-shot distant from each other, despatches from the corps commanders directed to Meade generally reached the general-in-chief about the same time. In fact, when they were together, Meade frequently handed despatches to his chief to read before he read them himself. As Grant's combativeness displayed itself only against the enemy, and he was a man

with whom an associate could not quarrel without furnishing all the provocation himself, he and Meade continued on the best of terms officially and personally throughout this long and eventful campaign.

FIELD DIVERSIONS.

DURING the ten days of battle through which we had just passed very little relief, physical or mental, had been obtained; but there was one staff-officer, a Colonel B——, who often came as bearer of messages to our headquarters, who always managed to console himself with novel-reading, and his peculiarity in this respect became a standing joke among those who knew him. He went about with his saddle-bags stuffed full of thrilling romances, and was seen several times sitting on his horse under a brisk fire, poring over the last pages of an absorbing volume to reach the dénouement of the plot, and evincing a greater curiosity to find how the hero and the heroine were going to be extricated from the entangled dilemma into which they had been plunged by the unsympathetic author than to learn the result of the surrounding battle. One of his peculiarities was that he took it for granted that all the people he met were perfectly familiar with his line of literature, and he talked about nothing but the merits of the latest novel. For the last week he had been devouring Victor Hugo's «*Les Misérables*.» It was an English translation, for the officer had no knowledge of French. As he was passing a house in rear of the «angle» he saw a young lady seated on the porch, and, stopping his horse, bowed to her with all the grace of a Chesterfield, and endeavored to engage her in conversation. Before he had gone far he took occasion to remark: «By the way, have you seen «*Lees Miserables*»?» anglicizing the pronunciation. Her black eyes snapped with indignation as she tartly replied: «Don't you talk to me that way; they're a good deal better than Grant's misérables anyhow!» This was retold so often by those who heard it that, for some time after, its repetition seriously endangered the colonel's peace of mind.

SEIZING VANTAGE-GROUND.

On the morning of the 14th it was decided to move the headquarters of Generals Grant and Meade farther east to a position on some high ground three quarters of a mile north of the Ny River, and near the Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania Court House road. The two

generals and their staff-officers rode forward on the Massaponax Church road, and came to a halt and dismounted at a house not far from the Ny River. About half a mile south of that stream, at a place called Gayle's, there was a hill held by the enemy, which overlooked both the Massaponax and the Fredericksburg roads, and as it commanded an important position, it was decided to try to get possession of it.

Just then General Upton rode up, joined the group, and addressing himself to both Generals Grant and Meade, said, with his usual enthusiasm and confidence, and speaking with great rapidity: "I can take that hill with my brigade. I hope you will let me try it; I'm certain I can take it." He was asked how many men he had left, as his brigade had seen very hard fighting in the last few days. He replied, "About eight or nine hundred men."

It was soon decided to let him make the attempt, and General Wright, who was supervising the movement, gave Upton orders to start forward at once and seize the position. Upton put his brigade in motion with his usual promptness, drove back the enemy in handsome style, and soon had his flags hoisted on the hilltop. But his possession of it was not of long duration. The enemy sent forward a portion of Mahone's infantry and Chambliss's cavalry, and Upton was compelled to fall back before superior numbers. However, there was no intention to allow the enemy to hold such an important position, and Meade directed Warren to send one of his brigades to recapture it. Ayres's brigade moved forward with spirit, and the position was soon retaken and held. General Grant expressed to General Meade his pleasure at seeing Warren's troops making so prompt and successful a movement, and as both officers had censured Warren on the 13th, they were anxious now to give him full credit for his present conduct. General Meade sent him the following despatch: "I thank you and Ayres for taking the hill. It was handsomely done." General Wright then moved forward two brigades to relieve Ayres. This was the only fighting on that day.

GRANT AND THE WOUNDED CONFEDERATE.

WHILE riding about the field General Grant stopped at a house and expressed a desire to prepare some despatches. A number of wounded were lying upon the porch and in the rooms; they had made their way there in accordance with the usual custom of wounded

men to seek a house. It seems to be a natural instinct, as a house conveys the idea of shelter and of home. I walked with the general into a back room to see whether there was a dry spot which he might take possession of for a short time, to write messages and look over the maps.

As we entered, there was seen sitting in the only chair a Confederate lieutenant of infantry who had been shot in the left cheek, the ball passing through his mouth and coming out near the right ear. A mass of coagulated blood covered his face and neck, and he presented a shocking appearance. He arose the moment we entered, pushed his chair forward toward the general, and said, with a bow and a smile, "Here, take my chair, sir." General Grant looked at him, and replied: "Ah, you need that chair much more than I; keep your seat. I see you are badly hurt." The officer answered good-naturedly: "If you folks let me go back to our lines, I think I ought to be able to get a leave to go home and see my girl; but I reckon she would n't know me now." The general said, "I will see that one of our surgeons does all in his power for you," and then stepped out of the room. He told one of the surgeons who was dressing the wounds of our own men to do what he could for the Confederate. We did not hear what became of him afterward. He probably never knew that he had been talking to the general-in-chief of the Yankee armies. The despatches were afterward written in another room.

The enemy had now set to work to discover the real meaning of our present movements. In the afternoon skirmishers pushed forward on our right, and found that Warren's corps was no longer there.

GRANT'S TOILET IN CAMP.

IN the night of the 14th Lee began to move troops to his right. Grant now directed Hancock's corps to be withdrawn and massed behind the center of our line, so that it could be moved promptly in either direction. When the general got back to camp that evening his clothes were a mass of mud from head to foot, his uniform being scarcely recognizable. He sat until bedtime without making any change in his dress; he never seemed particularly incommoded by the travel-stained condition of his outer garments, but was scrupulously careful, even in the most active campaigns, about the cleanliness of his linen and his person. The only chance for a bath was in having a barrel sawed in two and using



General Grant

GENERAL GRANT AND THE WOUNDED CONFEDERATE.

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DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEHIST

the half of it as a sort of sitz-bath. During most of this campaign the general, like the staff-officers, used this method of bathing, or, as our English friends would say, «tubbing.» Afterward he supplied himself with a portable rubber bath-tub. While campaign life is not a good school for the cultivation of squeamishness, and while the general was always ready to rough it in camp, yet he was particularly modest in performing his toilet, and his tent fronts were always tied close, and the most perfect privacy was secured, when he was washing, or changing his clothes. While thus engaged even his servant was not allowed to enter his quarters.

IMPORTANT DESPATCHES.

THE next day, May 15, the rain continued, and the difficulties of moving became still greater. Important despatches were received from the other armies. They informed the general-in-chief that General Averell's cavalry had cut a portion of the East Tennessee railroad, and had also captured and destroyed a depot of supplies in West Virginia. Butler reported that he had captured some works near Drewry's Bluff, on the James River. The next day, the 16th, came a despatch from Sherman saying that he had compelled Johnston to evacuate Dalton and was pursuing him closely. Sheridan reported that he had destroyed a portion of the Virginia Central and the Fredericksburg railroads in Lee's rear, had killed General J. E. B. Stuart, completely routed his cavalry, and captured a portion of the outer lines of Richmond. He said he might possibly have taken Richmond by assault, but, being ignorant of the operations of General Grant and General Butler, and knowing the rapidity with which the enemy could throw troops against him, he decided that it would not be wise to make such an attempt.

The loss of General Stuart was a severe blow to the enemy. He was their foremost cavalry leader, and one in whom Lee reposed great confidence. We afterward heard that he had been taken to Richmond, and had reached there before he died; that Jefferson Davis visited his death-bed, and was greatly affected when he found that there was no hope of saving the life of this accomplished officer.

THROUGH RAIN AND MUD.

THE continual rain was most disheartening. On May 16 Grant wrote to Halleck: «We have had five days' almost constant rain, with-

out any prospect yet of its clearing up. The roads have now become so impassable that ambulances with wounded men can no longer run between here and Fredericksburg. All offensive operations must necessarily cease until we can have twenty-four hours of dry weather. The army is in the best of spirits, and feels the greatest confidence in ultimate success. . . . The elements alone have suspended hostilities.»

In the Wilderness the army had to struggle against fire and dust; now it had to contend with rain and mud. An ordinary rain, lasting for a day or two, does not embarrass troops; but when the storm continues for a week it becomes one of the most serious obstacles in a campaign. The men can secure no proper shelter and no comfortable rest; their clothing has no chance to dry; and a tramp of a few miles through tenacious mud requires as much exertion as an ordinary day's march. Tents become saturated and weighted with water, and draft-animals have increased loads, and heavier roads over which to haul them. Dry wood cannot be found; cooking becomes difficult; the men's spirits are affected by the gloom, and even the most buoyant natures become disheartened. It is much worse for an army acting on the offensive, for it has more marching to do, being compelled to move principally on exterior lines.

Staff-officers had to labor day and night during the present campaign in making reconnaissances and in cross-questioning natives, deserters, prisoners, and fugitive negroes, in an attempt to secure data for the purpose of constructing local maps from day to day. As soon as these were finished they were distributed to the subordinate commanders. Great confusion arose from the duplication of the names of houses and farms. Either family names were particularly scarce in that section of the State, or else the people were united by close ties of relationship, and country cousins abounded to a confusing extent. So many farm-houses in some of the localities were occupied by people of the same name that, when certain farms were designated in orders, serious errors arose at times from mistaking one place for another.

GRANT AND THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE weather looked a little brighter on May 17, but the roads were still so heavy that no movement was attempted. A few reinforcements were received at this time, mainly some heavy artillery regiments from the defenses

about Washington, who had been drilled to serve as infantry. On the 17th Brigadier-General R. O. Tyler arrived with a division of these troops, numbering, with the Corcoran Legion, which had also joined, nearly 8000 men. They were assigned to Hancock's corps.

Headquarters was this day moved about a mile and a quarter to the southeast, to a point not far from Massaponax Church. We knew that the enemy had depleted the troops on his left in order to strengthen his right wing, and on the night of the 17th Hancock and Wright were ordered to assault Lee's left the next morning, directing their attack against the second line he had taken up in rear of the "angle," or, as some of the troops now called it, "Hell's Half-acre." The enemy's position, however, had been strengthened at this point more than it was supposed, and his new line of intrenchments had been given a very formidable character. Our attacking party found the ground completely swept by a heavy and destructive fire of musketry and artillery, but in spite of this the men moved gallantly forward and made desperate attempts to carry the works. It was soon demonstrated, however, that the movement could not result in success, and the troops were withdrawn.

General Grant had ridden over to the right to watch the progress of this attack. While he was passing a spot near the roadside where there were a number of wounded, one of them, who was lying close to the roadside, seemed to attract his special notice. The man's face was beardless; he was evidently young; his countenance was strikingly handsome, and there was something in his appealing look which could not fail to engage attention, even in the full tide of battle. The blood was flowing from a wound in his breast, the froth about his mouth was tinged with red, and his wandering, staring eyes gave unmistakable evidence of approaching death. Just then a young staff-officer dashed by at a full gallop, and as his horse's hoofs struck a puddle in the road, a mass of black mud was splashed in the wounded man's face. He gave a piteous look, as much as to say, "Could n't you let me die in peace and not add to my sufferings?" The general, whose eyes were at that moment turned upon the youth, was visibly affected. He reined in his horse, and seeing from a motion he made that he was intending to dismount to bestow some care upon the young man, I sprang from my horse, ran to the side of the soldier, wiped his face with my handkerchief, spoke to

him, and examined his wound; but in a few minutes the unmistakable death-rattle was heard, and I found that he had breathed his last. I said to the general, who was watching the scene intently, "The poor fellow is dead," remounted my horse, and the party rode on. The chief had turned round twice to look after the officer who had splashed the mud and who had passed rapidly on, as if he wished to take him to task for his carelessness. There was a painfully sad look upon the general's face, and he did not speak for some time. While always keenly sensitive to the sufferings of the wounded, this pitiful sight seemed to affect him more than usual.

BAD NEWS.

WHEN General Grant returned to his headquarters, greatly disappointed that the attack had not succeeded, he found despatches from the other armies which were by no means likely to furnish consolation to him or to the officers about him. Sigel had been badly defeated at New Market, and was in retreat; Butler had been driven from Drewry's Bluff, though he still held possession of the road to Petersburg; and Banks had suffered defeat in Louisiana. The general was in no sense depressed by the information, and received it in a philosophic spirit; but he was particularly annoyed by the despatches from Sigel, for two hours before he had sent a message urging that officer to make his way to Staunton to stop supplies from being sent from there to Lee's army. He immediately requested Halleck to have Sigel relieved and General Hunter put in command of his troops. General Canby was sent to supersede Banks, this was done by the authorities at Washington, and not upon General Grant's suggestion, though the general thought well of Canby and made no objection.

In commenting briefly upon the bad news, General Grant said: "Lee will undoubtedly reinforce his army largely by bringing Beauregard's troops from Richmond, now that Butler has been driven back, and will call in troops from the Valley since Sigel's defeated forces have retreated to Cedar Creek. Hoke's troops will be needed no longer in North Carolina, and I am prepared to see Lee's forces in our front materially strengthened. I thought the other day that they must feel pretty blue in Richmond over the reports of our victories; but as they are in direct telegraphic communication with the points at which the fighting took place, they were no doubt at the same time aware of our defeats, of which we

have not learned till to-day; so probably they did not feel as badly as we imagined."

The general was not a man to waste any time over occurrences of the past; his first thoughts were always to redouble his efforts to take the initiative and overcome disaster by success. Now that his coöperating armies had failed him, he determined upon still bolder movements on the part of the troops under his immediate direction. As the weather was at this time more promising, his first act was to sit down at his field-desk and write an order providing for a general movement by the left flank toward Richmond, to begin the next night, May 19. He then sent to Washington asking the coöperation of the navy in changing our base of supplies to Port Royal on the Rappahannock.

ATTEMPT TO TURN OUR RIGHT.

THE fact that a change had been made in the position of our troops, and that Hancock's corps had been withdrawn from our front and placed in rear of our center, evidently made Lee suspect that some movement was afoot, and he determined to send General Ewell's corps to try to turn our right, and to put Early in readiness to coöperate in the movement if it should promise success.

In the afternoon of May 19, a little after five o'clock, I was taking a nap in my tent, to try to make up for the sleep lost the night before. Aides-de-camp in this campaign were usually engaged in riding back and forth during the night between headquarters and the different commands, communicating instructions for the next day, and had to catch their sleep in instalments. I was suddenly awakened by my colored servant crying out to me: "Wake up, sah, fo' God's sake! De whole ob Lee's army am in our reah!" He was in a state of feverish excitement, and his face seemed two shades lighter than its ordinary hue. The black boys were not to be blamed for manifesting fright, for they all had a notion that their lives would not be worth praying for if they fell into the hands of the enemy and were recognized as persons who had made their escape from slavery to serve in the Yankee army. Hearing heavy firing in the direction of our rear, I put my head out of the tent, and seeing the general and staff standing near their horses, which had been saddled, I called for my horse and hastened to join them. Upon my inquiring what the matter was, the general said: "The enemy is detaching a large force to turn our right. I wish you would ride to the point of attack,

and keep me posted as to the movement, and urge upon the commanders of the troops in that vicinity not only to check the advance of the enemy, but to take the offensive and destroy them if possible. You can say that Warren's corps will be ordered to coöperate promptly." General Meade had already sent urgent orders to his troops nearest the point threatened. I started up the Fredericksburg road, and saw a large force of infantry advancing, which proved to be the troops of Ewell's corps who had crossed the Ny River. In the vicinity of the Harris house, about a mile east of the Ny, I found General Tyler's division posted on the Fredericksburg road, with Kitching's brigade on his left. By Meade's direction Hancock had been ordered to send a division to move at double-quick to Tyler's support, and Warren's Maryland brigade arrived on the ground later. The enemy had made a vigorous attack on Tyler and Kitching, and the contest was raging fiercely along their lines. I rode up to Tyler, who was an old army friend, found him making every possible disposition to check the enemy's advance, and called out to him: "Tyler, you are in luck to-day. It is n't every one who has a chance to make such a début on joining an army. You are certain to knock a brevet out of this day's fight." He said: "As you see, my men are raw hands at this sort of work, but they are behaving like veterans."

Hancock had arrived on the ground in person, and when Birney's troops of his corps came up they were put into action on Tyler's right. Crawford, of Warren's corps, arrived about dark, and was put in position on the left. The brunt of the attack, however, had been broken by the troops upon which it first fell. Each regiment of Tyler's heavy artillery was as large as some of our brigades. These regiments had been thoroughly drilled and disciplined in the defenses about Washington, but this was their first engagement, and their new uniforms and bright muskets formed a striking contrast to the travel-stained clothing and dull-looking arms of the other regiments. When the veterans arrived they cracked no end of jokes at the expense of the new troops. They would cry out to them: "How are you, heavies? Is this work heavy enough for you? You're doing well, my sons. If you keep on like this a couple of years, you'll learn all the tricks of the trade." They were particularly anxious to get hold of the new arms of the fresh troops, and when a man was shot down a veteran would promptly seize his gun in exchange for his

own, which had become much the worse for wear in the last week's rain-storms.

The fighting was exceedingly obstinate, and continued until after nine o'clock; but by that hour the enemy had been driven back at all points, and forced to beat a rapid retreat across the Ny. His loss in killed and wounded was severe, and we captured over four hundred prisoners from him. We did not escape a considerable loss on our side, six hundred of our men having been killed and wounded. A staff-officer, passing over the ground after dark, saw in the vicinity of the Fredericksburg road a row of men stretched upon the ground, looking as if they had lain down in line of battle to sleep. He started to shake several of them, and cried out: "Get up! What do you mean by going to sleep at such a time as this?" He was shocked to find that this row consisted entirely of dead bodies lying as they fell, shot down in ranks with their alinement perfectly preserved. The scene told with mute eloquence the story of their valor and the perfection of their discipline. The brevet rank predicted for Tyler was conferred upon him for his services in this engagement, and it had been fairly won.

Lee had evidently intended to make Ewell's movement a formidable one, for Early had received orders to coöperate in the attack if it should promise success, and during the afternoon he sent forward a brigade which made an assault in his front. The attempt, however, was a complete failure.

This attack by Ewell on the 19th prevented the orders previously issued for the general movement by the left flank from being carried out until the night of the 20th.

The Army of the Potomac had been embarrassed by having too much artillery. Finding that the country through which it had to move was more difficult than had been supposed, General Grant gave an order on the 19th to send ninety-two guns back to Washington.

«BILL.»

THE next morning, May 20, the general was later than usual in making his appearance, in consequence of having overslept. Finally his voice was heard calling from his tent to his colored servant: "Bill! Ho, Bill! What time is it?" The servant ran to him, found he was still in bed, and told him the hour. In scarcely more than ten minutes the general appeared at the mess-table. We were not surprised at the rapidity with which he had dressed himself, for we had learned by this time that in putting on his clothes he was as quick as a

lightning-change actor in a variety theater. When the officers at headquarters were called up particularly early to start on the march, every one did his utmost to be on time and not keep the general waiting; but, however vigorous the effort, no one could match him in getting on his clothes. There was seldom any occasion for such hurried dressing, but with him it was a habit which continued through life.

Bill, the servant who waited on the general, was a notable character. He was entirely a creature of accident. When the general was at Cairo in 1861, Bill suddenly appeared one day at headquarters with two other slave boys, who had just escaped from their former masters in Missouri. They belonged to that class of fugitive blacks who were characterized by those given to artistic comparisons as "charcoal sketches from the hands of the old masters." Bill was of a genuine burnt-cork hue, and no white blood contaminated the purity of his lineage. He at once set himself to work without orders, taking care of one of the aides, and by dint of his force of character resisted all efforts of that officer to discharge him. When any waiter was absent, or even when all were present, he would turn up in the headquarters mess-tent and insist on helping the general at table. Then he attached himself to Colonel Boomer, and forced that officer in spite of himself to submit to his services. After the colonel had been killed in the assault on Vicksburg, Bill suddenly put in an appearance again at headquarters, and was found making himself useful to the general, notwithstanding the protests of the other servants, and before long he had himself regularly entered upon the general's private pay-roll. When his chief came East, Bill followed, and gradually took entire charge of the general's personal comfort as valet, waiter, and man of all work. He was devoted, never known to be beyond call, had studied the general's habits so carefully that he could always anticipate his few wants, and became really very useful. I had a striking illustration one morning in front of Spotylvania of how devoted Bill was to the general's comfort. While we were camping in the region of wood-ticks, garter-snakes, and beetles, I saw Bill in front of the general's tent thrusting his hand first into one of the chief's boots and then into the other. "What are you doing that for, Bill?" I asked. "Oh," he explained, "I allers feels around in de gin'ral's boots afore I lets him put dem on, to see dat no insect's done got into dem de pre-

vus night." He followed in the general's shadow all through his Presidential terms, then he insisted upon attempting business in Washington, and afterward tried his hand at preaching; but he had fed so long at the public crib that his appetite had been spoiled for any other means of sustaining life, and he finally made his way into a government department as messenger, where he still is and where it is hoped that his eventful life may be rounded out in the quiet and comfort to which his public services entitle him. He will not be as dramatic an historical character as Napoleon's Mameluke, but in his humble way he was as faithful and devoted to his chief as the famous Roustan.

GRANT'S UNPROTECTED HEADQUARTERS.

In discussing the contemplated movement to the left, General Grant said on the morning of May 20: "My chief anxiety now is to draw Lee out of his works and fight him in the open field, instead of assaulting him behind his intrenchments. The movement of Early yesterday gives me some hope that Lee may at times take the offensive, and thus give our troops the desired opportunity." In this, however, the general was disappointed; for the attack of the 19th was the last offensive movement in force that Lee ventured to make during the entire campaign.

The series of desperate battles around Spotsylvania had ended, but other soil was now to be stained by the blood of fratricidal war. Torbert's cavalry division began the march to the South on May 20, and as soon as it was dark Hancock's corps set out for Milford Station, a distance of about twenty miles, to take up a position on the south bank of the Mattaponi. Guiney's Station was reached the next morning, after a night march of eight miles. Hancock's advance crossed the Mattaponi at noon and intrenched its position. At ten o'clock that morning Warren had moved south, and that night he reached the vicinity of Guiney's Station. Burnside put his corps in motion as soon as the road was clear of Hancock's troops, and was followed by Wright.

Generals Grant and Meade, with their staffs, took up their march on May 21, following the road taken by Hancock's corps, and late in the afternoon reached Guiney's Station. Our vigilant signal-officers, who had made every effort to read the enemy's signals, now succeeded in deciphering an important despatch, from which it was learned that Lee had discovered the movement that our forces

were making. While riding forward, a little in advance of headquarters, with another staff-officer, I saw a body of the enemy on the opposite side of a stream which we were approaching. This made us feel a little apprehensive for the safety of the commanding generals, as Hancock was many miles in advance, and the head of Warren's corps was a considerable distance in the rear. Our party, besides a small cavalry and infantry escort, consisted entirely of officers, many of them of high rank. One might have said of it what Curran said of the books in his library, "Not numerous, but select." It was promptly decided to order the regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel C. H. T. Collis, which served as General Meade's headquarters guard, to make a dash across the stream and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position on the opposite bank. This was promptly and gallantly done, and the detachment of the enemy soon beat a rapid retreat. General Grant sat on his horse quietly smoking his cigar, and watched the fight with considerable interest. It was suggested that, before pitching camp for the night, the headquarters had better move back upon the road on which we had advanced until Warren's troops should be met; but General Grant made light of the proposition and ordered the camp to be established where we were, saying, "I think, instead of our going back, we had better hurry Warren forward." Suggestions to the general to turn back fell as usual upon deaf ears.

GRANT AND THE VIRGINIA LADY.

WHILE our people were putting up the tents and making preparations for supper, General Grant strolled over to a house near by, owned by a Mr. Chandler, and sat down on the porch. I accompanied him, and took a seat beside him. In a few minutes a lady came to the door, and was surprised to find that the visitor was the general-in-chief. He was always particularly civil to ladies, and he rose to his feet at once, took off his hat, and made a courteous bow. She was ladylike and polite in her behavior, and she and the general soon became engaged in a pleasant talk. Her conversation was exceedingly entertaining. She said, among other things: "This house has witnessed some sad scenes. One of our greatest generals died here just a year ago—General Jackson—Stonewall Jackson of blessed memory." "Indeed!" remarked General Grant. "He and I were at West Point together for a year, and we served in the same army in Mexico." "Then you must have

known how good and great he was," said the lady. "Oh, yes," replied the general; "he was a sterling, manly cadet, and enjoyed the respect of every one who knew him. He was always of a religious turn of mind, and a plodding, hard-working student. His standing was at first very low in his class, but by his indomitable energy he managed to graduate quite high. He was a gallant soldier and a christian gentleman, and I can understand fully the admiration your people have for him."

"They brought him here the Monday after the battle of Chancellorsville," she continued. "You probably know, sir, that he had been wounded in the left arm and right hand by his own men, who fired upon him accidentally in the night, and his arm had been amputated on the field. The operation was very successful, and he was getting along nicely; but the wet applications made to the wound brought on pneumonia, and it was that which caused his death. He lingered till the next Sunday afternoon, May 10, and then he was taken from us." Here the lady of the house became very much affected, and almost broke down in recalling the sad event.

Our tents had by this time been pitched, and the general, after taking a polite leave of his hostess, and saying he would place a guard over her house to see that no damage was done to her property, walked over to camp, and soon after sat down with the mess to a light supper.

A RACE FOR THE NORTH ANNA.

THE question has been asked why General Grant in this movement left so great a distance between Hancock's corps and the rest of his army. He did it intentionally, and under the circumstances it was unquestionably wise generalship. He was determined to try by every means in his power to tempt Lee to fight outside of his intrenched lines. He had in the battles of the last two weeks thoroughly measured Lee's capacity as an opponent, and he believed it would be difficult to force him to take the offensive unless some good opportunity were offered. He knew that Lee, from the distance over which he would have to move his troops, could not attack the isolated Hancock with more than an army corps. Such a force he was certain Hancock could whip; and Grant, being in close communication with the several corps, felt that he could bring up reinforcements as rapidly as the enemy, and that the chances would be greatly in his favor if he

could thus bring on an engagement in the open field. There was no question in his mind as to whipping his opponent; the only problem was how to get at him.

The next morning, May 22, headquarters moved south, following the line which had been taken by Hancock's troops, which ran parallel with the Fredericksburg railroad. The officers and men had never experienced a more sudden change of feelings and prospects. The weather was pleasant, the air was invigorating, the sun was shining brightly, and the roads were rapidly drying up. The men had been withdrawn from the scenes of their terrific struggles at Spotsylvania, and were no longer confronting formidable earthworks. The features of the country had also entirely changed. Though there were many swamps, thickets, and streams with difficult approaches, the deep gloom of the Wilderness had been left behind. The country was now more open, and presented many clearings, and the range of vision was largely increased. The roads were broad, the land was well cultivated, and the crops were abundant. The men seemed to breathe a new atmosphere, and were inspired with new hope. It was again "on to Richmond," and the many miles they were now gaining toward the enemy's capital, and out of reach of fire, made them experience that buoyancy of feeling which always accompanies the prestige of success. But while the country was covered with farms and houses, there was scarcely an inhabitant to be seen. Most of the able-bodied men were serving in the armies, and the slaves had been driven farther south. Many of the non-combatants had gone away to escape the invading army, and the only people encountered were women and children and old and decrepit men.

The corps were now rapidly moving toward Hanover Junction, which is about twenty-five miles north of Richmond. Lee, notwithstanding his superior means of obtaining information, had not begun to move until Hancock's corps had crossed the Mattaponi at Milford. He then started rapidly down the Telegraph road, and as he had a shorter route than the Union forces, it appears that he reached Hanover Court House at the head of Ewell's corps at 9:30 o'clock on May 22. His telegrams and manœuvres all go to show that he was entirely deceived in regard to Grant's movements. He reported at that time: "I have learned, as yet, nothing of the movements of the enemy east of the Mattaponi." The day before, in speaking of the position of Grant's army, he said: "I fear [this] will secure him

from attack until he crosses the Pamunkey.» Even after Grant had crossed the Mattaponi, Lee spoke of the Union forces as being east of that river, and was hurrying forward troops in order to prevent Grant from crossing the Pamunkey, a stream formed by the junction of the North Anna and the South Anna rivers, while Grant was in reality moving toward the North Anna. In these movements Lee was entirely outgeneraled.

On the morning of May 22 Hancock was instructed to remain at Milford during the day, while the other corps were directed to move south by roads which would not separate them by distances of more than four miles. It appears to have been about midday of the 22d when Lee obtained information, through his cavalry, of our advance toward the North Anna. Hancock could not well have reached Hanover Junction before Lee, for Lee's route from the right of his intrenchments on the Po to Hanover Junction by the Telegraph road was about twenty-eight miles, while the route of Hancock's corps from Anderson's Mill to Hanover Junction via Bowling Green was about thirty-four miles; besides, as Hancock was advancing with a detached corps through an enemy's country and over unknown roads, he had to move with caution.

A NOONDAY HALT AT MRS. TYLER'S.

EARLY in the afternoon General Grant decided to halt for a couple of hours, to be in easy communication with the troops that were following. He selected for the halt a plantation which was beautifully situated on high ground, commanding a charming view of the valley of the Mattaponi. A very comfortable house stood not far from the road along which Burnside's corps was marching. In making halts of this kind a house was usually selected, for the reason that good water was easily obtainable, and facilities were afforded for looking at maps and conducting correspondence. General Grant never entered any of the houses, as they were usually occupied by ladies, and he did not wish to appear to invade their dwellings; he generally sat on the porch. When we reached this plantation, the escort and the junior staff-officers lounged about the grounds in the shade of the trees, while General Grant, accompanied by two or three of us who were riding with him, dismounted, and ascended the steps of the porch. A very gentle and prepossessing-looking lady standing in the doorway was soon joined by an older woman.

General Grant bowed courteously and said, «With your permission, I will spend a few hours here.» The younger lady replied very civilly, «Certainly, sir.» The older one exclaimed abruptly, «I do hope you will not let your soldiers ruin our place and carry away our property.» The general answered politely, «I will order a guard to keep the men out of your place, and see that you are amply protected; and at once gave the necessary instructions. The ladies, seeing that the officer with whom they were conversing was evidently one of superior rank, became anxious to know who he was, and the older one stepped up to me, and in a whisper asked his name. Upon being told that he was General Grant, she seemed greatly surprised, and in a rather excited manner informed the other lady of the fact. The younger lady, whose name was Mrs. Tyler, said that she was the wife of a colonel in the Confederate army, who was serving with General Joe Johnston in the West; but she had not heard from him for some time, and she was very anxious to learn through General Grant what news he had from that quarter. The general said, «Sherman is advancing upon Rome, and ought to have reached that place by this time.» Thereupon the older lady, who proved to be the mother-in-law of the younger one, said very sharply: «General Sherman will never capture that place. I know all about that country, and you have n't an army that will ever take it. We all know very well that Sherman is making no headway against General Johnston's army.»

We could see that she was entertaining views which everywhere prevailed in the South. The authorities naturally put the best face upon matters, and the newspapers tried to buoy up the people with false hopes. It was not surprising that the inhabitants of the remote parts of the country were in ignorance of the true progress of the war. General Grant replied in a quiet way: «General Sherman is certainly advancing rapidly in that direction; and while I do not wish to be the communicator of news which may be unpleasant to you, I have every reason to believe that Rome is by this time in his possession.» The older lady then assumed a bantering tone, and became somewhat excited and defiant in her manner; and the younger one joined with her in scouting the idea that Rome could ever be taken. Just then a courier rode up with despatches from Washington containing a telegram from Sherman. General Grant glanced over it, and then read it to the staff. It announced

support Warren, but it was not deemed necessary to send it across the river until the next morning.

General Grant rode during this day, May 23, with Hancock's corps. While halting in the afternoon at a house not far from the river, he was told by the people living there that Lee had rested for a few hours at the same house the day before, and that his entire army had crossed the river. On the morning of the 24th Hancock crossed to the south side. Crittenden's division crossed the river and joined Warren's corps. They advanced against the enemy with a view of dislodging him from his position at Ox Ford, but his lines were found so strong that after a brief encounter our forces withdrew. They had not been able to take with them any artillery. That night our whole army, except one division of Burnside's corps, was on the south side of the river and close up to the enemy's lines.

SHERIDAN RETURNS FROM HIS RAID.

GENERAL headquarters were established near Chesterfield Station on May 24. That day Sheridan returned from his memorable cavalry raid, and was warmly greeted by General Grant at headquarters, and heartily congratulated upon his signal success. He related some of the principal incidents in the raid very graphically, but with becoming modesty. In describing a particularly hot fight, he would become highly animated in manner and dramatic in gesture; then he would turn to some ludicrous incident, laugh heartily, and seem to enjoy greatly the recollection of it. It will be remembered that he started out suddenly on May 8, passed round the right of Lee's army, keeping out of reach of his infantry, crossed the North Anna in the night, destroyed ten miles of the Virginia Central railroad, together with cars, locomotives, and a large amount of army supplies, recaptured three hundred and seventy-five of our prisoners on their way from Spotsylvania to Richmond, crossed the South Anna, struck the Fredericksburg road at Ashland, and destroyed the depot, many miles of road, a train of cars, and a large supply of army stores. Finding that the enemy's cavalry were concentrating, he united his divisions, which had been operating at different points in the work of destruction, and fought a pitched battle at Yellow Tavern, about seven miles north of Richmond, capturing two pieces of artillery, mortally wounding the commander, J. E. B. Stuart, and killing

Brigadier-general James B. Gordon. He then entered the advanced lines of intrenchments north of Richmond, crossed the Chickahominy, and reached Haxall's Landing, on the James, where he replenished his supplies from stores sent to him by Butler. After remaining there from the 14th to the 17th of May, he started on his return to the Army of the Potomac. He had lost only four hundred and twenty-five men in killed, wounded, and missing. One important effect of Sheridan's operations was that he compelled all of the enemy's cavalry to be moved against him, which left our large train of four thousand wagons free from their attacks.

General Grant at times had a peculiar manner of teasing officers with whom he was on terms of intimacy, and in this interview he began to joke with his cavalry leader by saying to those who were gathered about him: «Now, Sheridan evidently thinks he has been clear down to the James River, and has been breaking up railroads, and even getting a peep at Richmond; but probably this is all imagination, or else he has been reading something of the kind in the newspapers. I don't suppose he seriously thinks that he made such a march as that in two weeks.»

Sheridan joined in the fun, and replied: «Well, after what General Grant says, I do begin to feel doubtful as to whether I have been absent at all from the Army of the Potomac.» Sheridan had become well bronzed by his exposure to the sun, and looked the picture of health. It was seen at once that the general-in-chief did not intend to give him or his command any rest. He told him of the movements he had in contemplation, and Sheridan saw that all his troopers would be wanted immediately at the front.

MEETING BETWEEN GRANT AND BURNSIDE.

THAT evening, the 24th, General Grant issued an order, which he had been considering for some time, assigning Burnside's corps to the Army of the Potomac, and putting him under the command of Meade. It was found that such a consolidation would be much better for purposes of administration, and give more unity to the movements. It had been heretofore necessary to inform Meade of the instructions given to Burnside, and to let Burnside know of the movements that were to be undertaken by Meade, in order that the commanders might understand fully what was intended to be accomplished, and be in a position to cooperate intelligently. This involved much correspondence and consumed

time. The new order was intended to avoid this, and simplify the methods which had been employed. While General Grant was riding past the headquarters of Burnside the next morning, Burnside came out of his tent, and in company with several of his officers came up to General Grant, who had now halted by the roadside, shook hands with him, and said: «I have received the instructions assigning my command to the Army of the Potomac. That order is excellent; it is a military necessity, and I am glad it has been issued.» This conduct of Burnside gave the greatest satisfaction to the general-in-chief, and he commented very favorably upon it afterward. It must be recollected in this connection that Burnside was senior in rank to Meade, and had commanded the Army of the Potomac when Meade was a division commander under him; and the manner in which Burnside acquiesced in his new assignment, and the spirit he manifested in his readiness to set aside all personal aims and ambitions for the public good, were among the many instances of his patriotism and his absolute loyalty to the cause he served.

DESTROYING A RAILROAD.

THE general headquarters were moved farther west on May 25, and established on the north side of the North Anna, near Quarles' Ford, at a place known as Quarles' Mills. That day it became evident that Lee was going to make a permanent stand between the North and the South Anna. His position was found to be exceedingly strong, and was somewhat similar to the one taken up at Spotsylvania. The lines were shaped something like the letter U, with the base resting on the river at Ox Ford. It had one face turned toward Hancock, and the other toward Warren. The lines were made exceedingly formidable by means of strong earthworks with heavy obstructions planted in front, and were flanked on the right by an impenetrable swamp, and on the left by Little River. General Grant said, in discussing the situation at this time: «It now looks as if Lee's position were such that it would not be prudent to fight a battle in the narrow space between these two rivers, and I shall withdraw our army from its present position, and make another flank march to the left; but I want, while we are here, to destroy a portion of the Virginia Central Railroad, as that is the road by which Lee is receiving a large part of his supplies and reinforcements.» He ended the conversation by directing me to cross the river and superintend this operation.

I went with a portion of Russell's division of Wright's corps, which began the work of destruction at a point on the railroad about eight hundred yards from the enemy's extreme left. A brigade was extended along one side of the road in single rank, and at a given signal the men took hold of the rails, lifted up the road, and turned it upside down. Then, breaking the rails loose, they used them as levers in prying off the cross-ties, which they piled up at different points, laid the rails across them and set fire to the ties. As soon as the rails became sufficiently hot they bent in the middle by their own weight; efforts were then made to twist them so as to render them still more unserviceable. Several miles of railway were thus destroyed.

THE ENEMY REINFORCED.

THE reinforcements which General Grant had predicted would be sent to Lee's army had reached him. Between 12,000 and 15,000 men arrived from the 22d to the 25th of May. Breckinridge had come from the valley of Virginia with nearly all of his forces; Pickett brought a division from the vicinity of Richmond; and Hoke's brigade of Early's division had also been sent to Lee from the Confederate capital. On the 22d, as soon as Grant had learned the extent of the disaster to Butler's army on the James, he said that Butler was not detaining 10,000 men in Richmond, and not even keeping the roads south of that city broken, and he considered it advisable to have the greater part of Butler's troops join in the campaign of the Army of the Potomac. On May 25 he telegraphed orders to Halleck, saying: «Send Butler's forces to White House, to land on the north side, and march up to join this army. The James River should be held to City Point, but leave nothing more than is absolutely necessary to hold it, acting purely on the defensive. The enemy will not undertake any offensive operations there, but will concentrate everything here.» At the same time he said: «If Hunter can possibly get to Charlottesville and Lynchburg, he should do so, living on the country. The railroads and canals should be destroyed beyond the possibility of repair for weeks.» These instructions were given in consequence of the withdrawal of Breckinridge's command, which left the valley of Virginia undefended.

A FEMALE ODDITY.

WHEN I recrossed the river and returned to headquarters in the evening, I found General

Grant sitting in front of his tent smoking a cigar and anxious to hear the report as to the extent of the damage to the railroad. About the time I finished relating to him what had been accomplished, an old woman who occupied a small house near by strolled over to headquarters, apparently bent upon having a friendly chat with the commander of the Yankee armies. The number of questions she asked showed that she was not lacking in the quality of curiosity which is supposed to be common to her sex. She wore an old-fashioned calico dress about six inches too short, with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows. She had a nose so sharp that it looked as if it had been caught in the crack of a door, and small gray eyes that twinkled and snapped as shespoke. She began by nodding a familiar "How do you do?" to the general, and saying in a voice which squeaked like the high notes of an E-flat clarinet with a soft reed: "I believe you command all these h'yah Yankees that are comin' down h'yah and cavortin' round over this whole section of country." The general bowed an assent, and she continued: "I'm powerful glad General Lee has been lickin' you-all from the Rapidan c'ah down h'yah, and that now he's got you jes wh'ah he wants you."

Then she drew up a camp-chair alongside the general, seated herself on it, and finding that her remarks seemed to be received good-naturedly, grew still more familiar, and went on to say: "Yes, and afo' long Lee'll be a-chasin' you-all up through Pennsylvany ag'in. Was you up thah in Pennsylvany when he got aftah you-all last summer?" The general had great difficulty in keeping his face straight as he replied: "Well, no; I was n't there myself. I had some business in another direction." He did not explain to her that Vicksburg was at that time commanding something of his attention. Said she: "I notice our boys got away with lots of 'em Conestoga hosses up thah, and they brought lots of 'em back with 'em. We've got a pretty good show of 'em round this section of country, and they're jes the best draft-hosses you ever see. Hope the boys'll get up thah ag'in soon, and bring back some more of 'em."

The general kept on smoking his cigar, and was greatly amused by the conversation. After a little while the woman went back to her house, but returned later, and said: "See h'yah; I'm all alone in my house, and I am kinder skeerd. I expect them Yankee soldiers of yourn'll steal everything I have, and murder me afo' morning, if you don't give me

some protection." "Oh," replied the general, "we will see that you are not hurt"; and turning to Lieutenant Dunn of the staff, he said: "Dunn, you had better go and stay in the old lady's house to-night. You can probably make yourself more comfortable there than in camp, anyhow; and I don't want her to be frightened."

Dunn followed the old woman rather reluctantly to her house, and played guardian angel to her till the next morning.

GRANT RECROSSES THE NORTH ANNA.

GENERAL GRANT had now presented to him for solution a very formidable military problem. Lee's position, from the strength and location of his intrenchments and the defensive character of the country, was impregnable, or at least it could not be carried by assault without involving great loss of life. The general had therefore decided to withdraw, and make another movement by the left flank, in the hope of so manœvering as to afford another opportunity of getting a chance to strike Lee outside his earthworks. However, a withdrawal in the face of a vigilant foe, and the crossing of a difficult river within sight of the enemy, constitute one of the most hazardous movements in warfare. There was the possibility, also, that Lee might mass his artillery on his left flank, and try to hold it by this means and with a minimum of his infantry, and with the bulk of his army move out on his right in an attempt to crush Hancock's corps. This is exactly what Grant himself would have done under similar circumstances; but he had by this time become familiar with Lee's methods, and had very little apprehension that he would take the offensive. Nevertheless, Hancock was ordered to take every precaution against a possible assault. The withdrawal of the army was conducted with consummate skill, and furnishes an instructive lesson in warfare. In the first place, the enemy had to be deceived and thrown off his guard to make the movement at all safe. For this purpose Wilson's division of cavalry was transferred to the right of the army on May 25, and ordered to cross the North Anna and proceed to Little River on Lee's extreme left, and make a vigorous demonstration, to convey the impression that there was a movement of the army in that direction with a view to turning Lee's left. This was done so effectually that Lee telegraphed to Richmond the next morning: "From present indications the enemy seems to contemplate

a movement on our left flank.» During the night of the 25th the trains and all of the artillery, which was in position on our right wing, were quietly moved to the north bank of the river. Russell's division of the Sixth Corps was also withdrawn and moved in the rear of Burnside, and at daylight the next morning halted in a place where its movements could not be seen by the enemy during the day. Its position in front of the enemy had been skilfully filled with men from the other parts of the command, and its absence was not discovered. Early in the morning of May 26 instructions were issued for the withdrawal of the entire army that night. After these orders had been despatched, the general seated himself in front of his tent for a quiet smoke. In a few minutes the old woman who had had the familiar chat with him the evening before rushed over to his tent in a high state of excitement. Swinging her arms like the fans of a windmill, and screaming at the top of her shrill voice, she cried out: «See h'yah; these Yankees o' yourn got into my bahn last night, and stole the only hoss I had, and I want you to send some of your folks out to find him and bring him back.» The general listened to her story, and when she had finished remarked quietly: «Madam, perhaps it is one of those Conestoga horses you spoke of that belong up in Pennsylvania, and some of our men have made up their minds to take him back home.» The old lady at this remark was rather crestfallen, and said with a grin: «Well, I reckon you 've got me on that; but you Yankees have no business down h'yah anyhow, and I think you might get me back that hoss.» The general replied: «I'm very sorry indeed that this has occurred, and if the army were in camp I would send you around with a guard to see whether the horse could be recognized by you and recovered; but the troops are moving constantly, and it would be utterly impossible to find the animal.» She finally went off, shaking her fist and muttering: «I'm sart'in of one thing, anyhow: General Lee 'll just dust you-all out of this place afo' you kin say scat.»

The operations of the last two days had made the duties of staff-officers particularly arduous, and a great many of us were feeling the effects of the last week's hard work and exposure, the loss of sleep, and the breathing of a malarious atmosphere. In connection with the renewal of the work of destroying the railroad, I was sent across the river again on the 26th, and on returning that afternoon to headquarters found myself suffering severely from fever and sick-headache. About dark General Grant wished me to make another trip to the extreme right, to assist in the work of withdrawing the troops, as I was particularly familiar with that part of the lines. Sickness is no excuse in the field, so I started across the river again without making my condition known to the general. To make matters worse, a thunder-storm came up, accompanied by vivid lightning, and between the flashes the darkness was so impenetrable that it was slow work finding the roads. Babcock, seeing my condition, volunteered to accompany me, so that if I gave out, the orders I was carrying might still reach their destination. We remained in the saddle the greater part of the night. On my return to headquarters a surgeon supplied me liberally with round-shot in the form of quinine pills, which were used so effectively that my fever was soon forced to beat a retreat.

As soon as it was dark the other divisions of Wright's corps had begun the recrossing of the river. This corps followed the route which had been taken by Russell's division, while Warren took a road a little farther to the north. Burnside and Hancock next withdrew, and so cautiously that their movements entirely escaped detection by the enemy. All the corps left strong guards in their fronts, which were withdrawn at the last moment. The pontoon bridges were taken up after crossing the river, and cavalry was sent to the several fords to hold them after they had been abandoned by the infantry, and to destroy any facilities for crossing which had been neglected. The withdrawal from the North Anna had now been successfully accomplished.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.



PLACES IN NEW YORK.



ONLY the newest comers or the dullest dwellers in New York are chiefly impressed by its size. If you know it at all, and really see it and feel it, you must marvel more at its union of individuality and heterogeneousness. It is this that makes its character, and it is this that makes that character unique. Other cities are also very big, and some of them have grown to bigness with even greater speed; but no other in the world is so big and so complex as New York, yet so distinctively itself.

I.

MORE than seventy-six per cent. of those who people New York to-day were born of foreign mothers; more than forty per cent. were born on foreign soil themselves; and many of these aliens, brought from many different lands, continue here to live in clusters with their own kin after their own kind. Yet while each of these clusters, and each of their wandering offshoots, modifies the New-World metropolis, all of them together do not destroy its cohesion; they simply intensify its curious composite sort of personality. They make it multifariously diverse, but they leave it an entity. They touch every portion of it with pungent exotic flavors, but as flavoring an American whole. They play their several parts in a civic life that is cosmoramic beyond the belief of those who have not studied it well, but they do not turn New York into a cosmopolitan town; for this means a town which, overwhelmed by its strangers, has lost, or has never possessed, a character of its own.

In the same way the architectural body of New York is a patchwork thing, structures of every size and form and color crowding together and defying all laws of harmony and concord. Yet this patchwork thing has a personality peculiar and distinct, engendered by its station on a long and narrow river-girdled isle, where land is incomparably dear, and where structures for this purpose and for that have been segregated into well-marked groups succeeding one another in a longitudinal line.

Moreover, New York is not really a modern town, although its mood is as modern as that of the youngest. And this fact, and the contrast between the fact and the mood, have helped to make it individual, and have helped to make it heterogeneous too.

The Island of the Manhattos sent beaver-skins to Europe soon after Queen Elizabeth died. In 1626, only one year after the death of the first King James, a permanent town was established upon it. And the first great chapter in the story of this town was closed in 1664, only four years after the second Charles picked up his father's battered crown. Then New Amsterdam passed from Dutch into English hands, and was rechristened for the Duke of York twenty-one years before he began to govern it as the second James. Thus the silver tankard owned by the Schuyler family, and given to their ancestor by Queen Anne when he took five Mohawk chiefs to visit her in 1710, is by no means a relic of early New York. Who thinks of St. Petersburg as a typically modern town? Yet in 1710 St. Petersburg had been founded only half a dozen years.

Huguenots came in with our first Hollanders, and more and more of them in succeeding years. A large proportion of the so-called Dutch themselves were Flemings or Walloons of Gallic blood and speech. Englishmen, Scotch, and Irishmen arrived before Great Britain officially arrived; Portuguese, Swiss, Danes, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, negroes, West Indians—in short, so many scraps of nationalities that in 1660, when Peter Stuyvesant ruled over some fourteen hundred people, they conversed, we are told, in eighteen different tongues. Do you wonder that in the year 1895 the pupils of a certain public school on the East Side of New York should have acknowledged a quondam allegiance, personal or parental, to twenty-nine different lands?

But very long before the war of independence we had solidified into a true English-voiced community. Our Americanism was enhanced, our personality unimpaired, by the steady immigration from New England which began soon after, and was called the "Connecticut invasion." And all the American, European, Asiatic, and African invasions that have since been poured upon

us have not left us any the less decidedly ourselves.

So it has been with our architectural body. It has never been let alone. The « progressive » builder has always worked hand in hand with the aspiring immigrant to augment the complexity of New York, and the cause of his activity has been the grandeur of our waterways. Securing our commercial supremacy, at the same time they have cramped us so upon our island that its sands have grown to be more golden than those of the richest Californian gulch; and in the struggle to get all the gold out of them our city has, season by season, rent and renewed its garments of brick and stone. Not to go back again to beginnings, it may suffice to quote Philip Hone, who wrote in 1839 just as we might write to-day: « The whole of New York is rebuilt about once in ten years. » The pulling down of houses and stores in the lower part of the city he declared to be « awful, » exclaiming, « It looks like the ruins occasioned by an earthquake. » And a little book of memoirs published by a well-known merchant, Nathaniel Hubbard, in 1875, informs us that « the city of New York has been built over two or three times during the past eighty or ninety years. »

All these foreigners could not be at once absorbed, nor could any rebuildings destroy all things of earlier dates. Thus New York has ever been a heterogeneous town, although, I must insist, it is not a truly cosmopolitan town or a mere characterless piece of architectural patchwork.

It is impossible, however, to do more than thus assert and thus insist. It is impossible to explain New York's peculiar union of the old and the new, the native and the foreign—to convey its personality or to picture its complexity. You must live within it before you can apprehend it, and even then comprehension will be long delayed. What I have written is simply meant to serve as a basis for the statement that New York is astonishingly full of places; for, of course, to be counted and remarked upon as such, a place must be something more unlike its neighbors than a cell in a honeycomb. Not only because New York is so immense, but because it is so immensely diversified, are its places impossible to count. And as for knowing them all, Mr. Bunner, who was as wise in local lore as any one may hope to be, declared that no one may hope even to know the whole of the Bowery.

Early New York has bequeathed us no architectural relics, and colonial New York only

a few. Yet their spirit survives in the names of our down-town places, often in their shape and disposition, and sometimes, with modifications, even in their aspect and their uses.

I cannot tell you just how this has been effected, nor speak at all about the thousand other interesting places which have been wholly wiped off our map. I cannot venture into that fascinating region known as Old New York. My present commission bids me merely cruise for half an hour amid the places of modern New York, sketching their present coast-lines and contours. But I can heartily advise you to study elsewhere the chronicles of Old New York, for they are much richer in incidents dramatic and adventurous, patriotic, picturesque, singular, and amusing, than those of any other American town. And here, now, are two bits of good advice, to be digested before we look at a few characteristic places in modern New York.

This is the first one: Never say Manhattan Island when you mean the Island of Manhattan. The briefer term was properly applied in such a way that now it cannot be applied at all. The place that bore it is no longer discernible. Manhattan Island was a knoll about an acre in extent which lay near Corlaer's Hook, surrounded by marshes and partly submerged by high tides. Later on it became the center of a place which did us noble service, but again has been obliterated, save for the lingering nickname of « Dry-dock Village. » Here were built most of our ships in the days when no one could build them quite as well as we.

And this is the second lesson: Do not study our historic places in what you may think the logical way, beginning with their beginnings. If you do, you will often be sorely disappointed. So many New York places have been changed beyond the reconstructive power of the nimblest fancy that it is better to familiarize yourself with their present aspect, and then hunt up their histories. Thus you will protect yourself against the chill of disappointments, while securing innumerable chances to feel the pleasurable glow of surprise. Look, for example, at our pseudo-Egyptian Tombs and our pseudo-Italian Criminal Court-house, set up on second-rate commercial streets. It may pleasantly astonish you to find that they occupy the site of a once famous and very lovely lake. But if you read first of this lake, of its size and its fabulous depth, and the picturesqueness of its hilly and verdant shores; of the Indian who was murdered beside it in

the first Dutch governor's time, and the wars his murder provoked; of the rural amusements it afforded, winter and summer, to many generations of Manhattans; of the good water with which it supplied them; of the park which only a hundred years ago was imagined about it, in the interests of real-estate values, but was never decreed because the place lay so far out of town; and of the triumphant spectacle it presented when John Fitch sent his little steamboat around and around it ten years before Fulton sent the *Clermont* up the Hudson River—if you read all this, and then discover that the Collect Pond cannot now be discovered at all, or traced or imagined or believed in, why, then you may say that you would rather read fictions which do not profess to be true.

II.

AMONG all the places in New York, which is the one that, putting thoughts of the past out of mind, best typifies to-day?

The center of the Brooklyn Bridge, you may suggest, where a miracle of modern science is stretched beneath our feet, while under our eyes lies the sweep of our all-creating harbor, and on the one hand the limitless panorama of the roofs of New York, on the other, apparently as limitless, the roofs of Brooklyn, New York's tributary twin.

Or you may declare that, as ours is the type of a commercial town, its typical place must be a place of trade; and if Wall street is too complicated to be looked upon as a single place, you may point to the Stock Exchange just around the corner, on the street which is still called Broad because it was made so to accommodate a Dutch-beloved canal.

The Stock Exchange is certainly the heart of the business life of New York. Yet there are stock exchanges in every big city in the world, and a generic likeness must pervade them. Something more distinctively American, more specifically local, we find in our towering office-buildings. There is nothing like these to be seen in Europe, and though they have spread all over America, and Chicago has taught us to build them in cleverer ways than we had found for ourselves, their birthplace was New York. They were inspired by that costliness of soil which has modified our lives and deeds in so many ways, and were made possible by the invention of the steam-elevator. Year by year they grow taller and taller, and, as rapidly growing in numbers, they are once more

entirely changing the countenance of New York. Many of its down-town streets now look less like streets than like cañons cut by patient rivers between stupendous cliffs fretted and carved by a hand as vigorous and ingenious, though hardly as artistic, as the hand of Nature herself. These, I think, are our most characteristic, our most typical places.

If you enter one of the largest and go up and down and around in it, you will see that it is not a mere house, but almost a town in itself. It nearly covers the space of an entire city block. Thirty-two elevators serve the persons and the wants of its denizens and their visitors, and they carry some forty thousand passengers each day. The great business concern which owns it fills a whole floor, with halls as big as churches, and regiments of clerks. On the other floors live many another big company, and many an individual doing a big business of this sort or of that; and their number will not amaze you as much as the luxury with which prosaic tasks of money-making now surround themselves. I wonder sometimes what my grandfather would have thought of it. No one in New York did business in a bigger way than he, sending his famous clipper-ships to encircle the world and traffic in a score of ports. Yet when my father began to «clerk» for him, the first of his duties was to sand his office floor; and I can remember how small and plain was this office, even at a much later day, with the bowsprits of vessels almost poking themselves in at the window as they lay along the border of South street.

The people who dwell in the typical office-building of to-day walk about on polished marble floors; the government has given them a post-office just for themselves; a big library and a restaurant exclusively serve the lawyers among them; another restaurant generously serves whomsoever may wish to eat; there are rows of shops in the huge, barrel-vaulted main hall; there are barbers' rooms and boot-blacks' rooms, and so forth and so on. You can almost believe that a man might live in this building, going forth only to sleep, and be supplied with pretty much everything he need desire, except the domestic affections, a church, and a theater. It seems rather surprising, indeed, that a missionary chapel has not been started in one of its corners, and a roof-garden for daytime performances up on the hilltop called its roof. But on this roof was till lately the bureau which breeds our weather for us, and

down in its underground stories, in the very entrails of the earth, you may confidently leave it your wealth to guard.

Truly, the steel-clad burrows of a great safe-deposit company look capacious enough to contain all the wealth of New York, and whether your share of it be large or small, your needs can be exactly met. You may hire a safe so little that a diamond necklace would almost fill it, or so big that it is a good-sized room, and its rent means the income of a good-sized fortune—seven thousand dollars or so per annum. Narrow lane after lane is walled by tiers of these safes, as streets are walled by house-fronts; there is a second story below the first, and there are other places where other things than gold and silver, precious papers, and jewels may be stored. There are rooms full of trunks, and I remember a big one with the sweat of steam glistening on its walls and ceilings, which was filled full and heaped and piled with bales of a shining cream-colored stuff—raw silk, costly and also perishable, needing to be kept perpetually moist lest it lose its pliability.

When in this treasure-house of uncountable riches we see marble floors which can be lifted by levers so that they lie against the bases of doors impregnable without them, and vents which can throw curtains of scalding steam down upon the head of any one who may try to tamper with them, it seems as though the days of Oriental magicians had returned, with conspicuous modern improvements. Of course there are rows and rows of little cabinets where Cæsar may handle his wealth very privately, and fine large waiting-rooms, too, all shut in by gates and bars and pass-words. «The ladies' waiting-room is a great convenience,» said the gray-coated guardian, one day. «When gentlemen bring their wives down town, and have business to do elsewhere, it's a nice place to leave them in.» So it is; but if it is much used for this purpose, I hope that its niceness, not its terrific security, determines the fact.

Of course almost all the labors sheltered by these architectural colossi die down as the day dies. Even early in the night they are empty and at rest, save for the few which harbor such craftsmen as dare make no difference between night and day. Chief among these exceptions are the homes of our morning newspapers. Here it is nearly midnight before the huge presses begin to rush and roar in concert, and human activity does not reach its most strenuous point until the small hours are striking.

Even on Sunday these newspaper buildings seem alive, and, with Trinity Church and the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, they are almost the only things in the business part of New York which do. Its streets have not the gloomy, plague-stricken look that the City's streets in London present on the Sabbath, our air and sky are so much more cheerful, and our buildings are so much less dismally monotonous in color and in form. Yet they are almost as empty as the City's streets, and therefore this time is to be recommended if you wish to study our down-town architecture. Should you go about on a week-day, staring, and stopping, and craning your neck to look at sky-scraping cornices, you might quickly gather a throng about you, wondering whether you had lost your wits, or whether, perhaps, some one else had set off a fire-balloon.

III.

YOU have heard so much of the costliness of the soil which underlies the places in New York that perhaps you may like to know what it really signifies, and how it has increased since the phenomenal development of our city began about eighty years ago.

Probably the most valuable spots on the face of the earth (as the burial-sites in Westminster Abbey cannot be bought with gold) are the four corners where Wall street touches Broad, and the two where it meets Broadway. I cannot guess how large a price any one of these might bring in the market now; but a million dollars and half a million more were recently paid for five lots on Broadway opposite Bowling Green. This was the value of the land alone, as the old buildings it bore were at once to be torn down; yet, says Philip Hone, a lot in just this place sold in 1829 for only \$19,500. As late as 1840 lots on Cortlandt street could be had for \$1000, or even for \$700. But a year or two ago the corner of Liberty street and Nassau, measuring 79 feet along the one, 112 along the other, and about 100 feet in depth, brought \$1,250,000, and this, again, for the sake of the land alone.

In 1836 Philip Hone regretfully moved from his dwelling-place at No. 235 Broadway. «I am turned out of doors,» he wrote. «Almost everybody down town is in the same predicament, for all the houses are to be converted into stores. We are tempted by prices so exorbitantly high that none can resist.» The price that tempted him was but \$60,000; yet it is not strange that he thought



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.

A CITY CAÑON.

it high, for fifteen years before he had bought his dwelling-place, house and land together, for \$25,000. «Everything in New York,» he wrote again, «is at an exorbitant price. Lots two miles from City Hall are worth \$8000 or \$10,000.» And on the corner of Broadway and

Great Jones street he himself paid \$15,000 for a lot 29 × 130 feet as a site for his new home. When he was choosing it he walked about in this rather remote region with his friend Mr. Swan. The latter made his purchase on Lafayette Place, and I know



VIEW OF WALL STREET

WALL STREET AT THE CORNER OF WALL STREET

very well what a big and wonderful home he built there, for one of the best-remembered memories of my childhood was the drawing of my bed in one of the best-kept spaces of his grounds. But need I say that his aspect is no longer the same? Ladyette Place, in its turn, has become a down-town and a business street, and Mr. Swan's famous suburban residence is now the residence of the Episcopal diocese of New York.

Two miles from the City Hall, very much farther away than this stands the new «Herald» building, where Broadway and Ninth Avenue intersect. In 1841 the city owned its site, and sold it for \$200. The «Herald» now pays rent for it—for the land alone—at the rate of \$20,000 a year. At the same sale fifty pieces of property lot on Fifth Avenue and Park-street street brought \$149,000 and in 1841 four hundred lots on Fifth Avenue above Twenty-third street were sold at prices ranging from \$100 to \$200. When twenty years some of these were worth for \$1,000 each, and yet they were not present worth for themselves, remembering that business and business values have now moved into this region, too.

Less than twenty years ago a man who particularly district, between Fifth-street and the Bowdoin and Tenth streets, west of Eighth Avenue, would have shown you little but rocks and pebbles and preliminary groves and tops. Now more than half its surface is covered with buildings, all of a very good class, and their estimated cost has been \$175,000,000. Land up here is more precious than was land two miles from the City Hall in the days of Philip Hone. And it is just as easy now as then to grow greatly richer in New York if you are already rich enough to buy little bits of its soil and to sell on to them for a little while.

20.

THERE are nearly six hundred places of Christian worship in New York, but they would not serve its needs very well were it a church-going town, for all together they can hardly seat more than three hundred thousand persons. There is no famous as Trinity Church, four stories built about in its present site, and not long ago it was the most conspicuous object in the city's skyline.

一、本行在各地設有分行及支行，凡有存款、放款、匯兌、買賣有價證券、保險、保管箱、信託、代理收付等業務，均極妥速。本行資本總額美金一千萬元，實收資本美金五百萬元，公積金美金一百萬元，總行設於紐約，分行遍設於世界各主要商埠。

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the gorgeous synagogue which looks over Central Park, with its ugly but showy big gilded dome, to innumerable little ones hidden away in the grimy upper rooms of tenement-houses?

Then, our hospitals, homes, societies, nurseries, shelters,—the charitable, benevolent, reformatory institutions which, under public or private control, try to care for the bodies and souls of our poor and forsaken, our sick and aged and crippled, our criminals and moral weaklings, and our desolate children,—they are also counted by hundreds. Some of them are enormous places, «handling» thousands of «cases» each year; and some are modest corners where only a few afflicted mortals can be tenderly entreated. The work that they do is vast in amount, and much of it is beneficial beyond the fancy of the pessimist. But even the most radiant optimist knows that much must be wasted, for many of the methods of work are patently ill-inspired. Not yet have we learned on any large scale that real help means laboring with, not laboring for, those who need assistance. But this truth has at least been perceived. There are places in New York where it is being put in practice after admirable fashions. And some day, perhaps, our civic methods will be preventive as well as punitive, while the rich and «respectable» citizens of New York will bestow charity, not in the modernized meaning of the word, but in that true meaning which the pen of St. Paul so long ago underscored.

One of the teachings of St. Paul's kind of charity is that «doing good» to our poor means sharing with them those rational pleasures which cost much money from the public or the private purse. To be made better, they must be made happier. They need not only rest and instruction, but refreshment, renewal, inspiration; and this means that they need pleasure. The fact is proved by the literal meaning of the synonymous word *recreation*.

Therefore there are no places in New York more cheerful, to the prophetic eye of the soul at least, than the little parks recently opened on the East Side in spots until lately covered by teeming tenement-houses; and it is a cheering thought that their number will soon be increased. Exhilarating, too, on a bright spring day was the sight of a great room in the Hebrew Institute, where a loan collection of excellent pictures had been gathered from far up town for the free delighting of impecunious old and young. Old and young together, more than one hundred

and five thousand persons passed through the turnstile in the doorway of this room during the thirty-three days that it was open, not counting, I suppose, the many babies in arms, or the somewhat older infants who without stooping could run underneath the wheel. Conscientiously they appraised the pictures, making their hands into funnels before their eyes, after a fashion which is now out of date up town, but was still affected by elderly connoisseurs when I was a child. Accurately they knew which ones they liked, and eagerly they voted for the one that they liked best of all. A large majority of their votes was given to a picture of a mother sleeping with her babe; and in general it was sentiment, more than a sense for material beauty, that determined preferences. I cite this fact lest there be some who, disagreeing with St. Paul, doubt whether «good» is done our poor by affording them pleasures not definitely «moral,» «instructive,» or physically beneficial—who fail to see that the mere affording of innocent pleasures to people who have very few is its own sufficient excuse. Perhaps they may realize that «good» even of the strictly conventional sort must be done when pure and tender feelings that already exist are confirmed and fostered by the ministering hand of art. Send your best in the way of painting if ever you are asked to lend pictures for an East Side exhibition; but send your best in the way of sweet meanings and gentle sentiments as well. Nothing else is good enough to be shared with our poor.

V.

To see how some of our different nationalities and our different kinds of buildings are jumbled together, you may take a street-car at the western foot of Twenty-third street, and cross the town diagonally in a southward direction to the East River. For a while you will travel through Greenwich Village. Many writers have told about this part of New York because, at first an independent place, it preserved its local character long after it lost its autonomy. To-day its most distinctive traits are the crookedness of its quondam village streets, and a larger proportion of native American residents than is claimed by any other really poor quarter of New York.

When you have crossed Sixth Avenue and, rounding Washington Square, turn southward into West Broadway, and then eastward again into Spring street, you will see a more polyglot region. On the corner of the square is the Hotel Mazzini and Garibaldi;



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGRÉN.

A MISTY NIGHT ON THE BATTERY.

the name of the *Restaurante del' Union* is loyal both to the old home and the new; and so are certain sign-boards of Italian wording which proclaim that only wines of Californian making are sold within. French restaurants are frequent, and the *St. Galler Hof* and the *Tyroler Hof* bid for Swiss and for Tyrolese patronage. *Produits français* are offered by a gentleman with an Italian name, and *charcuterie de Paris* competes with sausage-meats of German extraction. Truly American is a «*Temperance Coffee-house*,» elbowed by a «*Pool for Drinks*» announcement, and surrounded by soda-water fountains and appeals to partake of beer from Pilsen or Milwaukee, from Bohemia or Bavaria, from Jersey City or Vienna, as you may prefer. Wah Hing will wash your clothes in Chinese, and an *École Française* Laïque will teach your children in French if the public school is overcrowded and you do not approve of parochial instruction. Italian schools can also be discovered; more than one *Banca Italiana* will take charge of your money if, like many a new arrival, you have been informed that American savings-banks «*alway bust-a*»; and a *Pharmacie Française*, a *Farmacia Italiana*, and a *Deutsche Apotheke*, reduplicated on almost every block, will variously try to preserve you from the American patent medicines gaudily advertised in their despite.

All these humble places of sale are sandwiched in among shabby tenements, factories, and warehouses, while here and there a brand-new colossus shows that wholesale trade is creeping into this nondescript region, and that after a little its character will be entirely changed. And this prospect of change is what has made some of the tenement-houses in New York so vilely unfit for human habitation. What is the good of cleaning or repairing them if any day they may be sold simply to be torn down?

Cross the Bowery now, and you will enter the famous Tenth Ward—a true tenement-house district, forming part of the most crowded city quarter in all the world. As a whole, the city of New York below the Harlem River (the Island of Manhattan) is more densely peopled than any other city in the world, counting 143.2 persons to the acre, while Paris counts 125.2. Then one sixth of the entire population of all New York (reckoning now with the parts above the Harlem too) is concentrated upon 711 acres of ground. Here, on the lower East Side of our town, in the summer of 1894, there dwelt some 324,000 souls, averaging 476.6

to the acre; and a certain section of this great area—the Tenth Ward—showed a local acre-average of 626.26. The most thickly peopled spot in Europe is the Jew quarter in Prague; but it is only one fifth as large as our Tenth Ward, while it shows a density scarcely greater than that of the whole of the 711 acres in which the Tenth Ward is contained—485.4 per acre. Nor is this the worst that our 711 acres can reveal. Sanitary District A of the Eleventh Ward (bounded by Avenue B and Second street, Columbia, Rivington, and Clinton streets) contains 32 acres, and in the summer of 1894 each of them bore 986.4 human beings. This is the very thickest, blackest coagulation of humanity in all the known world. No European place of anything like the same size even approaches it, and its nearest rival is a part of Bombay where the average population over an area of 46.06 acres is 759.66.

Yet it should be remembered that, while our acres are thus more heavily burdened than any others, places can be found in European, as in Asiatic, towns where people are more uncomfortably crowded within doors. There the houses are low. But New York tenements are very lofty, and thus our floor-space to the acre is much more extensive. Moreover, although we are now more crowded than ever before, our sanitary state steadily improves. During the decade which closed with 1874 our death-rate was 30.27 per thousand; during the one which closed with 1894 it was 24.07.

God and the angels know, and the devil is quick to see, that there is room for improvement still in our tenement places, and not only room, but a bitter, crying, desperate need. But we are beginning to know it too, and to act upon our knowledge. And although it is hard to make New York look ahead at things which lie outside her money-making and pleasure-seeking routines, she does not often move backward once she has been impelled to set her shoulder solidly to any wheel.

VI.

THE Tenement-House/Commission of 1894 taught much by the «density maps» from which I have just quoted, and much, again, by a big colored map that showed—contrasting the sanitary districts established by the Board of Health—in just what places in New York the people most numerous sent us from foreign lands have chiefly established themselves.

On this map our 403,784 Germans, our 399,-



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.

MUSIC NIGHT IN A HUNGARIAN CAFÉ.

348 Irish, and our 334,725 Americans are distinguished respectively by bands of red, green, and blue; and other colors represent our 80,235 Russians and Poles, our 54,334 Italians, our 25,674 negroes, our 16,239 French, our 12,287 Bohemians, and our 60,835

¹ The calculations upon which this ingenious map (drawn by Mr. Frederick E. Pierce) was based counted among our foreigners all persons born on our own soil of foreign mothers—the easiest way to reckon with a population as mixed as ours. For many purposes it is a very instructive way, yet it is not a veracious way if one

«foreigners of other nationalities,» leaving «unclassified» the 111,285 remaining persons who, when the census of 1890 was taken, completed the tale of 1,515,301 inhabitants of New York city.¹

Of course it was not possible to show on wants to appraise the real Americanism of New York. A foreign-born mother does not mean as much in regard to an American-born child as foreigners who have never seen America might think. In one of the most foreign parts of New York—in the heart of the Tenth Ward—I taught last winter at the University Settlement a club

this nationality map all the places where the people of a given race may be found; there is too much mingling and mixing in New York for any approach to such precision as this. In each sanitary district only those colors appear (arranged in contrasted stripes) which represent the nationalities that help to compose the most homogeneous two thirds of its population, the relative width of the stripes being determined by the numerical relation of these dominant nationalities to one another.

For example, our most crowded spot—District A in Ward 11—is striped to show that Hungary has contributed to form the characteristic two thirds of its population, that Germany has contributed more largely, and also more largely (but collectively) those foreign lands to each of which the map-maker could not assign a special color of its own. The Irish, the Americans, the Russians and Poles, the negroes, Bohemians, Frenchmen, Italians, who may reside in this district are swamped, from the statistical point of view, by the Hungarians, the Germans, and the foreigners otherwise born or mothered.

Near by there is a district where Germans and Italians mingle on almost equal terms; another where Germans mingle with Americans but exceed them in numbers; and another where Germans again predominate, but Russians and Poles stand next on the list. Then, not far away, in Ward 17, is a district that is not striped at all, but covered by a single color; and in Ward 10 is another of the same sort except for a difference in the color. These are the only sanitary districts in New York where two thirds of the population belong to the same race; and in the former it is the German race, in the latter the Russo-Polish Hebrew race. Indeed, all over this East Side elbow of New York, between the Bowery and Corlaer's Hook, the Russo-Polish Hebrews are conspicuous, chiefly mixed with Germans or, near the river-front, with Irish or Americans. The Italians live mostly to the southwestward of them, between the Bowery and Broadway, in the Ninth and Eleventh Wards, and beyond Broadway in the Eighth.

We have more French people than Hungarians, and many more negroes; but the Hungarians herd together so that their color

is conspicuous in two districts of the Eleventh Ward, while the French and the darkies are scattered all over town. Not a single stripe, but only one small spot on the nationality map shows a dense little knot of Gallic people to the westward of Broadway above Madison Square; there are more of them here than on West Broadway, where to the superficial eye they seem so numerous. And only two narrow stripes show clusters of black folk: one near the Gallic spot, and one to the southwestward of Washington Square, within the borders of Greenwich Village. Then, right in the heart of the Italian region, just off the lower end of the Bowery, is another little spot, which marks the Chinese quarter—Mott street and Pell street—of which you have heard queer things, and which are also curious to see and singular to smell.

And our twelve thousand and more Bohemians? To find these you must go up town; they dwell chiefly by the East River opposite Blackwell's Island, between Sixtieth and Seventy-fifth streets. Here they have been fixed, with a considerable quantity of unspecified "other foreigners," by the location of the breweries, where, as we might suppose, their labor is in request. But, except for this small region, the nationality map declares that above the beginning of Central Park, New York is chiefly peopled by Americans, Germans, and Irish, with Americans in the majority.

Look now at the seven successive sanitary districts which form a broad band through the very center of the map from Washington Square to Central Park, with Fifth Avenue as their axis. They are striped altogether in blue and green. A semi-American, semi-Irish quarter? Yes; but by no means in an East Side sense. This is the most thoroughly American quarter in New York, but also the richest. The green stripes stand for serving-men and -maids, quite as numerous as their masters, and mostly of Irish blood.

VII.

NOTHING could better reveal the heterogeneity of our people than a tour among our restaurants. There is scarcely a nation upon earth which has not eating-places of its own in New York, with its own viands and

of girls, fourteen or fifteen years of age, who were first-grade pupils in the neighboring public school. Not one of them, I think, could claim an American parent of either sex; yet in language, in manner, and in spirit they were all alike, and all as American as though their ancestors had lived here for a hundred years. German,

Polish, Russian, or English, Protestant, Catholic, or Hebrew, by immediate descent, they were all decidedly, distinctively, unmistakably of New York. And just like these young girls are many thousands and thousands of the so-called foreign girls and boys, men and women, of our town.

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

«STANDING ROOM ONLY.»

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKEN.



drinks, its own chatter, its own customs and subsidiary recreations. Lodging-places, of course, do not so conspicuously vary. Yet you may lodge in New York after the manner of many countries; and certainly there is room for choice among the places of repose which are characteristically American. Down on the East Side or the West Side you may buy for five cents the right to sleep for a night, among tramps and «bummers,» on a dirty piece of canvas stretched between four posts. And as your fortunes mend you may do better and better, by the most gradual steps, until on upper Fifth Avenue you sup beneath tropical palm-trees to the sound of Hungarian music, and sleep upon carved couches under canopies of Parisian silk. How much you will have to pay if you insist upon getting, even for a night, the very best that places like this can offer, I am sure I do not know. But I can tell you how big the largest of our new hotels will be when the work which is to double its present size is finished: it will then be quite as big as a mediæval cathedral of the very first rank.

Cosmoramaic, too, would be the scenes you would witness, Babel-like the tongues you would hear, could you mingle with all the clubs in New York. They vary from countless coteries and «lodges,» usually called by jocose or else by very ambitious names, which play an incalculable part—political or polemical, suggestive, educational, or argumentative, charitable, Terpsichorean, bacchanalian, or otherwise recreative—in the lives of our humblest folk, up to associations of our wealthiest, who, seeking club life with a view to reposeful social intercourse or else to organized athletic industry, house themselves in places as fine as the ones which did for the custom of the plump-pocketed traveler. Even the most sumptuously equipped among the latter class of New York clubs are by no means all composed of Americans. Some of them, as their titles confess, are formed by groups of foreigners; and they include groups of prosperous Hebrews, who must be the despair, or perhaps the inspiration, of their brother laboring in some sweat-shop down town.

And our theaters? The finest of these are much like fine theaters everywhere in the world, except that they are more comfortable, better ventilated, and better protected against accidents by fire than most of those in European cities. But visit our less aristocratic quarters, and the theaters will seem as strange as the people themselves. There are rows of them, big and little, along the

Bowery. With some exhibitions that it could not profit your morals, and some that it would disgust even your curiosity, to witness, they offer you others well worth contemplation. Here the variety-show (that supplanter of the old-time minstrel-show in the lighter dramatic affections of New York) may be seen at its worst; but also sometimes at its best, because, while its «acts» are good of their kind, you will not feel, as you must up town, that the audience ought to care more for acts of some other kind.

On the Bowery, again, you may fancy yourself your grandfather in his youth, witnessing a bloody and thunderous, yet poetic and virtuous, melodrama of the brave old type. More distinctive still is the modern drama of New York life, which tries above all to be up to date, reproducing To-day in its figures, its trivial happenings, its jests, its crimes, its tragedies, and its local fads and interests with a realism which may distress you less than that of a more artistic kind—a realism so unselfconscious that you would be foolish to judge it by the canons of art at all. The acting is bad? Perhaps; but you can hardly judge it if you have not known such people, walked amid such scenes, in life. And perhaps it is not so bad when, as often happens, a genuine thief or policeman, pugilist or green-goods man, or general all-round scamp, is doing over on the stage precisely those things which he has most frequently done in life. A great deal of art in writing and acting used to be shown us in the «local» plays at Mr. Harrigan's famous theater up town, now, alack! to be numbered among the places of the past; and it taught us something as regards the way in which the «other half» of New York lives and behaves. But its witness had to be accepted with grains of salt, like that of a cleverly humorous tale or poem. The witness of the typical Bowery drama of New York life may be taken in the same spirit as the voice of the newspaper, which likewise makes no pretense to be an artistic form of speech.

Almost as characteristic are the Bowery's German dramas, adapted to the soil of New York, but played in the language of Germany; and its Hebrew dramas, given sometimes in German and sometimes in Hebrew, or, at least, in Yiddish—in that jargon composed of bad German, bad Polish, and Hebrew, which, developed in central Catholic, or is now the dominant tongue in all decidedly Jewish, and just like

Once I witnessed a benevolent and thousands of a Hebrew lodge of sorrows, men and women,

Gentile except ourselves sat in the very big and crowded Bowery play-house. We saw an Oriental operetta in which most of the characters spoke or sang comprehensible German, while the pronouncedly comic ones used Yiddish. I learned two interesting facts at this performance. I learned that we have never seen an Oriental drama really well

be thought more interesting than its public schools. Yet how many people in New York who do not send their own children to them have ever entered one of their doors?

Here, again, you might discover a noteworthy fact: whatever else may be well or ill taught in these schools, they are fruitful and potent nurseries of Americanism. The



FROM A WATER-COLOR BY JOHN A. FRASER.

A WINTER EVENING ON SIXTH AVENUE.

done up town, because we have never seen it done by Orientals, looking and moving and speaking and wearing their clothes as Orientals should. And I learned that when the Hebrew look, the Hebrew bearing, even the Hebrew methods of gesticulation and enunciation, are put before us in Oriental garb and setting, they no longer make a disagreeable effect upon Caucasian nerves. Once we cease to judge the Semite by Aryan standards, once he ceases to clothe himself in Aryan dress and deeds, the real beauty, the real distinction of his type makes itself apparent. You may discover this by traveling in the far East, but you may also discover it in places on the East Side of New

York. The good they do in this direction far outranks all that can be done by all other agencies and influences put together. This is the reason—not fear of any kind of religious instruction as such—why all New-Yorkers should earnestly try to keep the children of aliens out of «national» and parochial schools. Inevitably, by gathering all kinds of children together, the public school teaches that all men are brothers under our flag; and deliberately it teaches reverence for that flag. Unconsciously it breaks down the barriers which separate race from race, and so quickly that little children speak fluent English, and broken German or Italian, whose parents cannot speak English at all; and consciously it teaches a new patriotism to these children whom our census calls foreigners. As a result the foreign child is apt to be more American—more keenly aware and more proud

feel obliged to say that, if we rest in the future of our country, one of its places should

of the fact—than most of those who can trace back their Americanism for generations. Go to one of our public schools on the day before a national holiday, and you will see this flower of youthful patriotism spreading its petals very bravely; but go on any other day, and you will see the good seed that produces it being diligently sown.

VIII.

OUR most curiously peopled quarters and most singular individual streets; our parks; our great and glittering shops, and the pestiferous «sweat-shops» which so lamentably furnish some of them with wares; our ball-rooms, so cosmopolitanly conventional up town, where only Americans fill them, but down town so amusingly local, yet so national after the manner of a dozen different nations; our annual art exhibitions and our perennial waterside galleries of maritime living pictures; our museums and libraries; our police courts; our newer places up beyond Central Park; and those home interiors which, from the tenement-house to the abode of luxury, are, after all, the most important and significant places in any town—these are but a few of the many places in which I should like

to linger. And certainly I ought to show you how the evil sights and odors, and even the evil acts, of our most overcrowded quarters have been lessened by our new discovery that it is possible to clean their streets. But how can I do what I wish or what I ought when editors queerly maintain that the readers of magazines demand even more «variety» than the city of New York can show?

One thought, however, makes me half content to leave some of these places for the moment mute. This is the thought that there are two New Yorks—a winter and a summer town. They are very unlike, and in many ways the city of the summer is the more individual and interesting. It deserves at least one whole chapter to itself; and in that chapter all characteristic places which are roofed by the open sky may best be discussed. These include our parks and waterways, but also many of our streets. We have highways and byways less remarkable for the buildings that line them, or the life that is led within their walls, than for the multiform activities which their pavements show. And of course the life of the pavement is most lively at seasons when the open sky is the only roof that parboiled tenement-house humanity can endure.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

PURE spirit, pure and strangely beautiful,
I. What body fledst thou? Where in all this
dull,

Unlovely world was there such loveliness
That thou couldst wear it for thy fleshly
dress?

*Before this hour thou must have looked on me;
As men look on old friends I look on thee.*

It cannot be. Far-wandering music blown
From heaven thy voice is. In what garden
grown

Wert thou, too lovely blossom? in what
vale?

Who wert thou ere the flushing cheek fell
pale?

*The quick winds change, and change the fields
and sky.*

Look well; thou mayest know me by and by.

II.

What hate despatched thee out of hell
To mock me? Shapeless, smoky mass,
Thou hideous mist, I curse thee: pass!

*Time was when I was welcome to thy breast;
I knew it as the wild bird knows her nest.*

Thou liest! Never on that fell
The sight that took not instant blight.
Pass, pass! Go, blot upon God's light!

*Ay, through the portal whence this hour I stole;
Open thy breast to me, take back thy soul.*

John Vance Cheney.

MONOTYPES.

WITH EXAMPLES OF AN OLD AND NEW ART.

2 CASTIGLIONE
CHISEL RE.



ETCHING BY HIMSELF. BY PERMISSION
OF S. R. KOEHLER, BOSTON MUSEUM OF
FINE ARTS

BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE.

picture with plate-printers' ink on a metal plate. The plate is then put in a press, a sheet of moistened paper is laid upon it, and the roller is applied. The ink-painting is directly transferred to the paper, and the print gives the artist's drawing reversed. Unlike essays in etching, or any of the processes of engraving, mezzotint, or lithograph, a painter may work with the tools he is accustomed to—brushes. He may vary his methods by taking out lights with a rag, with his fingers, or with soft wood-points; but he is not hampered by new tools or by difficulties concerning the preparation of the plate or the printing from it. There are no acids, no bitings, no first, second, or third states, no expert printer to be depended upon, as in etching. It is in no sense a reproductive process, for the painting is entirely transferred to the paper in printing, leaving the plate blank.

The name «monotype» was given to this form of art print by Mr. Charles A. Walker of Boston, who in 1877, with no knowledge of the fact that the art was known and practised by painters in former times, discovered the process independently by an accident in proving a plate at his etching-table. The sheet of paper upon which he was taking an impression slipped in the press, and produced a blurred print which resembled a roughly indicated landscape. He took up a blank copperplate, painted a rough sketch on it in printers' ink with his fingers and a rag, and, putting it in the press, produced his first monotype. Mr. Walker has devoted a large part of his time in the last eighteen years to making monotypes, and his work has been exhibited in New York and Boston. William M. Chase, James McNeil Whistler, Robert

Blum, Otto Bacher, Frank Duveneck, Henry Sandham, Joseph Lauber, A. H. Bicknell, and other American artists, have at various times produced monotypes, but have worked only intermittently. Joseph Jefferson the actor became interested in the art when its possibilities were shown to him by Mr. Walker, and he has made a number of prints; and John S. Sargent, while visiting Mr. Jefferson at his country home at Buzzard's Bay, was shown the process, and executed a single print. From time to time in recent years other painters have experimented in the art.

Hubert Herkomer, the English artist, is one of those who were favorably impressed by the results obtained in working in black and white by the monotype process. He invented and patented a process, called the «spongotype,» for reproducing monotypes made on a copperplate with German black and oil mixed with graphite. This drawing is dusted over



MONOTYPE: BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE. IN THE "ALBERTINA" AT VIENNA

«THE ANNUNCIATION TO THE SHEPHERDS.»

PURE spirit,
What body
dull,
Unloved

MONOTYPE; CHARLES A. WALKER.

«WAR.»

A companion monotype, showing still water, is entitled «Peace.»

BY PERMISSION OF ARTHUR DEXTER, ESQ.

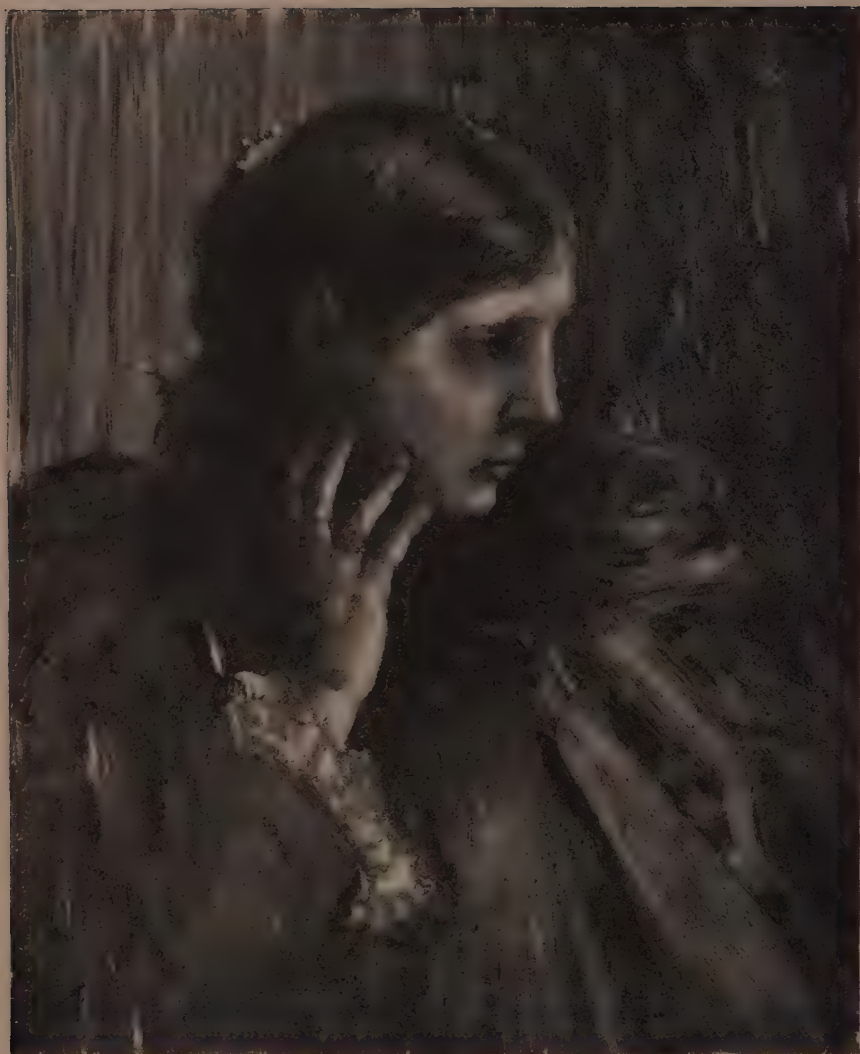
with a combination of bronze powder, Bath stone, and asphaltum. After drying, the face of the drawing is subjected by electrolysis to a deposit of the thickness of a copperplate, and a reversed duplicate of the original is made, which may be printed from in the manner of the photogravure, resembling the latter in texture. The results obtained in printing by this process do not differ materially from what is known as the electrotint (Palmer process), invented in London in 1844, and described in Shaw's «Manual of Electro-metallurgy.» In this electrotint a drawing is made on a surface of semi-fluid composition spread on a metallic plate. A deposit of copper is made upon this, transforming it to a metallic surface from which prints may be made in the ordinary manner. The spongo-type gives the better results of the two processes, but is wanting in depth and richness of color, the «grain» changing the effect of the tints. The blacks incline to become weak, though they may be improved somewhat in quality by retouching with the roulette and dry-point. The galvanograph, still another process, was described in a work published in Munich in 1842 by Franz von Kobell. Here, as in the Herkomer process, a monotype was prepared upon the plate, and an electrolytic deposit taken from the original. Eight prints which illustrate Kobell's book resemble rather closely similar subjects executed in aquatint. A galvanograph print by the Germans Freymann and Schowger, after a painting by Achterveld, is in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and has a complete and finished look, possessing some of the qualities that belong to lithographs.

Artists of all periods have made use of the various forms of expression in black and white. Charcoal, the pen and ink, the lead-pencil, sepia, India ink, oil and water-color with the brush and other tools have been employed for purposes of sketching and study. Beginners are set to work to draw in black and white, so that problems of proportion and values may be made simpler than when complicated with the color-quality. Great artists have made drawings and cartoons in black and white, or in a monotint such as brown or red, that are among the most interesting pages preserved in our museums. With the Renaissance came reproductive processes, and artists' work in black and white has been given to the world by mechanical means, through engraving on wood and metal, and in our own time by photo-engraving. Book-illustration may be said to date from Albert Dürer. From the

seventeenth to the middle of the nineteenth century line-engravers did not make much use of the burin for original designs, as Dürer did, but devoted their efforts principally to the reproduction of works painted in oil-color and other pictorial mediums. Rembrandt developed the art of etching, and remains the greatest master of this art. The invention of mezzotint-engraving is credited to Ludwig Van Siegen, a Hessian, in 1643; and it was more fully developed later on by Prince Rupert.

Between 1733 and 1781 Jean Leprince introduced the aquatint process. Neither mezzotint nor aquatint is much used at the present time, and both are somewhat difficult processes for the painter. Steel-engraving, a product of the present century, was formulated from the principles of etching and line-engraving. Jacob Perkins of Newburyport, Massachusetts, introduced in 1805 the use of carbonized steel as a substitute for copper in making plates; and this was followed by the invention of the ruling-machine, a labor-saving device by which large surfaces of tints could be expressed in engraving by parallel lines marked through an etching-ground on the plate with a diamond point, and bitten to varying depths by acids specially prepared for use in thus rendering such expanses as skies in landscapes. A combination of methods appears in the work of the English school of engravers, whose style was a mixed one resulting from using etching, free-line, and ruler engraving with stipple. Lithography was introduced by Aloys Senefelder in Germany in 1798. This process, allied as it is to drawing with chalk or pastels, lends itself easily to manipulation by painters.

The oldest monotypes in existence are those by Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione who was sometimes called in Italy «Il Grechetto» and in France «Le Benedetto.» He was born in Genoa in 1616, and was a well-known painter, a contemporary of Rubens and Vandyke. He died at Mantua in 1670, about one year after Rembrandt. His studies in early life were made under Paggi and Ferrari, and later, according to some accounts, he became a pupil of Vandyke while that celebrated artist was living in Genoa. He painted in Rome, Naples, Florence, Parma, Venice, and Mantua, and is best known by his cabinet pictures, though he also painted portraits and landscapes. His work as a historical painter brought him a wide reputation, and he received some important commissions from Charles I of England. Examples of his work



MONOTYPE: WILLIAM M. CHASE.

« REVERY. »

may be seen at Genoa, Venice, and Milan, and many of his best pictures are in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. He was a practised etcher, and left about seventy examples of his art in this field. Five prints by Castiglione were in the Albertina collection of Duke Albert of Saxony, which no cataloguer had been able to classify as to the process used in making them, until Bartsch, in his work « *Le Peintre-Graveur*, » wrote of them as follows, under the heading « *Pieces Imitating Aquatint*, made by B. Castiglione »: « Some pieces are

found of which B. Castiglione is the author, and which resemble prints done in aquatint. This kind of engraving, however, not having been invented in the time of the artist, these prints must have been done by some other process. We believe we have discovered the way in which these prints were made. According to our opinion, Castiglione charged a polished copperplate plentifully with oil-color, and by means of a wooden stylus removed the color for the lights and half-tints his design required. From the plate pre-

pared in this way he printed in the usual manner." The titles of the five monotypes by Castiglione are: "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," "Madonna with the Infant Jesus in the Manger," "The Flight into Egypt," "The Resurrection of Lazarus," and "Three Shepherds around a Fire."

James Nasmyth of Tunbridge Wells, who was born at Edinburgh in 1808, a manufacturer of machinery, and the inventor of the trip-hammer and the steam pile-driver, devoted his leisure hours to art, and claimed to have invented the monotypic process. It has been "invented," as a matter of fact, half a dozen times since Castiglione employed the process. William M. Chase and some artist friends experimented with it in New York in 1879, and in 1880 Mr. Chase exhibited at the Salmagundi Club black-and-white exhibition, at the Academy of Design, two study heads done in monotype. Mr. Charles H. Miller, the American artist, purchased in Rotterdam in 1879 a monotype by Ciconi of Milan, and brought it to New York, where he showed it to his friends; and in the winter of 1879-80 the artists Duveneck, Ross Turner, J. W. Alexander, Bacher, and others amused themselves in Munich and Florence by making monotypes at the meetings of an artists' club held in the members' lodgings and studios in the evenings. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Blum made monotypes in Venice in 1880, and the former applied the monotypic principle to the printing of some of his etchings, by slightly tinting the surface of his plates in parts, and wiping out lights where needed to obtain certain effects. Nasmyth made landscapes and architectural views in monotype, and monotypes both in color and the single black tint were made by the French artist Henri Guérard, and exhibited in 1890 at the Durand-Ruel galleries in Paris. Degas has made drawings with a fat ink on plates, and printed them, and Count Lepic, a well-known French painter, made a series of monotype prints which were formerly in the collection of James L. Claghorn of Philadelphia, and afterward passed into the possession of Robert Garrett of Baltimore. Count Lepic's method of working was to etch the outlines of a landscape subject on a plate as an aid to his composition, and then, while the etched lines often completely disappeared in the ink-painting, they were left ready to be used for another effect on the same plate. In this way a given landscape motive could be rendered in an evening or noonday or a summer or winter effect, as desired—in as many variations, in fact, as the artist's fancy

dictated. Peter Moran of Philadelphia has made a number of monotypes, some of his work possessing a characteristic that may be noted in the prints by Castiglione and Nasmyth—the white outlining made with a soft point of wood or with a blunt instrument. Finally, William Blake knew the process, and had worked it out by himself, and made use of it as the basis for overwork both in oil and opaque water-color. He kept his way of working secret, and enjoyed the puzzled conjectures of people who tried to guess how certain unusual effects in his drawings were obtained. In Gilchrist's biography, however, one Tatham explains his method thus: "Blake, when he wanted to make his prints in oil, took a piece of millboard and drew his design upon it with some strong, dark ink or

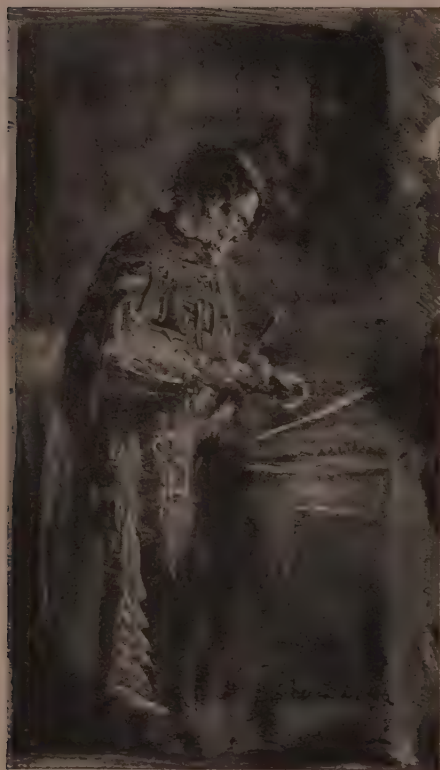


MONOTYPE: HUBERT HERKOMER.

BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM M. CHASE.

STUDY OF HEAD.

color, which he let dry. He then painted upon that with oil-color in such a state of fusion that it would blur well; he painted roughly and quickly, so that the pigment would not have time to dry. After taking a print on paper he finished up the impression with water-color." When a print had been taken he used the design on the millboard to paint on again, and thus varying the details of his picture in the printing and in the water-color work afterward, he obtained results with which, we are told, he was fascinated. Monotypes



MONOTYPE: F. EUGENE.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT WORK AT A MONOTYPE.

may, of course, be made in black, in a single tint, or in color, all that is necessary being that the medium used in painting on the plate be such as will print well on paper. Plate-printers' ink is undoubtedly the most satisfactory medium.

It may be asked, What is the use of making monotypes, inasmuch as they are only a transferred impression of an artist's drawing or picture? To answer this question, one should see good monotypes themselves; for they lose their peculiar charm in a photograph or any other kind of reproduction. In the printing on paper effects are obtained of which there is no suggestion to the inexperienced eye in the painted design on the plate. The thickness of the ink in one part, its thinness in another, strong accents here and there, are factors that the monotype artist understands and reckons with as he works, but of which he can see the full result only when their transfer to the white paper surface is effected. The element of accident is an ever-present one, and from a plate pre-

pared even by the most experienced worker some unexpected effect may result, in the printing. Sometimes such accidental effects add much to the beauty of the printed picture; again, they may sufficiently mar it to make it necessary to do it over again. Evidently experience brings assurance, and an old hand knows better what the printing will show than a beginner. The portrait of Castiglione which forms the initial of this article is not a monotype, but an etching by himself; and it is easy to see from this example that Castiglione was much influenced by Rembrandt's work. The «Annunciation to the Shepherds» shows that his monotype work has the same general character as drawing with crayon-point or pencil. The line is particularly noticeable, and there are practically only two tones—black and white. In Mr. Chase's «Revery» the treatment is in masses with no very strong lights, and the effect is obtained by the careful use of half-tones. The brush-work in this, broad and free in the painted plate, is well preserved in the print. Mr. Herkomer's «Study of a Head» is handled in the same general way, but has far less delicacy of gradation. Mr. Lauber's «Old Woman Paring Apples» is cleverly blocked in, and the sketch portrait of Joseph Jefferson making a monotype, by F. Eugene, shows how the fugitive character of sketch-work may be agreeably utilized in



MONOTYPE: JOSEPH LAUBER.

«OLD WOMAN PARING APPLES.»



MONOTYPE: JOHN S. SARGENT.

« A DREAM OF LOHENGRIN. »

BY PERMISSION OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

monotype-making. Mr. Jefferson's «In Louisiana Woods» has the same general character as his oil-painting, and is notable for depth of tone; and Mr. Sargent's «A Dream of Lohengrin» shows best of all our examples what an effective result may be obtained by the printing of a very broadly handled sketch, in the making of which the effect of the white paper has been well taken into account. In Mr. Walker's landscapes not much more than a suggestion of what the originals are may be obtained from the small reproductions. His monotypes are of large size (about thirty-six by forty-eight inches), and show great variety of values, and no little subtlety of tone. In the marine called «War» the transparent quality of the wave is well given, and the sky is effectively rendered. In «A Pastoral Landscape» the sky is atmospheric and delicate in tone, and the composition of stream and meadow and trees carries out the peaceful aspect sought for in the picture. In all of Mr. Walker's work advantage is taken of the quality given to the print by subtle gradation in the quantity and thickness of the ink laid on the plate, and by almost completely removing it in some portions where the lightest values appear. The results are eminently pleasing, and quite justify what he claims for the process—breadth and individuality in the impression as given in the direct work of the artist's hand on the plate, agreeable tonal quality in black and white *per se*, and truthful transcription in enduring form of the artist's impressions of nature. I am indebted to Mr. Walker for information concerning monotype processes and for historical data connected

with the development of the art. In speaking of his monotype work in recent years, Mr. Walker says: «I have produced several hundred original works—all, with the exception of a few experimental studies of heads, landscapes and shore marine subjects. I have demonstrated or suggested a range of varied effects limited only by an artist's creative ability. Every gradation of color is possible, from the richest blacks to the most delicate, tender tones. The textures of trees, grass, rocks, and other things in landscape are rapidly given, while for skies there is no process in black and white so well adapted to render their airy quality and the infinity of cloud-forms. In facility for (wiping out) lights and alterations this medium leads all others; for by one dash of the painter's rag any portion of the painting can be removed and changed without a trace of the alteration remaining in the print.» Mr. Walker at first worked on copperplates, but latterly has made use of polished zinc, for he found the cool gray tone of the zinc a better ground to work on than the reddish tint of copper, and the effect while painting can be better judged by the eye. «Straightforwardness is the foundation of the monotype,» says Mr. Walker—as it is, we may add, of all art; «and it is a revelation to the composer, especially in landscape. With a complete chiaroscuro it is a rich, harmonious, and powerful medium; it is full of impressions and surprises; it is misty, and lends a charm to the indefinite in nature.» Mr. Herkomer says of it: «I know of no method of drawing, pencil or color, that can approach the beauty of these printed blacks. The artistic mystery that can be



MONOTYPE: JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

«IN LOUISIANA WOODS.» FROM THE COLLECTION OF «THE PLAYERS,» NEW YORK.

given, the *finesse*, the depth of tone and variety of texture, make this a most delightful medium for the painter.» The monotype, like all other mediums, has its limitations, and the secondary use of the press is one of the most important. Most painters who have employed the process have worked with such tools and appliances as they have had at hand, and most of their prints have been of small dimensions. For the best work, and to get the full advantage of its possibilities, it is essential to work on large plates and to paint broadly. With a good-sized press, and some practice, there can be no question that in the monotype the painter will find an agreeable form of expression, and a medium to work in which will interest him while at work, and please in its results.

CENTURY
VOL. 53

William A. Coffin.

THE SURPRISED AVOWAL.

WHEN one word is spoken,
When one look you see,
When you take the token,
Howe'er so slight it be,
The cage's bolt is broken,
The happy bird is free.

There is no unsaying
That love-startled word;
It were idle praying
It no more be heard;
Yet, its law obeying,
Who shall blame the bird?

What avails the mending
Where the cage was weak?
What avails the sending
Far, the bird to seek,
When every cloud is lending
Wings toward yonder peak?

Thrush, could they recapture
You to newer wrong,
How could you adapt your
Strain to suit the throng?
Gone would be the rapture
Of unimprisoned song.

Robert Underwood Johnson.



THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.¹

BY A. T. MAHAN.

Author of "Influence of Sea Power in History," etc.

DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

ON the 8th of October, 1798, the Czar Paul of Russia presented to Lord Nelson his portrait, set in diamonds, in honor of the brilliant victory of the Nile. Accompanying the gift was an autograph letter expressing his personal gratification at a success which, to use his words, "could not fail to attract to the victor the suffrages of the sane part of Europe." It could scarcely then have been foreseen that within the short space of thirty months the most arduous battle of the renowned admiral would be fought with, and his most hard-won success wrested from, an ally of the same sovereign engaged in a coalition of which the chief instigator and main support was the Czar himself.

The ostensible reasons assigned for the confederation of the Northern states of Europe in 1800 to resist the maritime policy and practice of Great Britain were substantially those alleged for the formation in 1780, during the American Revolution, of the Armed Neutrality—a name also assumed by the League of 1800. The real cause, however, at the latter date was the personal policy, or, more accurately, the personal feeling and violent passion, of the Czar, who throughout his short reign (from 1796 to 1801) was in a state not far removed from insanity. Carried by paroxysms of anger from one extreme to the other, he passed rapidly from the position of the ally of Great Britain to that of an enemy, and from enthusiasm for the rights of dethroned monarchs to an equally engrossing admiration of Bonaparte, the overthrower of thrones.

In his wish to injure Great Britain he found ready to his hand the old grievance of the belligerent right to capture enemy's property under a neutral flag, and also those arising from the disputed question as to what articles were really contraband of war. It was to the interest of Great Britain, as a belligerent state supreme upon the sea, to give the widest extension to the definitions of enemy's property and contraband of war. It was to the interest of neutrals to limit the scope of restrictions which materially diminished the amount of trade that they could carry on. Denmark and Sweden, as neutral states,

¹ In preparing this article, there have been consulted, besides various British narratives, two Danish accounts, one of which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" a few years ago. Quotations have also been made from the article "Battle of Copenhagen" in "Macmillan" for June, 1895.



PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER. ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF PAUL AND DOMINIC COLNAGH & CO., PROPRIETORS.
HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON.

sought continually to evade the restraints which the great maritime power claimed to enforce as a matter of prescriptive right, essential to her safety in war; but they were too weak to do so alone. In 1780 they had been backed by Russia, but in the early years of the French Revolution the instincts of her sovereigns prompted them to resist any action that tended to favor a convulsion threatening the foundations of absolute power.

The smaller Baltic states had therefore to submit outwardly, while they tried by indirection to evade the inconvenience suffered by their traders. In 1799 Denmark took a more decisive stand. She gathered her merchant

ships in fleets protected by vessels of war, and claimed that the assurance of the senior naval officer, that there was in them nothing lawfully liable to capture, was sufficient to exempt the whole body from a search by British ships of war. The right of a belligerent to examine a neutral merchant ship and her cargo—the right of search—was then, and still is, admitted by all nations as a part of international law. Of this right Great Britain justly claimed she could not be deprived by a modification introduced by Denmark alone. The latter ordering her officers to resist, hostile encounters took place in the Mediterranean and in the English Channel.

In the latter, in July, 1800, several persons were killed and wounded, and the Danish frigate was carried into an English port. The British ministry then sent a fleet and a negotiator to the Baltic, and Denmark, without abandoning her contentions on other points, agreed no longer to send ships of war to convoy traders.

When this convention was signed, August 29, 1800, the rage of Paul I against Great Britain was fast approaching a climax, which was finally reached when she refused to recognize claims put forth by him to the possession of Malta, surrendered by the French to the British in September. Utilizing the maritime grievances of the Baltic states, and still more imposing upon their fears by his overwhelming power and personal irresponsibility, he drew them again into a treaty, signed toward the end of 1800, affirming a number of propositions concerning neutral rights which it was known Great Britain would not admit, and pledging the powers to mutual support by force of arms if necessary. To this treaty Prussia was also a party.

The reply of Great Britain was immediate, emphatic, and unanimous. No party in the state permitted doubts as to her claims, nor allowed any hesitancy to appear at a moment when she stood alone, almost all Europe against her, and not a single ally on her side. A large fleet was gathered at Yarmouth, the chief command being given to Sir Hyde Parker, a brave officer of excellent reputation, but who had never been tried in high command, while by a strange contrast, due primarily to the strong conservative instinct so rooted in the British, under him was placed Nelson, who had already done greater deeds and shown far greater powers than any British seaman that had yet appeared on her long roll of naval heroes. What followed was, from the point of glory, brilliant enough; but had he been in full charge, the coalition of the Baltic navies would have been to him an opportunity greater than ever fell to his lot, and it is scarcely doubtful that the results would have demonstrated his peculiar genius and energy to a degree that even the Nile and Trafalgar failed fully to do. It may here be said that Nelson had returned to England only in November, 1800, from

an absence of three and a half years in the Mediterranean.

As in the previous August, a negotiator went with the fleet, the admiral having instructions to act in case the demands were not granted. On March 12, 1801, the expedition sailed from Yarmouth. It numbered twenty-one ships of the line, of from ninety-eight to sixty-four guns each, besides two of fifty guns, which bore a manful part in the battle of Copenhagen. There were attached to it twenty-five frigates and smaller vessels, needed for the shoal and often intricate waters in which operations were to take place, and also seven bomb-vessels; for the intention was to bombard the capital of Denmark, if by no less extreme measure could the country be detached from the hostile league. On the 19th of the month the greater part of the fleet was collected at its first rendezvous, off the Skaw, at the northern extremity of Denmark.

The wind was then blowing fresh from the northwest, fair for entering the Cattegat, and here first was shown the difference of spirit between the commander-in-chief and



APPROACHES TO COPENHAGEN.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

NELSON SEALING THE LETTER TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK AT THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Nelson, whose views as to the conduct of an armed negotiation were characterized by the clear incisiveness with which he went straight to the center of every question, military or diplomatic, that came within the circle of his action. «All I have gathered of our first plans I disapprove most exceedingly. Honor may arise from them: good cannot. I hear we are likely to anchor outside Cronenburg Castle» [twenty-five miles from Copenhagen], «instead of Copenhagen, which would give weight to our negotiation. A Danish minister would think twice before he put his name to war with England, when the next moment he would probably see his Master's fleet in flames and his capital in ruins; but (Out of sight, out of mind) is an old saying. The Dane should see our flag waving every moment he lifted up his head.» As a question of diplomacy, which was not Nelson's profession, this energetic dictum reflected accurately the temper of the ministry, whose envoy had orders to allow only forty-eight hours for the withdrawal of Denmark from the league. From the naval point of view, and especially with sailing ships that would have to pass a very narrow channel to reach their object, the need of losing no opportunity to advance while the possible enemy was still in the midst of hurried and imperfect preparations is obvious. Nelson was naturally vexed at the delay.

The fleet, however, waited off the Skaw, and of course the wind shifted. The envoy was sent ahead in a frigate, landed, and went to Copenhagen. On the 24th he rejoined the fleet, the British terms having been rejected. It was not till the 30th that the wind again served to pass the Sound, a narrow passage not over three miles wide leading from the Cattegat to the Baltic. On the Danish side lies the castle of Cronenburg (Kronborg), a work sufficiently formidable to sailing ships, the commander of which had intimated his intention to fire. The Swedes, however, had failed to fortify their coast, and consequently the British fleet, inclining to that side, underwent only a distant and harmless cannonade. At noon it anchored about five miles from Copenhagen.

Negotiations being ended, the question of hostilities alone remained. Herein the impulsive ardor of the second in command received, for the moment at least, no further check from his superior. A reconnaissance was made at once, and it was determined, in accordance with Nelson's previously expressed opinion, that the attack on the Danish defenses should be made by a heavy

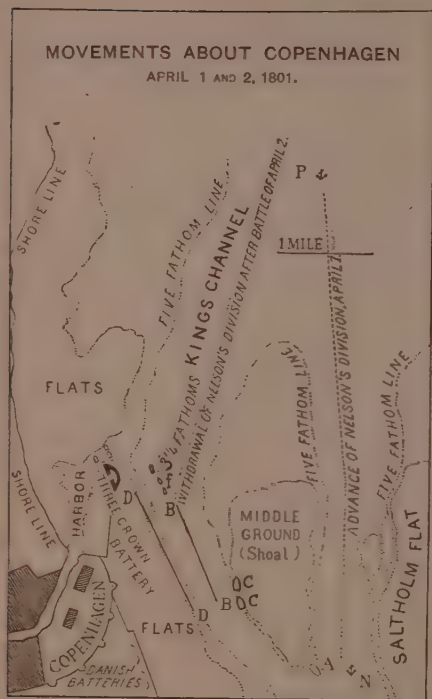
division, under Nelson himself, from the south instead of from the north, where the fleet then lay. This dictated the general plan of operations, to understand which a brief explanation is necessary.

It will be seen by the chart on page 530 that there are before Copenhagen two channels by which the city can be passed. Between the two lies a shoal called the Middle Ground. The inner, known as the King's Channel, lay under the guns of the defenses which had been hurriedly improvised for the present emergency. These consisted of a line of hulks, mostly mastless, ranged along the inner side of the King's Channel close to the flats which bordered it, and flanked at the northern end by permanent fortifications called the Trekrøner,¹ or Three Crowns batteries. Westward of the latter there lay across the mouth of the harbor two more hulks, and a small squadron consisting of two ships of the line and a frigate, masted and in commission. This division was not seriously engaged, and as a factor in the battle may be disregarded.

The northern part of this defense was decidedly the stronger. To attack there Nelson called «taking the bull by the horns.» The southern wing was much more exposed. Nor was this all. An advance from the north must be made with a northerly wind. If unsuccessful, or even in case of success, if ships were badly crippled, they could not return to the north, where the fleet was. On the other hand, attack from the south presupposed a southerly wind, with which, after an action, the engaged ships could rejoin the fleet, if they threaded safely the difficult navigation. In any event there was risk, but none knew better than Nelson that without risks war is not made. To the considerations above given he added that, when south of the city, the British would be interposed between the other Baltic navies and Denmark. The latter, therefore, could not receive reinforcements unless the squadron were first defeated.

The King's Channel being under fire of the enemy, it was necessary to utilize the outer passage in order that Nelson's division might reach the position south of the Middle Ground uninjured. The nights of the 30th and 31st were employed in surveying the waters, in laying down buoys to replace those removed by the Danes, and in further reconnaissance of the enemy's position. The artillery officers who were to supervise the bombardment

¹ Trekrøner, which was then a favorite military name in Denmark, refers to the three crowns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, once united.



A, *Agamemnon* at anchor; BB, British line of battle; CC, British ships aground; f, British frigates; DD, Danish line of hulks; N, anchorage of Nelson's division, April 1 and 2; P, anchorage of British main fleet under Sir H. Parker.

satisfied themselves that if the floating defenses south of the Trekroner were destroyed, the bomb-vessels could be placed in such a position as to shell the city without being themselves exposed to undue risk.

But while observing such necessary precautions to insure getting at his object, Nelson's resolute temper chafed angrily against every appearance of over-prudence, of timidity, or hesitating counsels, based upon fears of the enemy's superior force. The Danes, Swedes, and Russians might aggregate a much greater number of vessels than Parker had: all the more reason to hit quick and hard before the melting of the ice in the Northern harbors released the ships of the latter two powers. «I don't care which way you go,» he said, when the drawbacks of the Sound and the Great Belt channels had been discussed off the Skaw, «so long as you fight them.» And now before the city, at a council of war held on the afternoon of the 31st, he repelled vigorously all those suggestions of possible dangers of which such meetings are ever fruitful. To the representations of the numerical superiority he replied, «The

more numerous the better; I wish they were twice as many: the easier the victory, depend upon it»; meaning that masses of ships so unaccustomed to fleet maneuvers as were those of the Northern powers rather hindered than helped one another.

Nelson asked for ten ships of the line. Parker gave him twelve, but they had to be of the smaller classes, because in shallow waters surrounded by flat land and shoals each additional foot of draft adds to the embarrassment of the vessel. On the 1st of April there blew a fair though light northerly wind, with which Nelson's division passed through the outer channel. The frigate *Amazon* led the way. She was commanded by Captain Riou, who was killed in the next day's battle. Nelson, who had never met him till the day before, had been much impressed by the discipline of his ship and by a certain chivalry of bearing distinctive of the man, and in his report spoke of him as the «gallant and good»—words which the poet Campbell adopted in his well-known ode. Buoys and small vessels, carefully placed, showed where safety and where danger lay, and by dark the squadron was gathered south of the Middle Ground, about two miles from the city. As the anchor of the flag-ship dropped, Nelson was heard to say with emphasis, «I will fight them the moment I have a fair wind.» The remark summed up the spirit of his whole career—never to let opportunity slip.

There being altogether thirty-three ships of war, from ships of the line to bombs, and the anchorage-ground being contracted, the vessels lay so close together as to make a good target for mortar-firing had the Danes availed themselves of the chance. They did throw a few shells about 8 P. M., which fell dangerously near the British fleet; but fortunately for the latter, the enemy did not realize their opportunity, or were too preoccupied with strengthening their yet imperfect defenses to utilize it. For there had come upon Denmark one of those days of judgment to which nations are liable who neglect in time of peace to prepare for war; and when her honor demanded, or she thought demanded, that she should choose resistance rather than submission, there was little left but to take her beating first and to submit afterward. Her population responded to the country's call as the old Norse blood might be expected to respond. There was shouting, and singing of patriotic songs, and volunteering *en masse*, nor was enthusiasm belied by any failure of heroic performance in the day of battle; but all this did not supply the

strength which preparation and training give to the latent powers of a country, as to the muscles of an athlete.

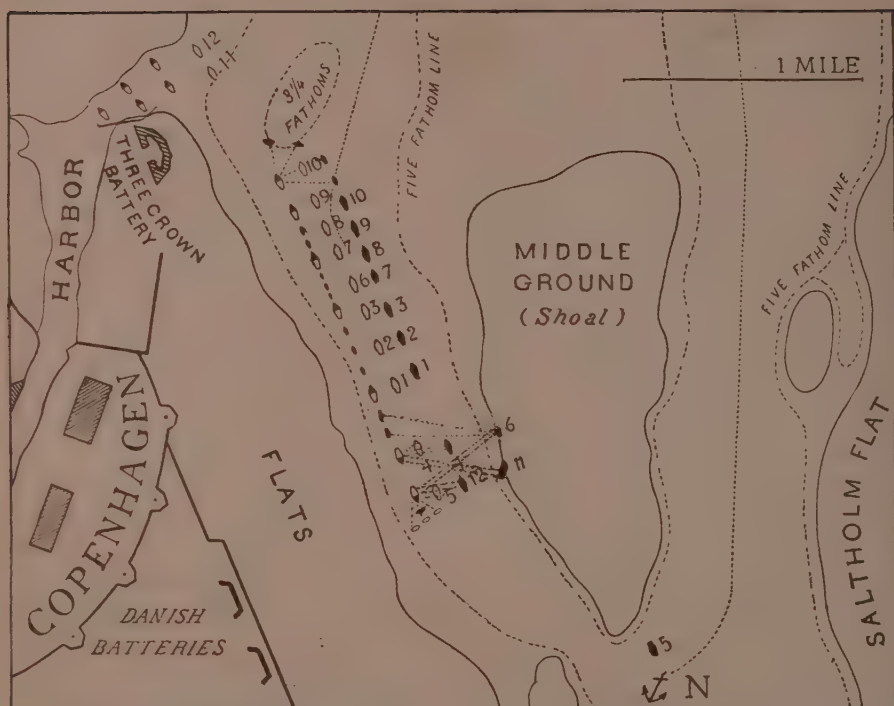
For the most part the seamen were away in merchant vessels, maintaining the trade for the immunities of which chiefly Denmark had been drawn into a contest which now concerned her honor rather than her interests. This alone would have prevented her manning the sixteen sail of the line which she might otherwise have contributed to the confederate fleet, but for the defense of Copenhagen at the moment it would have mattered less had there been available a body of fairly expert artillerymen, such as at that day almost all seamen were, whether naval or merchant. The service of the guns in anchored hulks did not differ essentially from those in a covered land-battery. The necessary gunners, however, were not forthcoming, and the fight was largely fought by men unaccustomed to military exercises—peasants, mechanics, and others from all classes of life. It is told that at one gun the charge was put in after the shot, and doubtless many such mistakes were made. It is therefore greatly to the credit of the nation that the battle was the severest and most doubtful that Nelson ever fought, as he himself admitted. Accidents contributed to this result, but the fact remains.

The Danish line of defense south of the *Trekroner* numbered eighteen vessels. Of these seven may fairly be called ships of the line. Moored head and stern as they were, and with a shoal close behind them, so that neither advance nor retreat was possible, the strength of the center was less important than in most cases where the enemy by penetrating can cut the force in two. Here it was impossible to pass through without going aground, so the attempt would not be made. The Danes, therefore, were discreet in strengthening the two flanks, on each of which were stationed together two of the heavy ships. The remaining three were spaced between the extremes, thus affording strong points of support for the weaker vessels which filled up the line. In this position it will be remembered that the Danes had only to fight their guns; no fear for them of running aground, no embarrassment in taking position in the smoke, nor loss of power in handling sails or clearing the wreckage of spars. On the British side these difficulties must be overcome; they are those of the offensive, of the men who must cross ground and overcome obstacles before reaching the enemy; but with them, also, re-

mained the choice of method in making the attack, and of concentrating its power. This is the privilege of the offense, and of it their chief took a wise advantage.

Parker had most judiciously left to Nelson the full direction of the attack. Beyond assigning him the force, and undertaking to make a diversion at the north end of the defense, if possible to get up to it, all was left to his subordinate. Nelson, of frail and delicate physique, rarely knew what good health was, and he suffered bitterly from the Northern cold; but the excitement of approaching battle had upon his heroic temperament the exhilarating effect which a brisk turn upon the bicycle on a bracing day has upon a man dulled and dazed with his office work. As soon as the fleet was at anchor he sat down to dinner with a large party of officers, some of them shipmates of former days, old Nile captains, and others. He was in the highest spirits, drank to the next day's success, and to a fair wind with which to attack. Be it noted that, having promptly availed himself of the north wind to reach his present anchorage, he had placed himself in the way of good luck, and good luck came. The wind shifted in the night to southeast, with which he could not have got where he now was; but, being there, it was just what he needed. "I believe," said Farragut, "in celerity." It is suggestive to compare this with Parker's failure to improve his first opportunity to pass the Sound, which was followed by several days of foul winds.

After dinner all the captains except Riou sought their ships. He and Foley, the flag-captain, who had led the column at the Nile, remained with Nelson while the latter perfected the details for the attack, based upon the reconnaissances of the enemy's positions already made. He was greatly fatigued by the exertions of the previous days, so much so that the officers present urged him to go to bed, in which they were peremptorily supported by one of his attendants who had long been with him, and who assumed in consequence the liberties of an old family servant. A cot was placed upon the cabin floor, and lying there, he dictated the remainder of his instructions. While this was going on, Captain Hardy, who afterward commanded the flag-ship at Trafalgar and received Nelson's last messages, was away sounding again the ground over which the next day's advance must be made. At 11 P. M. he returned, having pushed his examination up to the enemy's line, even passing with muffled oars round the leading ship. At one o'clock on the morning



BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, AS PLANNED AND AS FOUGHT.

◻ Danish block-ships; ◯ British ships according to Nelson's plan; ◼ British ships as battle was fought; ▴ Danish floating batteries.

of the 2d the plan of attack was completed, and half a dozen clerks were busy making copies for the officers concerned.

A full analysis of this order is too technical for a paper of this character; yet in brief it should be shown that it was marked by that sagacity and forethought which raised Nelson very far above the level of the mere fighting man, where alone popular fame has placed him. The order in which the ships should advance having been prescribed, it was further directed that the first four should pass on, maintaining their order, beyond the extreme of the enemy's line, anchoring farther down. The Danish southern flank would thus receive the fire of four ships in succession—a powerful concentration; then, but not till then, the fifth ship, coming up fresh, would anchor abreast the first Dane, and engage this single enemy, originally her equal, but now greatly reduced by the blows already received. The second Dane, assigned to the fourth British ship, would suffer a similar but somewhat lesser disadvantage. Not content, however, with this means of

overpowering resistance, Nelson accumulated still further force on this one point. Several frigates and smaller vessels were specifically detailed to place themselves so as to rake the same two flank ships. It was naturally expected that such an overwhelming combination would speedily crush resistance, and the British vessels were directed, when that happened, to move along the line and reinforce the attack where it might be necessary to do so, thus rolling up the enemy's order from south to north.

The leading British ship was to stop abreast the fifth Dane, which was the first ship of the line north of the flank ships. The rest of the British column was to pass on the off side of their own vessels already engaged, each anchoring in succession by the stern as she fairly opened the Danish line, being thus covered in her advance by her predecessors until she reached her station comparatively unharmed. In this way the British order became gradually inverted, the last ship anchoring last, ahead of the others, at the farthest extremity of the enemy's line, and

getting there uninjured, as far as human foresight could provide. It appears to the writer, however, that in proposing to extend his line so as to cover not only the *Trekroner* but the two block-ships west of it, Nelson threw an undue and unnecessary burden upon the force he could assign to the northern flank. It is doubtful whether four ships of the line, though seventy-fours, could be considered equal to four sixty-fours securely moored and supported by permanent works of from sixty to eighty guns. That he himself was uneasy on this point is suggested by the stringent orders given to the two southern ships to cut their cables and immediately make sail to strengthen this part of the battle, when their own opponents were subdued, «which is expected to happen at an early period.»

With this possible deduction, the plan for this battle demonstrates that Nelson's conceptions of battle tactics were in strict conformity with the best principles of military art. It is simply an application of them to the circumstances before him; but it is the application which discriminates the hand of the master from that of the tyro or the student. Deeds, not words, however wise, are the proof of the warrior, and by deeds Nelson's fame as a tactician stands with the highest. Chance, for which, as Napoleon has taught us, something must always be allowed, prevented the full realization of the idea; but from the embarrassment, approaching almost to disaster, which succeeded, Nelson extricated himself with equal sagacity, and by a display of resolution and adroitness that has by some been thought to verge on sharp practice.

April 2 dawned fair, and brought a south-east wind, than which nothing could be more favorable. Nelson, who had slept little, constantly calling to the clerks to hurry their work, breakfasted before six. At seven the captains were all on board the flag-ship, and by eight were familiar with the admiral's plans, and had copies of the orders in their hands. But here a delay occurred, owing to the hesitation of the pilots. These, being Englishmen, had gained their knowledge chiefly as captains and mates of the merchant ships trading to the Baltic, which in those days were usually small. They were nervous about taking charge of ships drawing many feet more than they had ever before had to consider. At length a naval officer, the master of the *Bellona* (seventy-four), announced himself prepared to pilot the fleet. At half-past nine the signal was made to

weigh, and a few minutes later the *Edgar* (seventy-four), which was to lead the column, was seen standing for the channel. Some confusion now arose, possibly from the contracted nature of the ground, for the ships did not advance in the exact order laid down by Nelson; nevertheless, as was the case in his other actions, a clear plan clearly understood proved sufficient for the guidance of capable men among the mishaps or unforeseen occurrences inevitable on a field of battle. The main and decisive lines of his admirable conception were fully observed as far as they depended upon the discretion and power of his captains. The *Agamemnon*, a ship he himself had once commanded, was unable, with the wind, to clear the south end of the Middle Ground; she was obliged to anchor, and took no part in the fight. As she was the appointed antagonist of the first Danish ship, the *Prøvesteen*, it was necessary to signal another to take this essential position. Further changes followed, partly from unavoidable causes, partly from the steps taken to remedy the accidents thus occasioned.

The failure of the Danes to bombard the enemy's fleet had allowed the British seamen a sound night's sleep. The former, on the contrary, had been hard at work, pushing forward on the very eve of battle preparations that should have been completed long before. The raw guns' crews were drilling throughout the night. «We had not,» says a Danish author, «believed Great Britain was in earnest until the fleet actually sailed.» In the city few had slept. Most had relatives or friends on board the line of vessels, who, at a distance of not over half a mile from the city front, were about to fight under the eyes of their fellow-citizens; and all looked forward to the falling of shells into the town as part of the coming day's terrors. The churches were filled with women and old men at prayer; the roofs and towers which afforded a view of the scene of conflict were covered with spectators.

The *Vagrien*, which supported the *Prøvesteen* upon the southern flank of the Danish line, was commanded by a captain who had served several years in British fleets—a school frequently sought in those and earlier days by young officers of the Baltic navies. Watching with understanding eye the indications of the enemy's movements, he turned at last to his officers, and said: «Gentlemen, let us get breakfast. We are sure of this meal, whatever may be the case with dinner.» Soon afterward the timeliness of his suggestion

was evidenced by a signal to prepare for battle from the flag-ship *Dannebrog*, on which then flew the broad pendant of Commodore Olfert Fischer, the commander-in-chief, an accomplished seaman, but who had not before been in action.¹ The British fleet was then approaching under manageable canvas, and with a favoring current, presenting a noble and imposing sight to the onlooking enemy.

The *Edgar*, piloted by a capable man, passed safely and steadily down the channel to her appointed station, but the ships following her were not all so fortunate. An impression prevailed that the water was shoaler on the side of the city, near the enemy's line, than by the Middle Ground shoal. The two ships next the *Edgar*, shaping their course for the *Prøvesteen* and the *Vagriën*, went clear; but from the opinion concerning the depth of water, they, and the British ships generally, anchored farther from their antagonists than Nelson's favorite practice demanded. The *Bellona* and the *Russell*, following them, but keeping to the eastward, struck on the Middle Ground, where they remained fast, not wholly out of action, as was shown by their losses, — especially that of the *Bellona*, — but in positions that left vacant their intended places in the contest, and made only partly effective the effort they could exert against the hostile ships at all within their reach. The British line was thus at the very outset weakened by the absence of three heavy vessels — a full fourth of its fighting force.

Lord Nelson's flag-ship, the *Elephant*, came next. He did not for the moment recognize that the two predecessors were aground. When he did, his agitation was noticeable; for, with a courage and resolution that knew no wavering, he was a man of very nervous temperament, susceptible to emotion, starting, as a contemporary has told us, if a coil of rope were unexpectedly dropped near him. It was not on this occasion, says the narrator, «the agitation of indecision, but of ardent, animated patriotism panting for glory which had appeared within his reach, and was vanishing from his grasp.» Unshaken in resolve, if distressed in spirit, as Farragut when his line doubled up at Mobile, he turned instinctively to the seaman's first resource, and ordered the *Elephant's* helm put over; at the same time hoisting a signal to «close the enemy,» which at once indicated his resolve, and tended to draw the other ships to the side where safe naviga-

tion lay. The rest of the column, under this lead of its commander, passed on without accident to take up their stations.

By this time the two southern Danes were fully engaged by the British ships *Polyphemus* and *Isis*, which had been assigned to that position. They were supported by the two grounded ships, which lay abreast, and, though too far for the full effect of their batteries, contributed materially to the concentration desired here by Nelson. The frigate *Désirée*, a capture from the French, also aided in this attack, as Nelson had prescribed. To quote the words of an eyewitness: «This service was performed by Captain Inman in a masterly style at the instant our ship [the *Monarch*] was passing. He ran down under his three topsails, came to the wind on the larboard tack about half a cable's length [one hundred yards] ahead of the *Prøvesteen*, hove all aback, gave her his broadside, filled and made sail, then tacked and ran down to his station.» It is to be feared that few but seamen can understand so technical a description, but the pleasure that possible readers among seamen will derive from so clever a manœuvre may excuse its insertion.

The *Edgar* also was now in position nearly abreast the *Jylland*, and engaged. North of her were ranged successively the *Ardent* and the *Glatton*. The former, a fifty-gun ship, was opposed to two of the floating batteries with which the Danes had filled the gaps between their heavier block-ships. The *Glatton* fell into place accurately, not far ahead of the *Ardent*, whence her guns played partly upon a floating battery and partly upon the flag-ship *Dannebrog*. Next to her should have come the *Bellona*; but she having grounded, the duty assigned to her of supporting the *Glatton* by engaging the batteries ahead of the *Dannebrog*, as well as the latter herself, was taken by Nelson's flag-ship, the *Elephant*, which at about eleven anchored on the bow of the *Dannebrog*, as the *Glatton* already had on her quarter.

The *Ganges*, which followed the *Elephant* in the column of attack, was hailed by the admiral as she passed the latter, and directed to anchor close ahead instead of passing on to the station first assigned her. This contraction from the line first intended was due to the absence of the *Bellona*, and was necessary in order to insure mutual support by closing the order to the rear. From this cause, also, it happened that the *Monarch*, placing herself ahead of and near the *Ganges*, occupied the berth opposite the *Sjælland*

¹ Denmark had then enjoyed eighty years of uninterrupted peace.

(seventy-four), the heaviest ship in the enemy's line, which Nelson in the original disposition had appointed to himself. As the *Monarch* was drawing up, her captain stood on the poop scanning the position he was to take, in his left hand the card showing the plan of battle, his right raised to his mouth with the speaking-trumpet. He gave the order «Cut away the anchor,» and almost immediately was struck dead.

The action now became general as far as the *Sjælland*. Between her and the *Trekroner* lay five Danish vessels, two of them being the line-of-battle ships which closed the northern flank. To these for the time there was no opponent, and but one British ship of the line remained to fill up the space originally intended for four. This one, the *Defiance*, carried the flag of Rear-admiral Graves, Nelson's second. She was somewhat later in getting into action than was the *Monarch*; it is said by Danish accounts that she was for nearly quarter of an hour engaged with the *Prøvesteen*, the leading Danish ship. This, if correct, was in conformity with Nelson's general plan of first crushing that end of the line, but was unfortunate for the *Monarch*. The *Defiance*, when she came up, anchored ahead of the latter, drawing off part of the fire to which she had been exposed. She was herself within range of the *Trekroner*, shot from which injured her bowsprit as well as her main- and mizzen-masts.

Captain Riou had been given command of a squadron of frigates, with orders to act as he might be directed. Perceiving the vacant space ahead of the *Monarch* and the *Defiance*, he attempted to supply the place of the absent ships of the line, and engaged the northernmost enemy and the *Trekroner* with his light division. The heroic attempt proved beyond his strength. In making it, however, he showed as much of judgment as of gallantry; for it appears from Danish accounts that the fire of five frigates and two smaller vessels was concentrated upon the northernmost block-ship, the *Indfödsretten*, which was repeatedly raked fore and aft. The captain, Thurah, fell early; and soon afterward, also, the second in command. The crew continued to fight, sending a message ashore for a new captain. Captain Schrödersee, a retired and invalid naval officer, volunteered. He had scarcely put his foot on board when a shot cut him in two. The *Indfödsretten*, reduced to a complete wreck, struck soon after, about 1 P.M., before Parker's signal called the frigates out of action. Riou's blood was not shed in vain.

The Danes fought not only with great resolution, but with an effectiveness that is really remarkable in view of the rawness of the material hastily worked up for the occasion. They were also greatly favored by the fact that the northern portion of their line had no immediate antagonists except Riou's frigates. It is to be presumed that the ships there moored, in comparative immunity during a measurable time, managed to direct their batteries upon the northernmost British ships of the line. Such certainly was their duty, which Captain Riou's gallant effort should not have wholly prevented; and Colonel Stewart, whose contemporary narrative still forms one of our best sources of information, distinctly states that the *Monarch*, besides her broadside antagonist, the *Sjælland*, the heaviest ship in the Danish line, was engaged by the block-ship *Holsteen* upon her bow. The loss on those British ships was accordingly heavy, that of the *Monarch*, two hundred and twenty killed and wounded, exceeding any incurred either at the Nile or at Trafalgar. A singular picture of the desolation wrought on her decks has been given by a midshipman on board of her: «Toward the close of the action the colonel commanding the detachment of soldiers on board told me that the quarter-deck guns wanted quill or tin tubes (which are used as more safe and expeditious than loose priming), and wanted me to send some one, adding, his own men were too ignorant of the ship, or he would have sent one of them. I told him I knew no one that could so well be spared as myself. He, however, objected to my going; and as I was aware of the dreadful slaughter which had taken place in the center of the ship, I was not very fond of the jaunt; but my conscience would not let me send another on an errand I was afraid to undertake myself, and away I posted towards the fore magazine. When I arrived on the main deck, along which I had to pass, there was *not a single man standing* the whole way from the mainmast forward, a district containing eight guns on a side, some of which were run out ready for firing, others lay dismounted, and others remained as they were after recoiling. . . . I hastened down the fore ladder to the lower deck, and felt really relieved to find somebody alive. I was obliged to wait a few minutes for my cargo, and after this pause I own I felt something like regret, if not fear, as I remounted the ladder on my return. This, however, entirely subsided when I saw the sun shining and the old blue ensign flying as lofty as ever. I never felt the

genuine sense of glory so completely as at that moment. I took off my hat by an involuntary motion, and gave three cheers as I jumped on to the quarter-deck. Colonel Hutchinson welcomed me at my quarters as if I had been on a hazardous enterprise and had returned in triumph; the first lieutenant also expressed great satisfaction at seeing me in such high spirits and so active.»

The effect of splinters—fragments of wood, whether large or small, being technically so called—is shown by the same writer in a few scattered but graphic sentences: «Our signal midshipman was bruised from head to foot with splinters in such a manner as compelled him to leave the deck. Mr. Le Vesconte, another midshipman, who was my companion on the quarter-deck, and who was as cool and apparently unconcerned as usual, shared the same fate. I attended him to the lower deck, but could not prevail upon myself to set foot on the ladder to the cockpit.» [The cockpit is the place below the water-line where the wounded are taken.] «I left him there to make the best of his way. As the splinters were so plentiful, it may be wondered how I escaped; the fact is, I did not escape entirely. When the wheel was shot away I was in a cloud; but being some little distance before the wheel, I did not receive any of the larger pieces. . . . Our first lieutenant, Mr. Yelland, had taken care to have the decks swept, and everything clean and nice, before we went into action. He had dressed himself in full uniform, with his cocked hat set on square» [a touch which recalls Collingwood's eccentric captain, Rotheram, at Trafalgar, who, upon being remonstrated with for the exposure full dress entailed, replied, «I have always fought in a cocked hat, and I always will»], «his shirt-frill stiff starched, and his cravat tied tight under his chin, as usual. How he escaped unhurt seems wonderful. Several times I lost sight of him in a cloud of splinters; as they subsided I saw first his cocked hat emerging, then by degrees the rest of his person, his face smiling, so that altogether one might imagine him dressed for his wedding day.»

We have ordinarily too little of these small details in naval battles. On board the flag-ship *Elephant*, fortunately, there was a distinguished army officer who during the naval part of the engagement had little to do except to note incidents especially connected with the great admiral, near whose person he was. It had been the intention, if the full results of the attack by the ships were realized, to follow them up with an assault by troops

in boats upon the Three Crowns batteries. For this purpose detachments of soldiers were on board each ship of the line, and flat-boats were towed alongside ready to land them when required. The commander of the whole, Colonel Stewart, was on board the flag-ship; but the opportunity was not obtained, owing to the accidents which kept three ships out of line, and the injuries done to the others by the desperate resistance of the Danes. The northern division of the British fleet, under Parker, the commander-in-chief, did not succeed in working up against the wind and current which favored Nelson in time to engage the *Trekroner* before the southern part of the fight was over. Even then the ships were at long and ineffective range. The batteries were therefore uninjured, and assault was impossible.

Stewart, being otherwise unemployed, had full time to observe. Lord Nelson, he tells us, was most anxious to get nearer the enemy, but was deterred by the strong assertions of the pilots that the ships would take the ground. Both for penetration and accuracy he relied always upon getting close alongside. Just before leaving England he had written to a friend: «As for the plan for pointing a gun truer than we do at present, I shall of course look at it; but I hope we shall be able, as usual, to get so close to our enemies that our shot cannot miss their object; and that we shall again give our Northern enemies that hail-storm of bullets which gives our dear Country the dominion of the seas.» Practised thus as the British seamen of that day were, the effect made upon their inexperienced though heroic enemies would unquestionably have been more rapid and sustained than it actually was, the contest sooner decided, and the loss less. Rapidity rather than fine sighting was then the boast of British gunnery.

At 1 P. M., therefore, the contest, after a duration of more than two hours, still raged, though with somewhat diminished fury. Men of the same blood and traditions had met in a struggle of endurance. Nelson's own name was of Norse origin. Enumerating the severe injuries already received by the British, Stewart says: «Few, if any, of the enemy's heavy ships and praams had yet ceased to fire. The contest in general, although from the relaxed state of the enemy's fire it might not have given much room for apprehension as to the result, had certainly at 1 P. M. not declared itself in favor of either side. About this juncture, and in this posture of affairs, the signal was thrown out on

board the *London* [Parker's flag-ship, then four miles distant] for the action to cease.

«Lord Nelson was at this time, as he had been during the whole action, walking the starboard side of the quarter-deck, sometimes much animated, and at others heroically fine in his observations. A shot through the mainmast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed to me, with a smile, (It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment); and then, stopping short at the gangway, he used an expression never to be erased from my memory, and said with emotion, (But, mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.)» With this spirit may be compared his rebuke some days after the battle to a lieutenant who during the action had made a hopeless report about the grounded ships: «At such a moment the delivery of anything like a desponding opinion, unasked, was highly reprehensible, and deserved much more censure than Captain Foley gave you.»

«When the signal from the *London*, No. 39, was made,» continues Stewart, «the signal lieutenant reported it to him. He continued his walk, and did not appear to take notice of it. The lieutenant, meeting his lordship at the next turn, asked whether he should repeat it [by which, if done, the squadron engaged would retire to the northward]. Lord Nelson answered, (No; acknowledge it.)¹ On the officer returning to the poop, his lordship called after him, (Is No. 16 [for close action] still hoisted?) The lieutenant answering in the affirmative, Lord Nelson said, (Mind you keep it so.) He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm. After a turn or two he said to me in a quick manner, (Do you know what's shown on board the commander-in-chief—No. 39?) On asking him what that meant, he answered: (Why, to leave off action. Leave off action!) he repeated; and then added with a shrug, (Now, damn me if I do!) He also observed, I believe, to Captain Foley, (You know, Foley, I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes); and then, with an archness peculiar to his character, putting the glass to his blind eye, he exclaimed, (I really do not see the signal.)» Professor Laughton, whose authority on matters relating to Nelson is second to that of no one living, has lately told us in his «*Life of Nelson*» that this little display was but a joke, Nelson having received a message from Parker that

he was to use his own discretion as to obeying the signal. If so, it is not improbable that he had in view the effect of his manner upon the many bystanders who must have witnessed the scene in the midst of a yet doubtful and desperate battle. It is the converse of the outward bearing which he reprehended in the lieutenant. The moral effect of such self-possession is indescribable. The *Monarch's* midshipman already quoted speaks thus of a wounded and disabled officer on board of her: «When the carnage was greatest he encouraged his men by applauding their conduct, and frequently began a huzza, which is of more importance than might generally be imagined; for the men have no other communication throughout the ship, but when a shout is set up it runs from deck to deck, and they know that their comrades are, some of them, alive and in good spirits.» As Parker's messenger, Captain Otway, did not reach Nelson until after the signal was hoisted, it is possible the scene witnessed by Stewart occurred before Nelson knew Parker's purpose. Parker's private secretary, who afterward served in the same capacity with Nelson for two years, has also affirmed that there was a previous understanding between the two admirals. The matter is of less consequence than appears, for the supreme merit of Lord Nelson was not the disregarding of the signal, but the sound judgment and tenacity with which he refused to incur the risk of giving ground at that moment. This was wholly his.

Nelson's second, Rear-admiral Graves, repeated the signal to withdraw; but, like his own leader, kept that for close action still flying. Not a ship of the line budged, but the repeating by Graves shows that it is playing with edged tools to hoist signals not meant to be obeyed. Situated as Nelson was, there was no safety but to fight it out till the Danish line of vessels was subdued. To retreat under the guns of the still unharmed Trekroner, through an intricate channel, would be bad enough if no ships were left to oppose him. If the ships were destroyed, his own, roughly handled as many had been, would, for the most part, be too far from the enemy's land-batteries to receive any serious additional injury. Nothing could have been more dangerous for the whole force than the attempted withdrawal of a few ships.

This the frigates proved. Riou, at the north end of the line, was being severely handled, but he was doing good service, and derstood. To repeat is to transmit the signal, by repetition, to the vessels which are to execute the order.

¹ To acknowledge a signal is to hoist a flag which simply indicates that the signal has been seen and un-

was within touch of support if the southern ships came to him. Seeing Parker's signal, and that it was repeated by the flag-ship nearest him, he doubtless expected the whole division to retreat. The frigates hauled off, and in moving away necessarily exposed their sterns to a raking fire. «What will Nelson think of us!» exclaimed Riou, who, already wounded by a splinter, was sitting on a gun encouraging his men. His clerk was killed by his side, and by another shot several marines while hauling the main-brace. Riou then exclaimed, «Come, then, my boys; let us all die together!» The words were scarcely uttered when a ball cut him in two. «Thus,» writes Colonel Stewart, «was the British service deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, and society of a character of singular worth, resembling the heroes of romance.»

At half-past eleven the Danish flag-ship *Dannebroke* caught fire, and Commodore Fischer shifted his broad pendant from her to the *Holsteen*, the second ship from the north end of his line. The *Dannebroke* continued to fight bravely. At the end, out of three hundred and thirty-six men with which she began, two hundred and seventy had been killed and wounded. This large proportion is doubtless to be explained by the fact that reinforcements from shore were being continually carried to the ships. For a time the flames were got under, but they broke out again and again; the *Elephant* redoubled her efforts, and at length the *Dannebroke* was driven out of the line, on fire fore and aft. She drifted with the wind toward the *Trekroner*, within two hundred yards of which she grounded, and at about half-past four, after the battle, she blew up.

The two southern ships, the *Prøvesteen* and the *Vagrien*, also suffered very severely, being overmatched and outnumbered by the force concentrated upon them. Lassen, the captain of the *Prøvesteen*, became the Danish hero of the day; for long he could not appear in the streets of Copenhagen without being followed by a crowd. But popular favor passes; he died in poverty and neglect, nor is any memorial of his valor to be seen in the capital of his country. The *Vagrien*, from two hundred and seventy men, lost all but fifty killed and wounded. Both flag and pendant were shot away, and «nobody,» by a Danish account, «had time to raise a new one. The *Vagrien* fought a long time without the flag hoisted.» This irregularity has its bearings on the motives alleged by Nelson for his subsequent action in sending a flag of truce.

The block-ship *Jylland*, between the *Va-*

grien and the *Dannebroke*, fought long with the *Edgar*. The floating batteries lying between her and the *Dannebroke* being at length driven out of action, the space thus left vacant was utilized by smaller British vessels to rake the block-ships lying on each side of it. This incident, which rests on Danish accounts, was distinctly in the line of Nelson's orders, and shows, as already remarked, that a plan correctly traced in its broader lines will not, in the hands of capable men, be necessarily disarranged and fail, even through mishaps and changes of conditions as serious as those which marked the British fortunes on this day.

At 2 p. m. the cables of the *Sjælland*, next north of the *Dannebroke*, and the immediate antagonist of the *Monarch*, which suffered so severely at her hands and those of her consorts, were shot away, and the ship drifted out of position. This was a most important injury to the Danes, for she was their strongest ship. At the same hour Fischer found it necessary again to shift his pendant, going from the *Holsteen* to the *Trekroner* shore-battery, which had now become the center of what remained of the Danish line. The southern vessels, up to and including the *Sjælland*, were silenced; the *Holsteen* was a wreck; and Parker's division, though not within effective range, was getting nearer.

At the same time matters had become extremely serious with the British also. Firing had indeed ceased throughout the Danish line which lay south of Nelson's flag-ship, to which circumstance is doubtless due the fact, noted by the Danish commodore, that during the latter part of the engagement she fired only occasional guns. Fischer thought from this that she had been reduced nearly to silence by her losses, whereas the legitimate inference is that, owing to the limited sweep of broadside guns, only a few bore on the enemies ahead of her and could be effectively used. «He states,» wrote Nelson, who was unnecessarily wroth over the matter, «that the ship in which I had the honor to hoist my flag fired latterly only single guns. It is true; for steady and cool were my brave fellows, and did not wish to throw away a single shot.» Naval seamen will readily understand that until springs could be run out—a long process—few guns would bear under the conditions.

But, ahead of the *Elephant*, the *Ganges*, the *Monarch*, and the *Defiance* were at two o'clock still warmly engaged, the last two especially, while the *Trekroner* was uninjured and injuring them. At the same time the

shore-batteries on the island of Amak continued to fire from behind the silenced Danish ships; and though the flags of the latter were in many cases down, the British crews who sought to take possession were refused admission, and even fired upon, by men on board. This statement, which rests upon several British authorities, is by no means in itself incredible. Their crews knew nothing of war or its usages, and there was a scarcity of trained officers. As before quoted from a Danish source, the *Vagriën* fought some time without either flag or pendant, because no one had time to hoist others. But, however pardonable in purpose, there is no excuse in fact for any avoidable delay in replacing the tokens that one has not yielded, but is fighting. In truth, no ship should go into battle with only one flag flying. The account of the *Monarch's* midshipman is of interest in this connection: «Most of the enemy's vessels had struck their colors, in consequence of which I was desired to send Mr. Home (lieutenant), who commanded the flat-bottomed boat and launch which were both manned and armed alongside, to board the prizes opposed to us. He accordingly set off for that purpose; when almost half-way he saw a boat, which was probably sent on the same errand, knocked to pieces, the crew of which he picked up; but as the other ships and batteries still continued firing, he thought it in vain to attempt boarding the prizes, which were, moreover, prepared to resist, notwithstanding they had struck their colors.»

The time of this occurrence is fixed by the fact that Home then pulled to the *Elephant* to ask instructions of Nelson, and was by him told that he had sent a flag of truce ashore, and that if it was accepted he should remove from the action as soon as possible. Colonel Stewart's account of the flag of truce mentions that at half-past two the action was over astern of the *Elephant*, but that the ships ahead and the *Trekroner* were engaged, and the British repelled by force from the surrendered vessels. «Lord Nelson naturally lost temper at this, and observed that he must either send on shore and stop this irregular proceeding, or send in our fire-ships and burn the prizes. He accordingly retired into the stern-gallery, and wrote with great despatch that well-known letter addressed to the crown prince.» This celebrated and much-discussed letter ran thus:

TO THE BROTHERS OF ENGLISHMEN, THE DANES.

Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark when no longer resisting; but if the firing is con-

tinued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire all the floating batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them. Dated on board his Britannic Majesty's ship *Elephant*, Copenhagen Roads, April 2, 1801.

NELSON AND BRONTÉ, *Vice-Admiral*, under the command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker.

It will be observed that, whatever motives may be assumed, the words of the letter convey simply a threat that if the surrendered vessels are not given up, the admiral will throw away upon them no more shot, but instead use fire-ships, a recognized weapon of war. There is no request for a suspension of hostilities, and only the boat carrying the letter showed a flag of truce. The decks being cleared of all partitions fore and aft, and all ordinary conveniences removed, Nelson wrote in full view of all on the deck where he was, at the casing of the rudder-head, standing; and as he wrote an officer standing by took a copy. The original, in his own hand, was put into an envelop and sealed with his arms. The officer was about to use a wafer, but Nelson said, «No; send for sealing-wax and candle.» Some delay followed, owing to the man sent having had his head taken off by a ball. «Send another messenger for the wax,» said the admiral when informed of this; and when the wafers were again suggested he simply reiterated the order. A large amount of wax was used, and extreme care taken that the impression of the seal should be perfect. Colonel Stewart asked, «Why, under so hot a fire and after so lamentable an accident, have you attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?» «Had I made use of a wafer,» replied Nelson, «the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince; he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales.» It was the same sagacious regard to effect which possibly dictated the by-play of refusing to see Parker's signal of recall.

An officer who had served in the Russian navy and spoke Danish bore the letter. He found the crown prince, who was also prince regent, near the sally-port of the fortifications, encouraging his people. He sent a verbal reply by General-Adjutant Lindholm, who, upon meeting Nelson, gave the following written memorandum of his message:

His Royal Highness the Prince Royal of Denmark has sent me, General-Adjutant Lindholm, on

board to his Britannic Majesty's Vice-admiral, the Right Honorable Lord Nelson, to ask the particular object of sending the flag of truce.

Nelson replied in writing:

Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a flag of truce is humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his prizes. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness, begs leave to say that he will ever esteem it the greatest victory he ever gained if this flag of truce may be the happy forerunner of a lasting and happy union between my most gracious Sovereign and his Majesty the King of Denmark.

NELSON AND BRONTÉ.

Lindholm was then referred for further negotiation to Sir Hyde Parker, who was four miles distant in the *London*; and to that ship he proceeded, to obtain a definite understanding with the commander-in-chief.

Between the times when Nelson's flag of truce went on shore and when Lindholm reached the *Elephant*, resistance ceased upon all the Danish ships south of the *Trekroner*, except one small frigate which escaped. In the same interval Nelson held a consultation with the flag-captain, Foley, and Fremantle, captain of the *Ganges*, next ahead, as to the practicability of advancing the ships which were least damaged against that part of the Danish line of defense yet uninjured, *i. e.*, the *Trekroner* and the ships northwest of it at the harbor's mouth. "Their opinions," says Colonel Stewart, "were averse from it, and, on the other hand, decided in favor of removing our fleet, whilst the wind yet held fair, from their present intricate channel."

The great obstacle to this desirable end was the *Trekroner*, while the block-ships northwest of the latter might possibly have supported its fire. But Lindholm, either before or after his interview with Nelson, had given orders, in the name of the crown prince, that firing should cease. This order reached the *Trekroner* at four o'clock, according to Fischer, who was then in the battery, but before that the British ships had begun to move out. The indomitable *Monarch*, despite her tremendous losses, was engaged in springing her broadside upon the *Trekroner*, after the ships abreast her struck, when Rear-admiral Graves, returning to the *Defiance* from an interview with Nelson, hailed her to cut her cable and follow him out. This was done, but the sails being wholly unmanageable, the ship refused to steer, falling off broadside to the wind and current. The

Ganges, following her, struck her amidships, and the two ships drifted, the *Ganges* pushing the *Monarch* toward the *Trekroner*, which opened fire upon them, showing that the message to cease had not yet been received there. It soon was, however, and Nelson's division withdrew to the northward without further molestation. On the way out both flag-ships, the *Defiance* and the *Elephant*, grounded, and remained for several hours about a mile from the *Trekroner*. For the gunnery of the day that was long range, but they would undoubtedly have received much harm if the enemy's fire had not been discontinued. Commenting upon this condition, Colonel Stewart says: "It should be observed, on the other hand, that measures would in that case have been adopted, and they were within our power, for destroying this formidable work."

Nelson returned that evening to his regular flag-ship, the *St. George*, which he had left for the battle, she being of too heavy draft to participate. Lindholm's negotiations with Admiral Parker resulted in an agreement that hostilities should remain suspended for twenty-four hours, and that the Danish ships which had struck during the action should be surrendered to the British. The night and the next day were passed in getting afloat the grounded ships, and in bringing out them and their prizes. Continued negotiations followed, which ended, on the 9th of April, in Denmark signing an armistice for fourteen weeks—a practical abandonment of the Armed Neutrality, for Nelson bluntly stated that he needed that time to act against the Russian fleet. It is to be remarked that during this week of diplomatic discussion, in which Nelson was the leading British negotiator, the British bomb-vessels were being put in position for the bombardment of the city, to which the battle, by removing the southern line of block-ships, was the essential and effectual prelude.

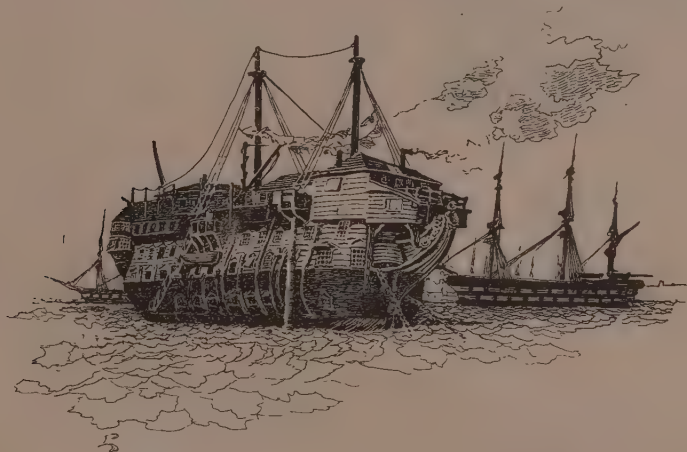
The remark is necessary, for it bears directly upon the impression, never wholly dispelled, that Nelson, in removing his crippled ships during the suspension of hostilities on the 2d, took unfair advantage of the flag of truce. The reply is that this was done openly; that if the Danes felt that an unfair advantage was being taken, it was in their power to stop it at once; that, instead of so doing, they conceded also the surrender of the prizes which had struck but had not been taken possession of; and finally, that the active preparation for renewed hostilities in the following days, while an armistice was in force, shows

that the understanding between the parties did not go further than the cessation of fighting. To all this is to be added the fact that Lindholm, the Danish bearer of the flag of truce, and thenceforth engaged through all negotiations which resulted in the fourteen weeks' armistice, wrote to Nelson a month later (May 2) in the following terms: "As to your lordship's motive for sending a flag of truce to our government, it can never be misconstrued, and your subsequent conduct has sufficiently shown that humanity is always the companion of true valor."

The crown prince, on the other hand, has been considered weak in ordering the cessation of hostilities at the moment, seeing the disabled condition of Nelson's division. The conditions before him at 3 P. M.—the results of the fight—were these. The entire right

wing of the defense, from the Trekroner south, was crushed. Nothing stood between the city and bombardment. Parker's division was uninjured, and much of Nelson's, though badly mauled, was out of range, and could refit unmolested. Above all, and this Nelson knew and reckoned upon, although Denmark had tried to carry her points about the neutral trade by a bluff, her rulers had no desire for war, but were acting under the coercion of the Czar. The glorious and desperate resistance she had made both vindicated her honor and testified to her allies that further persistence would be fruitless, except in wanton suffering. By prolonging the struggle she could gain neither in advantage nor in reputation, for nothing could place a nation's warlike fame higher than did her great deeds that day.

A. T. Mahan.



INSTRUMENTS.

THE rugged cliff that faced the main
 Cherished a pine against its breast,
 Whereon the wind woke many a strain,
 As 't were a violin caressed;
 And souls that heard, although in pain,
 Were soothed and lulled to peace and rest.

A people strove to break their chains,
 And many bled, and strife was long,
 Until a minstrel voiced their pains,
 And woke the world with echoing song;
 And even the tyrant heard the strains,
 And hastened to redress the wrong.

The souls of men were dried like dew,
 And earth cried out with bitter need,
 Until one said, «I dare be true,»
 And followed up the word with deed.
 Then heaven and earth were born anew,
 And one man's name became a creed!

Charles Crandall.

stoop, and small windows, there the larger house of a village magnate, some rich peasant or landlord. Suddenly on the bank rises a tiny woman in the picturesque costume of the Vends, an envoy of the little people, it might seem, who verily must linger in such out-of-the-way spots as this! In her strange horned head-dress and bright kirtle to the knee, with her little arms, legs, and feet bare, her blue eyes most solemn, she stands stock-still, afraid to throw us the bouquet she has gathered for no other purpose than to get our *groschen*.

«Tank—Tag!» cries she, makes a little bob, and flies away with the spoil, in her glee forgetting to throw us the wild flowers till it is too late.

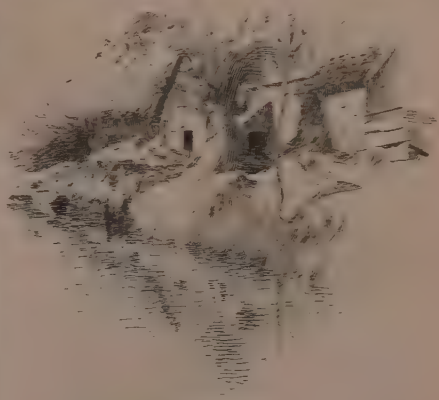
But what is this approaching up the leaf-swung highway? One boat, two, three—it is a pleasure party up from Lübbenau, to stop at the Bleiche, or the Black Eagle, or some other locally famous inn. On seats athwart the first punt are several rows of young men and women laughing and singing; in the second are musicians; in the third is a group about a keg of beer. This is their outing, and vociferous is their enjoyment. As quiet falls again we rush round a corner into a transverse reach shadowed dark with trees—a reach that joins one Spree branch with another; and presently a deep, rich note is heard—yes, it is a nightingale practising for his evening concert; and there again, faint and ventriloquial,—who can tell exactly whence?—comes from across a broad stretch of crops the mellow cuckoo call!

For it is June, and not yet, as some Vends still believe, has the cuckoo changed his estate and taken on the form of a hawk, nor has he ceased his monotonous but ever delightful song.

As we pass a woman at work in the fields, her bare feet in wooden shoes, her one garment reaching just below the knee, but her head and shoulders well covered by the great *rubishko*, or horned head-dress, our boatman speaks to her in a strange tongue that sounds like Polish. She has smaller hands and feet than German peasants usually show, a small, slender figure, a plain but refined brown face, and brown eyes. She will work all day like a pony, and then think nothing of dancing half the night if she gets the chance; and dance well, too, far more gracefully than her German sisters in the cities. Her ambition is to get a position as wet-nurse in Berlin, where she will trot about the Thiergarten in a magnificent short skirt of

many yards' circumference, white stockings, real leather shoes, and an immense snowy-white horned head-dress. With the money she has earned she hopes to return to the Spreewald. She hates the city, and likes her time-honored black aprons and colored skirts and many-colored headgear. The men hold less to the old and traditional, so that one rarely sees more than a hint of the remote past in their jackets and country caps. For them the army is a great leveler and eradicator of racial traits and local oddities in dress.

Now we are out of the woods, rushing down a perfectly straight *fliess* the banks of which are planted with a quick growth of willows closely cropped by the basket-makers. Here we meet two slender fellows taking a pig to market—a lovely pink pig in a new crate as clean as a pin, and as proud as that heifer of which the crazy Roman emperor tried to make an empress. Then comes another boat stacked with yellow carrots and green vegetables, broad masses of color, poled along by a peasant woman in a dark blue dress and a white, broad-spreading cap. These people speak German to the lordings as we pass, Vendish to our boatman; but the Vendish is disappearing because, for the sake of the army, its teaching is discouraged. Throughout all this district, far over into Saxony, only a few churches still offer sermons in the old tongue. Yet if the Vendish tongue disappears the names of places will tell the tale, even as such names in Brandenburg and Saxony still do. Dresden, Leipzig, these are



A VANDERBILT.

Vendish words—or call them Slavic, with the broader term that now means the race. And hereabout are Cottbus, Vetschau, Müschen, Brahmow, Babow, Dlugy, Raddush, Leipe,

Lehde, Byhleguhre, Straupitz, and Lützen. And the fliesses that wind or shoot straight in and out of forest and cleared fields retain Vendish names: Mutniza, Blushniza, Rogazo, Zschapigk, Polenzo, Groblitzo, and Nabasatz. Efforts have been made to give German names to many of them, but country people everywhere are great holders to precedent, and the people who stick so tightly to their old costume are not going to give up their place-names without a struggle.

Strange indeed that so near Berlin so old-time and curious a community could have remained reasonably uncontaminated by the hordes of picknickers! The Spreewald is too near a great capital for foreigners to hear much of it. The museums and palaces of Berlin, the palaces of Potsdam, absorb all the spare energy of foreign visitors. And for convenient outflights it is a little too far for most burghers of Berlin. Some have country places in and near the Spreewald. Many visit it occasionally. It is a favorite place for people from Dresden and Leipzig who can give several days to exploring its watery labyrinths; especially for the teaching guild is it a favorite resort. Every village has its inns, and at Burg, where Vendish services are held in the old church and the costume remains the most antique, there are several famous taverns. One is the Bleachery, where Frederick the Great established a colony of dyers and weavers, who have all disappeared, although the art is still practised by private means for personal use in many farm-houses. But the fine green, orange, pink, and lilac head-dresses—the *wodzercanski rubishko*—and the turquoise, gray, and yellow skirts are now bought at Cottbus or in Berlin.

«School out» at the village school of Burg is a pretty sight. The substantial brick building overlooks the ever-murmuring highway, and the boys and girls, instead of stringing up a dusty road, tumble into punts and pole away for dear life—the boys much like other boys, but the girls reduced facsimiles of their mothers and elder sisters, clad in bright but short raiment, and visible afar off through their strange mob-caps with wings. As one moves down stream from Burg by Leipe to Lützenau, these wings grow smaller and collapse, while the skirts grow longer and more resemble the ordinary dress of women. At a dance the Spreewälder knows instantly, by the peculiarities of her costume, from what village a woman or girl has come. At Leipe the multitudinous skirts of alarming girth are no more, the gown reaches the ankles, and the cap fits close to the head instead of

resting on a framework as in Burg. Thus the dress in Leipe is perhaps more graceful, but it is more commonplace; it no longer testifies to that pride of the peasant father or husband which is shown by the number of yards in the skirts of his womanfolk and the variety of their caps, by the richness of their dress as well as by their jewelry.

Swamp the Spreewald once was, and swamp it again becomes from time to time when a freshet obliterates the paths beside the streams and all the fields are wide brown lakes. To the ravens flying over, the Spreewald in its ordinary state looks much like other land, because the fliesses are scarce visible through the lines of trees, and because where the dense forest once stood ruthless nobles and landowners have felled the trees to grow hay or to plant vegetables. But let the snows melt suddenly and the rains fall, then it is a little Holland with the dikes broken.

But for its past, imagine a marsh thick with trees that annual overflows do not kill. Into this swamp human beings have fled with no hope of ever regaining the arable lands and pastures from which they were driven. Fancy them bringing with them gentler manners than those possessed who drove them to the swamp, and also habits of industry, and an inherited, inbred knowledge of water-walls, canals, dikes, weirs, and fisheries. Imagine them speaking a well-sounding Slavic tongue full of soft *s*'s and modulations, complicated in its grammar, rich in synonyms. Think of them as pagans with some few cruel rites, yet treating their women and cattle with comparative humanity, and in many other ways, such as vivacity, gaiety, and humor, contrasting favorably with their conquerors.

Such is the race that, owing to a certain querulousness among themselves, a certain tendency to envy and backbiting, an inability to agree and fight the foe unitedly, was gradually forced off the good land into the dark woods on the upper reaches of the Havel. There they fell trees, dig big and little canals, make pastures and fields, trap fish and game, and build thatched huts, not round, but square. As the world outside moves on faster, and the Teutons take on a superficial skin of civilization, and by marriage, force, and fraud enter the Spreewald and become Vends also, the original Vends of this part of northern Europe find themselves a secluded community of woodmen and fishermen, with hardly a town to show, without a literature, but not without myriad myths

and superstitions; a community of men who are as lambs to the cruel Christian, ready to be gathered into the fold by threats of the sword and the auto de fe.

Such were the Serbs or Vends who dwelt in the twelfth century not far from a little town on the Spree called Kölln (from *kolna*, a shed), which, being afterward joined by another little spot called Barlin, formed the later city of Berlin. The Germans use for

Vends because of an old word, *wada*, meaning water. But the worst guess at the meaning of Vend is a German one, according to which they were called Vends in derision because they turned (*wenden*) in battle from the swords of the savage Teutons.

And of a truth they have given way before the foe just as the old Veneti fled from the mainland into the oozy islands of the lagoons at the head of the Adriatic when the Huns

grew too grievous, and lived ever after in boats, even as the Vends of the Spreewald to this day. The Venetians were of old great horsemen, and their racers took prizes at Olympia under the racing-colors of Hiero of Syracuse. The Vends have a passion for horses' heads as a decoration for their houses and barns, just as the modern Venetians love equestrian monuments. Have we here the survival of an idea in common from the earlier times when the Slavs were horsemen on the Asian plains? Vendland is better known to history as Lusatia, and the Spreewald belongs to Lower Lusatia, and contains all that is left of Vends, who speak not only the old tongue, but realize, as millions of Germanized Slavs do not, that they are a people by themselves who have manfully withstood centuries of persecution directed against their tongue, their dress, and their customs. This tongue is not unlike the Czech of Bohemia, and strongly resembles Russian and Polish.

As a rule, the older women wear white headgear; at least



THE BOATMAN—EN ROUTE.

ENGRAVED BY A. E. ANDERSON.

them the term Vends, a very old word which designates many other separated parts of one great Aryan race, such as the Veneti on the Baltic, the Veneti on the Adriatic, the Vendéans in France, the Vandals on the lower Elbe, the Pannonians of old Slav blood. Their nearer relatives were the Obotrites in Mecklenburg, the Kossubes in northeast Prussia, and the Pomorjans or Old Prussians. Like the Finns of Russia and Sweden, who speak quite another sort of language, however, they were preëminently men of the fens, amphibious, so that some have guessed none too profoundly that their neighbors called them

the big square kerchief that falls nearly to the shoulders is white, while with girls this upper part is colored like the tulip-beds of Haarlem. But on Trinity Sunday they wear the *plyachzishka*: all is white on head and shoulders, while the gown, the *wohnjanka*, is black. Then is the old church at Burg a sight that recalls Brittany. The men for the most part are in the galleries. Almost the entire floor of the church is filled with seated women, their starched caps, as white as white can be, having the effect of stiffened wind-rows of snow.

But on other Sundays the young women

appear in all their finery. Many of them enter the village barefoot, and put their shoes and stockings on just before assembling in front of the church. The men gather in one group, the women in another. As a gentle reminder of the uncertainty of life, the first thing one sees in the vestibule of the church is a pair of coffin-rests, past which the people troop to their German prayers and Vendish sermon. After the services a baptism may be held, when the godmothers (*kmotra*) are expected to appear in a special kind of white cap very difficult to describe. When the baptism is over the party adjourns to a tavern, and the dresses and caps are duly criticized or admired, and the proud parents are expected to do the handsome thing by the friends and godparents. Godfathers and godmothers are also given a present of money, but not a round sum,—that is unlucky,—always a little over. The child must not be left alone; at least a bird or beast must be left with it to baffle evil spirits. The elder godmother carries the child to the church, the younger from the sanctuary. But before they reënter the home some one lays symbolical tools across the threshold over which the baptismal party must pass. For a boy it may be an ax and a hoe; for a girl a spinning-wheel and a broom. As she steps across, the younger godmother, bearing the child in her arms, says aloud, «We carried away a heathen, and bring back a Christian with the proper name of John [or Mary].» In some villages children are named in a fixed order as they are born, and if the baby dies the new child is given its name. Thus in Schleifa it is customary to give boys names in the following order: Hanzo, Matthes, Juro, Kito, Merten, Lobo; and to girls, Maria, Anna, Madlena, Liza, Khrysta, Wortija, Worsula.

Next to a baptismal procession a wedding party is the jolliest sight on Spreewald fließes, since every one is naturally decked in his or her best, and the men carry staves bound with bright ribbons, said to be a survival of the swords of an earlier period when the bride was carried off more or less by force, or at least with a show of violence. *Kozol*, the bagpipes, still survive in some parts of the forest. The bridegroom, preceded by his *druzba*, or best man, a fiddler, and a bagpiper, and followed by his friends, knocks loudly at the door of the bride, and on being admitted demands the young woman with great show of wrath, only to receive, instead of the bride, an old maid who has a false hump on her back. The men strike her

on the hump, which soon breaks, since it is an old cooking-pot, and drive her back into the house. Then the bridesmaid, or *druzka*, is given up; but she also is compelled to flee into the house. Finally the bride herself is handed to the best man, who places her beside the groom, whereupon the couple turn about three times, a peculiar pagan rite known formerly to Ireland and Scotland, and the whole party enters the house to breakfast. The Turkish and Finnish tribes of Asia have similar customs of teasing the groom and his best man before surrendering the bride. At the wedding both must have money in their shoes, or they will always be poor. On the return from the wedding a newly bought pot filled with milk and beer is sent to meet the couple; as soon as they have drunk, the *druzba* seizes the pot and dashes it to pieces. On reaching her new home, the bride must feed all the animals. At the wedding feast neither groom and bride nor best man and woman must rise from the table under any pretext whatever until dancing begins in the evening at the tavern.

But to tell all that is left of heathen and medieval Christian practices in the Spreewald would fill a book or two. The water-nixy is dangerous to young women who wade into ponds to cut reeds for thatch; the sandman has his female counterpart: when a boy nods it is Hermann that has come; when a girl gets sleepy over her spinning it is Dremotka. Reapers who fail to rest for an hour at mid-day are in danger of a ragged female demon called *Pshepolniza*; she comes with a sickle bound to a pole and cuts off their heads. She seems to have been sunstroke personified, but is now, like *Serpowniza*, only a bugbear used to frighten children away from growing crops.

Here in the Spreewald exist many of the superstitions common to Ireland and Scotland—the changeling, the whirlwind, will-o'-the-wisp, kobold, leprechawn, and good little people generally. Have is the crafty spirit of the lake and the demon that springs on men's shoulders at night. Here especially is the banshee; indeed, no less a family than the Hohenzollerns have a private and particular white lady who appears in the unsentimental vicinage of the Schloss in the heart of Berlin and wails round the battlements when a death is to occur in the family. Connection between the British Islands and the lands drained by the Elbe and the Vistula has been constantly renewed by migration and conquest. In remote periods the race seems to have been alike in both countries.



AFTER THE CHRISTENING.

But considerations so remote and afar off in history are not suited to the fore-deck of a Spreewald punt. Better to note the picturesque royal hunting-box at the Eiche, where the dogs rush down to the bank with great show of anger, or the forester's house where one can get a cup of coffee from the forester's wife. Then we plunge into a beautiful bit of woods, and emerge on the Kanno Mill, with its little side-lock for punts; and so, descending to a lower level, spurt forward into the dark woods that still retain some of the swampy characteristics of the Spreewald as it was a thousand years ago.

A touch of the bayous of the Mississippi is here. In this oozy soil the trees have given out buttresses above their deep-lying roots, and as one rounds such a bole and a new reach of the stream opens up, one expects at least an alligator on the slimy bank to make the touch complete. This is the tragic passage in the symphony. Thence through freshly planted woods to pastures new, and with a turn into a rushing contrary tide we head for Lehde, a closely built village gathered thickly about the highway

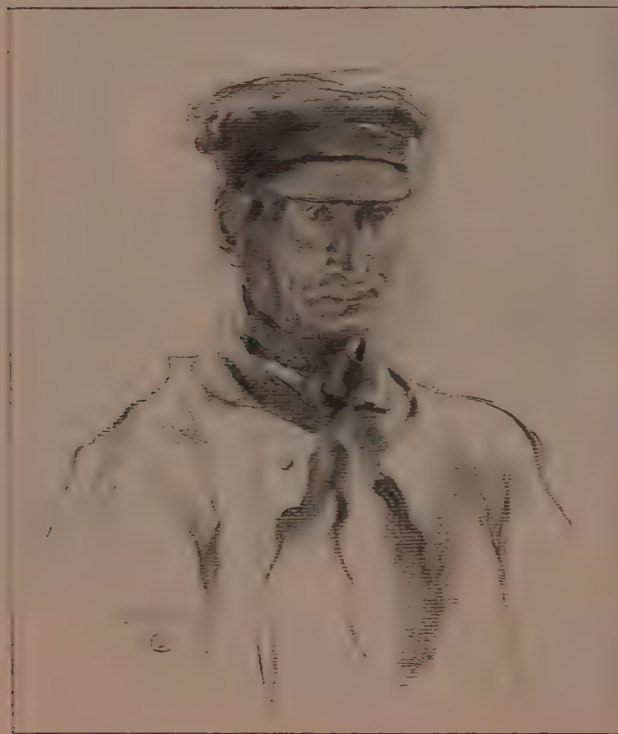
and smaller water streets, there to land for dinner at the tavern of the Jolly Pike.

In Vendland we still are: witness houses that recall the mills in Hobbema's paintings; witness the heaps of giant pumpkins by the barns, and the bare-legged maids digging the first horse-radishes for the big distant city. But Lehde is near Lübbenau, and Lübbenau is a tight little town with cobblestoned streets, and a stately castle of the counts of Lynar (who descend, according to Vend tradition, from a dragon), and a beautiful old saw-mill, and a park—and, alas! a railway. Lehde, with its tavern suited for hundreds of thirsty citizens, begins already to let one gently down from medieval Vendland into modern Germany—Lehde, with her hundred factories and hideous furniture and cheap, ugly clothes. The flowers are gone, and the nightingale and the cuckoo, and the broad arable lands brightened by the rich spot of a laboring maid's skirt, and the solemn aisles with their silvery floor and their canopy of black branches.

But the storks cling to Lehde, and the wise, thieving magpies know it, and the swallows and gnat-catchers and bats skim over its

roofs of tile and thatch, while below are its fleets of white ducks and its busy barn-yard fowls. But one sad thing about Lehde is the orchestrion at the inn as it grinds out dance-measures to the infinite content of mine host of the Jolly Pike.

The Spreewald is a «happy hunting-ground» for pedestrian and cyclist in summer. When the snow spares the great and little streams, the cross fließes and those still smaller cuts in the meadows which just admit one hay-punt and no more, then is it a country that can be explored on skates even more delightfully than in punt or canoe. There is leisure then for the hard-worked Spreewälder and his wife and maids; merry bands glide from village to village. 'T is as if a bit of Holland had been taken up bodily and dropped between Dresden and Berlin.



A BACHELOR.



THE MORNING TOILET.

Philosophy and science may be said to have begun for northern Germany with Leibnitz, a Vend; and universities with that of Prague in the land of the Czechs, who can boast of the first school of art in Germany, and of a reformer of the church before Luther, namely, Huss; yes, and the first pleader for rational education, Amos Comenius.

The handsomest officers who ride in the

Thiergarten and parade on Tempelhofer Platz are apt to have Vendish names ending in *itz*, *witz*, and *ow*; they have the slim figure, smallish hands and feet, and often the pure Greek profile which is sometimes seen in the peasantry of the Spreewald.¹ The women are, comparatively speaking, less favored; but the soft, clear-cut, rather longish features, fine complexions, long, straight, thin noses, clear

¹ The Vends of the Spreewald do not call themselves Vends, but Serbjo, Serbski, or Sserski; that is to say, Serbians. It has been argued that Vend is a term used by the Teutons to designate them, and attempts have been made to explain it as a Teutonic root. The fact seems to be that Vend is a very antique generic term—equivalent to, but older than, Slav—which was used in the

earliest times for the whole race throughout Europe and Asia, while Slav, Slovak, Russ, Czech, Pole, Serb, and Sorb were less comprehensive terms used by various parts of the Vendic race. The Serbs on the Danube preserve the same word as the Serbs on the Spree to designate themselves in a narrow sense.



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

foreheads, and small hands and feet, distinguish them from their more purely Teutonic sisters. Men and women are, as a rule, handsomer than their racial relatives the Saxon Slavs and the Czechs who dwell at the head waters of the Elbe. They are great worshippers of rank and precedence; the faint tendency toward democracy which the Teutonic races in Germany are supposed to show can hardly be found among them. Faithful to their royal houses, they have borne patiently the tyranny and insolence toward weaker races which seem part and parcel of the Teuton wherever he is found; it is only very recently that there have been some stirrings of a race feeling similar to that which has always inflamed the hardier and more combative Bohemians. Last year a call went out from the Czechs of Bohemia to the

summer. Cast in 1625 by Mathias Paust in Prague, it bears the inscription, «I praise the true God, call together the people, convoke the priesthood, lament the dead, drive out the devil, beautify festivals.»¹

For one hundred and eighty years it rang for the Vendish subjects of the Saxon kings and electors, and for nearly a hundred years for subjects of Prussia. It has seen the Swede, the Russian, and the Frenchman in the streets of Lübbenau. Very little hand in the making of the government have the good people for whom it did over two and a half centuries of service. I ask my boatman if he ever votes. No; it is done, if done at all, by certain big men of his village. But does not he vote for the Reichstag? No; he seems to

¹ «Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum, defunctos ploro, Satanam fugo, festa decoro.»

Serbs (Vends) of Saxony about Bautzen and Zittau to remember their past, and read the papers which are devoted to the old literature of these disjointed portions of the Slav race. And as in Ireland the worshipers of the fetish of Anglo-Saxondom regard with distrust the endeavor to keep the Irish tongue alive, and try to boycott the Celtic elements in British speech and literature, so the Teuton in the older home of his race boycotts the Slavic elements in northern Germany, and denies their very existence if he can. There they are under his nose, but, with the obstinacy to facts which is at once his strength and his weakness, he will not see; or if he is forced to look, he explains the facts away in some fashion that suits his clumsy pride.

Some of the changes of government to which the patient Vends have had to submit may be recalled on examining one of three bells which were dismounted from a bell-fry in Lübbenau last

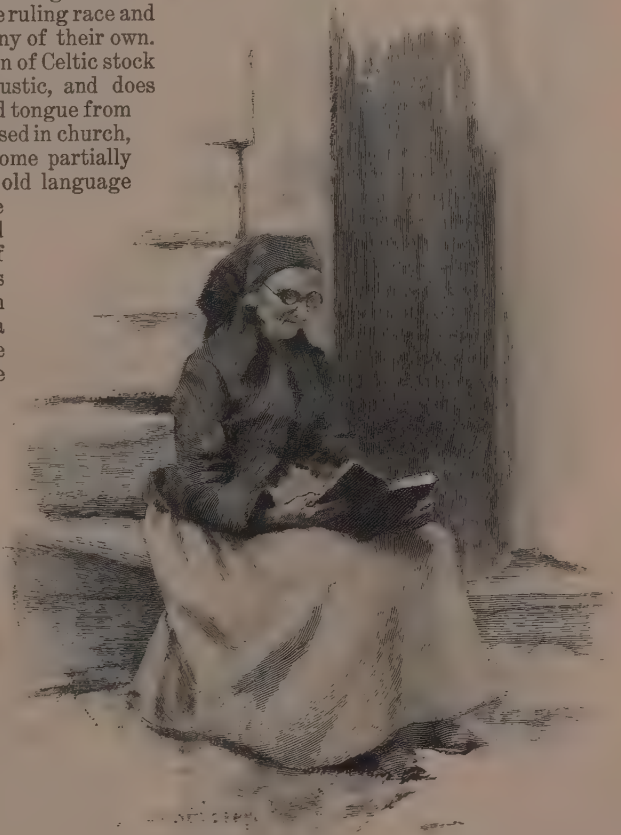
have a very hazy idea what the Reichstag may be, and is quite content with the apology for representation in Prussia, without pushing political activity so inordinately far as to avail himself of the rights of universal suffrage in the empire.

The Vends are great church-goers, but if their legends mean anything, their Christianity is, so to speak, but of yesterday. It was not so long ago that Sunday was a day for heavy drinking, and the sermon a good occasion to sleep off the excesses of Saturday night in order to be ready for the bout of the afternoon. Christianity was forced upon them by the Teutons, beginning with Charles the Great.

Like the Irish, the two hundred thousand Vends of Prussia and Saxony (they of Lower and Upper Lusatia) have ever been an agricultural race, obstinate in retaining their language under the sneers of the ruling race and the violent objections of many of their own. As the half-educated Irishman of Celtic stock reviles the Irish-speaking rustic, and does what he can to prevent the old tongue from being taught in schools and used in church, so the Vends who have become partially Germanized persecute their old language more vindictively than do the Germans themselves. And again, as in Ireland some of the most effective forefights in the cause of Irish have been Englishmen, so in Lusatia various German scholars, like Dr. Sauerwein, have been the boldest to denounce Germans for persecutions and recreant Vends for treachery to their own. Practical rising men in Lusatia, as in Ireland, oppose the old tongue because they believe that its cultivation hinders a boy from getting on materially in the world. It is this idea oftener than a dislike to keeping up the separation between Vend and German which animates these shallow-pates.

In some parts of the Spreewald the pleasant fashion of the spinning-wheel is retained. The *spinnte* or *spinne* is a room where girls

work together, also a society for spinning, talking gossip, and having fun, which has taken on a certain festive air since steam-looms have driven out private weaving. Thread for sewing is still made. In the Yule week, and especially on *Fastnacht*, the spinning-room where the village girls meet is the place for mummeries carried out by the boys, such as *Babona vozyé* (leading the stork), *Mjedweća vozyé* (leading the honey-snatcher, or bear), or *Kona vozyé* (leading the horse), in which figure boys dressed in straw or sheets to resemble stork, bear, and horse, with their attendants. Faces are smutted with soot, and practical jokes are in order. In northern Germany the word *spinnte*, originally the room where the spinsters met, has come to mean a cupboard. If some of the maids



AT THE DOOR-STEP.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

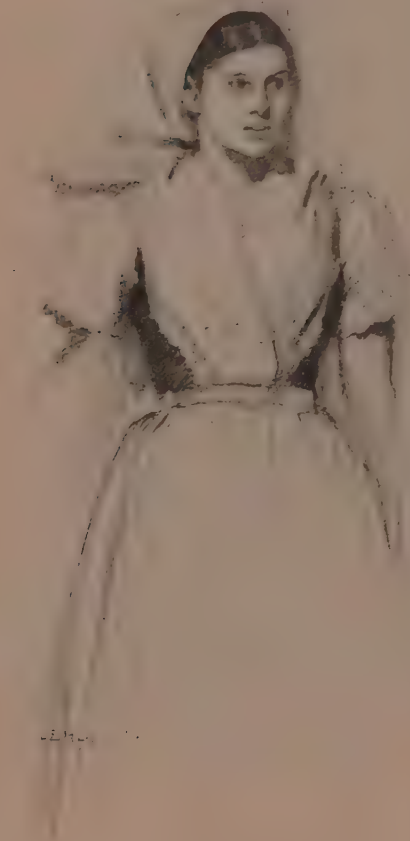
began to nod over their spinning, one would creep out, and putting on rags, would return as Dremotka, the sandwoman, and indulge in various pranks that waked the sleepy ones and made everybody laugh. A favorite bugbear of the Vends was a race of supernatural beings called *Graben* or *Draben*, friendly with the water-nixy, but not with mankind. They persecuted girls, and had a taste for horse-flesh in that they occasionally devoured a peasant's horse. As they were reported to open the window of the spinning-room and thrust in a horse's hoof, the village boys knew just what to do in order to put the girls in a panic. The *Graben* or *Draben* seem to have

been a sort of satyrs, since they had horses' legs and lived in caves in the woods and wastes, but often slipped into the villages in the form of men. They were creatures of extraordinary strength, but easily duped, and were often seen in bearskins. Evil things were said of them—cannibalism, for example. What remains in popular memory concerning them seems a condensation of memories of satyrs, bears, and robber knights.

The Spreewald men have always proved docile soldiers, and when well led are dangerous foes. Even in 1848 the Vendish regiments could not be alienated from their Saxon and Prussian kings. Unfair laws and social disabilities have driven many across the ocean. Indeed, the children in some villages sing a song about the stork—a song which makes America, not Africa, the place to which the stork migrates. In Bastrop County, Texas, there was not long ago, and probably is to-day, a village called Serbin, all of Vends, who still speak the old tongue and have a newspaper in their own old language. The Vendish literature, comparatively recent, has some noted luminaries. The promising young poet Koćyk, however, emigrated to America some years ago. Emigration and stupid officials are fast ruining the Spreewald. A railway has been projected to cut straight through the heart of the swamp and destroy the last vestiges of its antiquity.

Odd and charming is the Serbian marsh in Vendland, and not less interesting when we think of its indwellers as a fragment of the great scattered Slav race that forms an important section of Austria, is well represented in Hungary, and occupies most of the eastern parts of Prussia. The remnant is very small compared with Teutons and Teutonized Slavs, but valiantly has it fought in its own silent, bovine way against the assumptions and advice of the Teutons.

These little tribes and nations have a consciousness and vigor nowadays which former centuries lacked, because science has scouted many dull pretensions and history has connected many humble peoples with a not inglorious past. Panslavists have hoped that, proceeding from Russia as a great center of population, the Russian language and religion and government would some day break their barriers and reoccupy the old territory even as far westward as the Vendish forest on the Spree. The century has proved how fantastic was this hope. Scientists know the usefulness of variety of race and language to a country, so long as the disruptive elements are not too great; but governments and official classes



A SPREEWALD BEAUTY.



HOME WITH THE DAY'S HARVEST.

are timid, and seek to destroy all such differences for fear of complications. As we are poled home through the dark fiesses, scaring with our lantern the birds that are roosting over the stream, we mourn the folly of great nations in trying to reduce everybody to the level of one tongue and one habit of ugly clothes.

The little tribes and nations of the earth,
Oh, crush them not, mortals of coarser breed!
Your beefy insolence tramples on their mirth,
Their woods and pastures melt before your greed.
Cherish the shy things in the swamp that grow;
In vain ye search the spot that once has borne
White violets of the red lip, white as snow,
Or lilies making grand some isle forlorn.

Charles de Kay.

ART.

SAID Life to Art, «I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity;

«But when in thee my craving eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.»

Charles G. D. Roberts.



JERRED PLAY.
(SEE PAGE 601.)

IN THE DESERT WITH THE BEDOUIN.¹

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



HASSAN-ABU-MEGABEL.

NATURE is generally credited with the making of «gentlemen» other than those born into that enviable position in life; but among the various nationalities with whom I have had personal intercourse, I have met no fitter claimants to the title than the hardy sons of Ishmael, whose hospitality, generosity, and instinctive kindness have often smoothed the difficulties, and sometimes hardships, incidental to my life in the desert of Suez while the guest of the Samana, the Hanaardi, and the Nephaarta Arabs.

In attempting to give some description of Arab life I have no intention of entering upon any critical account of the habits of the people. This is a subject already exhausted by many eminent writers, and leaves little new for me to say.

I purpose to view the Bedouin in their more picturesque aspect as presented to an artist wandering among them in search of material. Nor have I any thrilling adventures to narrate, my reminiscences being mainly pastoral, patriarchal, and pictorial.

TOLL-GATHERER RATHER THAN BANDIT.

RATHER erroneously, I think, the Bedouin are associated in the public mind with tales of robbery and bloodshed; and though an accidental encounter with a party of wandering Arabs is not always conducive to the comfort or material advantage of the unprotected traveler, the Bedouin are far from being the savage bandits usually supposed.

Shepherds and nomads for generations, their energies are mainly confined to the rearing of flocks of sheep and goats and the breeding of camels and horses. Rob-

bery is more or less incidental, and not a practice, and is embarked upon very largely as a variety in the monotony of their lives. Nevertheless, as the only governing power of the otherwise uninhabited wastes that they frequent, they have some justification for exacting an unwilling tribute from those traversing their country. I remember on one occasion finding a sheik's son arrayed in a lady's silk dressing-gown; and on my asking him where he got it, he rather ambiguously replied: «You see, Allah has given those dirty Egyptians all that fat land, where they can sit down and see their food grow before them. *Our* inheritance is the desert»; adding meaningly, «We take toll of the desert.»

FIRST MEETING WITH THE BEDOUIN.

My first meeting with the Bedouin was accidental, though fortunately unattended with inconvenience to myself. It happened in this wise.

While staying in Fakous, in the province of Sharkieh, Egypt, as the guest of the sheik Mohamed Abdoon, an Arab sheik, Hassan-Abu-Megabel² by name, chanced that way, and, accepting Mohamed's proffered hospitality, was seated next me at the *sanniyeh*, or tray, on which our meal was served. I was greatly struck with the unbending dignity and noble appearance of the old man, and, as I began to break the meat in orientally orthodox manner, was little prepared for the burst of excitement with which he exclaimed: «Ha! here is an Englishman who understands us; he eats with his hands.»

This little incident immediately dispelled reserve, and led to a sympathetic exchange of compliments; and an interesting conversation followed, culminating in a pressing invitation from the sheik to visit his tribe in the Gizereh of Samana—an invitation I eagerly accepted.

Some few days later there arrived at Fakous a richly caparisoned horse, several pack-animals, and an escort of mounted Arabs to conduct me and my belongings to their encampment.

Remembering the unenviable reputation possessed by the Bedouin, it was not without

¹ The author and illustrator of this article furnished the pictures for Slatin Pasha's well-known work, «Fire and Sword in the Soudan.» He spends much of his time in Egypt, and is regarded as one of the most accurate delineators of desert life.—THE EDITOR.

² Hassan, son of the big one.

some foreboding that I bade farewell to civilization, and cut myself adrift from all communication with the outside world. The early morning ride, however, soon dissipated any feeling save one of growing exhilaration and unbounded enjoyment of the scenery, which increased as we gradually left behind us the fertile fields and date-groves of Fakous and entered the desert. It was one of those lovely mornings peculiar to the Egyptian spring. The sun, hardly risen, was trying to pierce the delicate film which obscured the sky overhead, though low on the horizon was a streak of blue which shone with a promise of brilliance and heat later on. The desert looked soft and kind in the tender light, and the distant palms rose mistily into the genial air like the plumes of some gray bird; while against them the blue smoke of a Bedouin fire, slowly ascending, completed the scheme of silver-gray in which our little party furnished the only spot of color.

A few hours later the blinding glare of the sun beating fiercely upon sand and rock formed a strange contrast to the gentleness of dawn, and gave me my first experience of the trying nature of desert life, where shade temperature is unknown and thirst is a constant companion.

THE BEDOUIN AT HOME.

ON reaching camp my reception was most gratifying—a perfect blending of respectful solicitude and hospitable welcome. After kissing my hand, the sheik assisted me to dismount, bidding me welcome, and saying

that my visit brought a blessing on his house. Conducting me to my tent, he added, «This house is yours, and all it contains; do what you will with it and with us your servants»—a truly biblical greeting, and one which immediately suggested the days of Abraham: an illusion heightened when water was brought, and hands, face, and feet were washed before I was left to rest on the cushions in the tent, and the sheik retired to prepare the evening meal.

Under the Mohammedan code three days' hospitality is a right wayfarers may demand, though in the case of accepted friends the royal bounty of the host heaps favor after favor upon the guest, without stint or limitation.

Probably the first distinct impression I received from the Bedouin was the close resemblance of their life to that of Old Testament times. Their loose, flowing robes added to their naturally tall and imposing appearance, and their strong, majestic faces, slightly Jewish in type, together with their gracious Old-World courtesies, irresistibly suggested the patriarchs of old. Their lives, thoughts, sayings, and occupations remain unchanged through all these centuries, and the incidents and conversations of my daily intercourse with them were always Abrahamic in character.

Though nomads, the Arabs are rovers from necessity rather than from choice, and where fodder and water are found in sufficient abundance they form permanent camps, surrounding their tents with a compound of



A BEDOUIN TENT.



A NEPHAARTA HORSE.

durra stalks, and frequently building stone or mud lodges for their guests.

When on the march they are content with very small tents, easily packed and carried; but in their permanent camps their homes are of regal proportions. The one I occupied covered some two thousand square feet, and was about eleven feet high in the center, sloping to five feet or so at the sides. The tent-cloth was, as usual, made of goat-hair, and party-colored in broad stripes of black, green, maroon, blue, and white, while from the seams depended tassels from which other cloths are hung to divide the tent into separate apartments when occupied by a family.

The furniture is simple. Rugs are spread over the sand, and reclining cushions scattered about them. In the corner is a *zeer*, or large water-pot, and by it a *cubiyeh*, or drinking-cup, of brass or copper. Round the side of the tent is a row of painted boxes, in which are packed the household goods and chattels when moving, while a few quaintly wrought lamps, and, half buried in the sand, a large earthen bowl used as a fireplace, complete the list.

Very domestic in their habits, everything about them has personal associations. The tent-cloths are spun, dyed, and woven by their women and children, as also are their saddle-cloths and trappings; and these are so highly prized by them that money cannot buy the simplest product of their wives' industry, though they may give them freely in token of friendship. Generally married to one wife, the Bedoui¹ regards her and her children with a devotion not general among Orientals, and I believe that the Arab word *watan* is the only real equivalent in any language for the English word "home."

NO "BAKSHISH."

I HAD not much time for quiet observation, as one by one all the head men of the tribe called to pay their respects to the "stranger within their gates." Taking off his shoes at the entrance, each one advanced with many salaams, and kissing my hand, uttered the single word, "*Mahubbah!*" ("Welcome!") They then seated themselves in a long row

¹ Singular of Bedouin.



GLOOM AND GLEAM IN THE DESERT.

at the other side of the tent, discussing me in undertones. No one spoke to me undressed, and even the sheik himself, whose guest I was, would not sit on the carpet beside me uninvited. Literally, while the guest of the Bedouin your tent is sacred, and all the tribe are your willing servants; and though I have repeatedly paid comparatively long visits to them, I have never yet succeeded in pressing a gift upon my host.

I remember asking the sheik Saoudi el Tahoui, chief of the Hanaardi Arabs, if he knew any of the Pyramid Arabs at Gizeh. He replied, spitting upon the ground, «*They are not Bedouin; they take bakshish*»—thereby expressing his contempt for mercenary service. On another occasion, while living with the Nephaarta, the sheik Mansour Abu Nasrullah had attached to me a young Arab whose special duty it was to attend to my various wants while painting. At the end of the month I tried to induce him to accept a sovereign as bakshish. Looking very much alarmed, he exclaimed, «*Oh, my master, I cannot; it is not allowed; the sheik would kill me if he knew I had accepted a gift*»; and all my arguments failed to persuade him to take the «*tip*.»

FOOD, TALK, AND FIRE.

DESERT life induces habits of abstemiousness. Rising with the sun, a dish of *cumis*,

or mare's milk, and a small cup of black coffee are the only refreshments generally partaken of. The day is spent following one's pursuits, and with the exception of an occasional cup of coffee and some very light «*snack*,» one has no meal of any kind till after sundown. One quickly becomes accustomed to long fasting and abstinence from any form of drink, and the simple dinner at night is more keenly enjoyed in consequence. Though plain, the food is excellently cooked, and usually consists of a huge tray of rice over which is poured a dish of *semna*, or liquid butter; round the tray are pigeons stuffed with nuts and spices; and the pyramid of rice is surmounted by a lamb or kid, frequently cooked whole. Boiled beans, and perhaps a few fresh herbs, appear occasionally, which, with the usual flat loaves and a large dish of *riz-bil-laban*, or boiled rice-pudding, complete the meal. Salt is seldom seen,—a distinct privation,—except on the first day of your visit, and drinking-water is often scarce. After dinner a huge fire of corn-cobs, or sticks and camel dung, is lighted in the tent, about which we gather—and enjoy the after-dinner cup of coffee and a smoke, and, should we be in the mood, talk.

The Arabs have one excellent point of etiquette: Talk for talk's sake is not expected. Ever ready for a yarn, they eagerly respond should you wish to converse, but the

luxury of silence is not denied if one's mood be thoughtful.

The idea of a fire in one's tent may strike some of my readers as a superfluity; but the nights are often intensely cold, and after bathing in the sun all day, with the thermometer at ninety-five to one hundred degrees in the shade, the sudden fall of temperature to little above freezing-point is very trying; and in spite of fire, blankets, and a thick ulster, I have frequently been obliged to go outside and run about in order to restore circulation to my half-frozen extremities.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

NIGHT in the desert is very solemn. Surrounded by these sandy wastes melting in the gloom, the silence of nature is almost painful, and the occasional howl of a jackal or neigh of a horse only serves to accentuate the succeeding stillness, while the wonderfully rare atmosphere makes the stars appear of such unusual size and nearness that one feels oppressed with a sense of lonely littleness. I am often asked how I occupy my time in the desert; my reply is, "Painting." Everything is paintable, and the desert is always beautiful. Infinitely varied in

texture and local color, prolific of wild flowers and insect life, its interest is unending, while its trackless expanse undulating to the horizon seems like an ocean suddenly petrified into absolute rest, and impresses the mind with a sense of vastness and repose which nothing, in my opinion, can equal. Again, as the effects of varying weather pass over the silent land, how perplexing are the quick transitions from gray to gold as passing sunbeams play hide-and-seek among its billows, or when the white heat of day gives place to the violets and yellows of sunset!

Added to the intrinsic beauty of the desert itself are the innumerable "subjects" always ready to hand—now a goatherd watching his flock, or a party of Arabs exercising their horses; about the tents domestic duties in full swing; a negro slave roasting coffee over a fire of cobs; black-robed women flitting from tent to tent; or a group of gaily dressed children, the girls playing "knucklebones" in the sand, the boys, as usual, indulging in the mischief readiest to hand. Everywhere a picture! An artist's paradise indeed, the only drawbacks of which are one's utter inability to accomplish a tithe of the subjects surrounding one, and the discomforts and hardships of its life.



BEDOUIN GOATHERDS.

THE PICTURESQUE CAMEL.

I THINK my Arab friends never quite understood the object of my work, and I am afraid I must often have tried their patience severely as, perhaps for days together, I would keep a man trotting backward and forward on a camel, while, with sketch-book in hand, I studied the action of this most peculiarly constructed but preëminently picturesque necessity of the desert. Nature

sudden gusts of wind which fill one's palette with dust and make one's canvas assume the appearance of sandpaper, or to the voracious onslaughts of sand-flies, are none the easier to bear for the occasional accompaniment of hunger and thirst. When working near camp, however, conditions are more favorable, as, surrounded by a group of Bedouin, all eager to render one some service,—an occasional cup of coffee, a dish of cumis, and in certain localities a cucumber or a basket of mul-



A DESERT MODEL.

seems to have specially designed the camel as an artistic accessory to desert scenes; certainly no other form of animal life is so absolutely appropriate; and I have always a feeling of real affection for them, out of gratitude for their ungainly though pictorial proportions and quaint poses which have so often solved a difficulty in a composition.

Man, however, upsets the artistic intention by making them beasts of burden—an interference with prime causes deeply resented by the long-suffering animals; for who has not noticed the look of lofty scorn with which the camel regards all things human?—an attitude of disdain once aptly summarized by a German friend of mine in the remark, «I do not like the camel; he is too aristocratic.»

PAINTING IN THE DESERT.

PAINTING in the desert is very arduous. The heat is often terrible, hands, face, and picture alike blistering under the powerful sun; and the daily mishaps, due perhaps to

berries,—life is made pleasant, and one is predisposed to appreciate the unconscious humor of Bedouin criticisms. I overheard a man one day remark: «Why does the pasha sit all day in the sun? If I were he I would paint in the tent in comfort, and when I returned to England would say, (See, this is the desert); but this one must have everything exact!» And another wondered why *his* tent was not in the picture: it was nearer than Mahmoud's, and I could see it quite well if I turned round! It was only when I made studies of their horses that they showed any real appreciation of my work. These they love, and could well understand my making pictures of their beauties; and I took no little credit to myself when by any chance they recognized the horse depicted.

After painting all day in the sweltering sun (for I never used an umbrella), wearied with the heat and glare, and tired mentally and physically, how I used to enjoy my evening lounge in the tent! Nor were the scenes there any less picturesque than those of the

day, when, supper being finished, my dusky friends would respond to my invitation, and *tjadd!* round the fire. What a group they made as, only partly seen through the smoke, their swarthy features and voluminous draperies glowed in the flickering light, in bold relief against the gloom of the tent beyond—a picture of gold and rubies in an ebony frame! Weird and mysterious in the smoky air, it might sometimes have been a dream as, sitting in silence waiting for me to speak, the stillness of the scene was broken only by an occasional grunt from one of the men, or by the stirring of the embers.

A DEMONSTRATION.

SITTING there one night, conversation turned on other countries and peoples, and I had been relating some of my experiences among the Moors, when a man called Abd-el-Messieh,¹ whom I had known in Egypt, suddenly exclaimed, «The pasha has been to Iceland!»

«Ya, salaam!»² they all exclaimed; «yesterday at the north pole, to-day in the desert! Tell us all about Iceland, *effendim!*»

As they were not to be denied, I described as best I could the volcanoes and wonderful lava flows, glaciers and huge rivers, waterfalls and geysers, peculiar to that country of geological surprises, all of which they seemed fully to understand.

Finally I told them that the sun shone night and day in summer, and never shone at all in winter. Immediately, with hand to mouth, and cries of «Impossible!» they protested that I was playing upon their credulity; for did not the sun rise every day, and set each night? Their own eyes saw it. Ya, salaam!

Without immediately replying, I called for a lamp and a gouleh, and turning the gouleh upside down to represent the globe, with an ember from the fire I marked upon it the relative positions of Iceland and Egypt.

«See,» I said, «is not the earth round just like this water-pot?»

«Yes, yes; we believe it is so.»

«Very well, then,»—and holding the lamp in one hand, and turning the water-pot in the other, I continued:

«You see that both Iceland and Egypt have half night and half day; but in summer the sun is high» (raising the lamp), «and Egypt still gets half day and half night, while Iceland gets *all* sun.»

«Salaamat!»

«But in winter the sun is low» (lowering the lamp and still turning the water-pot), «and Egypt has night and day, while Iceland has no sun at all.»

The success of this object-lesson was complete, for, jumping up excitedly, they exclaimed: «Oh, wonderful! We have read this in books, but never believed it. *You* have made it clear to our intelligence; we know it *must* be so.»

This incident struck me as a forcible proof of their ready perception and appreciation of any information, and I was somewhat surprised to learn that they had any knowledge of the existence, even, of a country so remote from their own as Iceland. Intelligent to a degree, the Bedouin have little of what we call education. Poems and tribal songs, tales of adventure and legendary lore, are handed down by word of mouth, book-learning being virtually unknown; indeed, few of them can even write their names.

BEDOUIN AND EGYPTIANS.

LACKING education themselves, their respect for superior knowledge is great, and they eagerly listen to and absorb such information as may be gleaned in their casual intercourse with the peoples met during their wanderings. However, great as is their respect for knowledge, they hold horsemanship in still greater esteem, and I attribute much of my success in dealing with the Arabs to the fact that I could ride the half-wild desert stallions, in which my previous experience of rough-riding in Morocco stood me in good stead. Indeed, their contempt for their neighbors the Egyptians is completely expressed in their common reference to them as «those dirty Egyptians who cannot ride a horse.» I may here remark that in their habits and persons the Bedouin are a very clean people—a claim the most ardent admirer of the Egyptian can hardly maintain in their case; and I have known of Arabs who, obliged to cross the delta, have carried out with them sufficient desert sand with which to cover the ground before they would deign to pitch their tents or sit upon the «dirty soil of Masr.» Differing from the Egyptians in many essential points, their love for dumb animals is in marked contrast to the cruelty practised upon them by nearly all classes in Egypt; but perhaps in no way is the contrast more clearly shown than by the respect in which the Bedouin hold their womankind. Moslems of the strictest type, they seem to practise all that is good

¹ Slave of the Messiah.

² «Oh, blessing!»—a common form of expression in the East to denote surprise or incredulity.

in Mohammedanism, and avail themselves but little of its license.

While my own days were mainly spent in catching effects or studying incidents of their life, the Bedoui spends his time in the enjoyment of equestrian exercise, or in ministering to the wants of his beasts.

HORSES.

THE Hanaardi and Nephaarta Arabs are famous horse-breeders, and take great pride in their stud. These horses are, I think, the best «Arabs» I have seen; and far from being the gazelle-like creatures usually depicted, they are strongly built, large-boned animals of from fifteen to fifteen and a half hands high. I have seen one of sixteen and a half hands, but this is unusual. Their immense neck and shoulders make them appear perhaps a little light behind; but they have plenty of staying power, and their length of hock is an earnest of the speed they undoubtedly possess. Parties from these tribes are constantly roaming the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia in search of good brood-mares; and I have heard of as much as a thousand guineas being paid for one, and a good brood-mare is never parted with or ridden.

I remember seeing a bunch of Nephaarta horses brought in for the inspection of an emissary of the Khedive who wished to purchase a pair for his Highness. There were some twenty or twenty-five of the most beautiful colts possible, with the exception of one rather weedy-looking beast. As soon as Sheik Mansour saw it he shouted: «Take it away, and give it to the first man you meet. I will not own *that* as a Nephaarta horse!» The Khedive's agent eventually selected two, for which I saw him pay five hundred pounds Egyptian.

Entire Arab horses are always rather difficult to ride at first, though after a few days, when horse and rider have become reconciled, they are docile enough, and easily trained. Each man has virtually to break his horse to his own hand, and should another mount an apparently quiet beast, he would have to do the work all over again. It seems to be a tacit understanding between horse and rider that their joint career begins with a struggle for the mastery. To a visitor like myself, whose mounts must constantly be changing, the prospect is sufficiently alarming. One's early days in an Arab camp are frequently days of pain and tribulation, as one slowly recovers from a bout with a half-savage stallion.

Though they eventually become quiet and obedient to their masters' hand, great care must be observed, when riding in company, not to allow one's horse to approach within kicking-distance of another, or disastrous results follow. The horses are always ready for a fight, and deceitfully appear to be on their best behavior immediately before an outbreak. I was riding one day with a small party of Samana Arabs, when two men carelessly approached too close. I called out to them to sheer off a little, but before they could respond a general mêlée was in progress, and almost instantly my horse had its teeth in the neck of one of theirs, while the other was killed by a kick which burst its stomach. Fortunately we all escaped with a few bruises, though the riders do not always get off so easily. When riding at full gallop, however, the attention of the horses is concentrated upon the race, and the men may ride as close together as they like, but care must be taken to wheel apart as the pace slackens.

Nothing can exceed the intoxication of a race in the desert. Choosing a stretch of level sand, you give your horse the signal to go, and he is off with a spring that almost unseats you; and I have seen an instance where the sudden strain burst the girths, and left man and saddle in the dust, while the horse was a hundred yards away before the discomfited rider realized what had happened. The speed that these horses attain is very great, and their reach forward is prodigious, as I found on one occasion when my horse's hind hoof cut the heel clean off my boot! After a gallop, instead of breaking into a canter and then into a trot before stopping, they simply put their fore feet together and stop dead, their impetus frequently causing them to slide several yards. I understand that it is on this account that Arab horses are shod on the fore feet only.

Such riding is exciting and, until one is accustomed to it, alarming. I must confess to a feeling of abject cowardice as I have seen my steed brought up, requiring three or four men to hold it, and have realized that I must «get up» and stick there. Fortune, however, has always favored me: I have not so far been unseated, thereby acquiring a reputation for horsemanship to which I feel I have no real claim.

The Arabs themselves are beautiful horsemen, and keenly enjoy fancy riding, and delight in showing off their skill. One of their tricks is to mark out a course by water-jars placed alternately on each side some little distance apart. Urging his horse into a furi-

ous gallop, the rider, hanging from the saddle, will then with incredible rapidity pick up a gouleh, and swinging it over to the opposite side, exchange it for another, repeating this some dozen times without cracking a pot!

Another trick, rather disconcerting at first, is to charge straight at you, stopping abruptly with the horse's nose almost touching your own, while etiquette forbids any attempt on your part to get out of the way!

I have only once seen a Bedoui come to grief, and it happened to poor old Hassan-Abu-Megabel, formerly a great rider and warrior, but now an old man of eighty, who, in giving an exhibition of skill, slipped and fell heavily. «Save the throne of the prophet!» was the cry, as Hassan's turban rolled merrily over the sand. «Bother the prophet! Save your sheik!» was his indignant answer. Picking the old man up, they found him unhurt, though he seemed to feel the disgrace very keenly, and has never been the same man since.

ALMOST WAR. JEREED PLAY.

By far the most exciting of their equestrian sports, however, is their *jereed*, or short javelin, «play.» I put play in quotation-marks to express the sarcasm of it, for I never saw anything more nearly approaching war in my life. Two friendly tribes meet in a suitable bit of desert, several hundred mounted

men representing each tribe, and are drawn up facing each other. Twirling his jereed, the champion of one side rides into the open, and in a loud voice and with much eloquence recounts his deeds of valor, and with many sarcasms challenges one of the other side to fight. On the appearance of an opposing champion in the arena, the first turns to flee, chased by the second, and endeavors to reach his own side before being caught by his pursuer. Should he succeed in escaping, both turn again, and the positions of fugitive and pursuer are reversed; but it always ends in a fierce fight for supremacy in the middle, in which one or the other is generally unseated, often with the accompaniment of a few broken ribs or a fractured arm or leg. Champions being eventually placed *hors de combat*, the remaining bodies charge at each other and engage, and in the excitement of the moment, when several hundred men and their horses are involved in the scrimmage, the death of several men and horses frequently results before the «sport» concludes with light refreshments and a possible funeral or two.

As I remarked before, this is the nearest approach to war possible, and is almost as exciting for the onlooker as for those engaged. No bad blood is engendered, however, whatever the casualties may be, this being an honorable exhibition of skill, where no malice is borne, and any fatality—«*kismet!*»

R. Talbot Kelly.

THE DEATH-DREAM OF ARMENIA.

A CRY from pagan dungeons deep
To Albion old and brave;
A wail that startles from her sleep
The mistress of the wave.

We feel the thrill through England's soul
Of noblest passion's birth;
We hear her drum-alarum roll
The circle of the earth.

When mothers kiss with pallid lips
The wounds of murdered sons,
We see the sailors on her ships
Leap to their shotted guns.

We hear her martial trumpets blow
The challenge of the free;
Her lean steel war-wolves howling go
Through gateways of the sea.

The talons of her eagles tear
The vulture from his feast;
The lion mangles in his lair
The tiger of the East.

Ah, what a cheer from Asia breaks
And roars along the dawn,
As rescue's battle-thunder shakes
The walls of Babylon!

Will H. Thompson.

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of *«In War Time,»* *«When all the Woods are Green,»* etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HOWARD PYLE.

XI.



HE next day we went to our farm in Merion. My father said no word of the Meeting, nor did I. The summer of '73 went on. I rode in to my work daily, sometimes with my father, who talked almost altogether of his cattle or of his ventures, never of the lowering political horizon. He had excused himself from being a consignee of the tea, on the score of his voyage, which was now intended for September.

My aunt lived in summer on the farther slope of Chestnut Hill, where, when the road was in order, came her friends for a night, and the usual card-play. When of a Saturday I was set free, I delighted to ride over and spend Sunday with her, my way being across country to one of the fords on the Schuylkill, or out from town by the Ridge or the Germantown highroad. The ride was long, but, with my saddle-bags and Lucy, a new mare my aunt had raised and given me, and clad in overalls, which we called tongs, I cared little for the mud, and often enough stopped to assist a chaise out of the deep holes which made the roads dangerous for vehicles.

Late one day in August I set out with my friend Jack to spend a Sunday with my Aunt Gainor. Jack Warder was now a prime favourite, and highly approved. We rode up Front street, and crossed the bridge where Mulberry street passed under it, and is therefore to this day called Arch street, although few know why. The gay coats of officers were plentiful, farmers in their smocks were driving in with their vegetables, and to the right was the river, with here and there a ship, and, beyond, the windmill on the island. We talked of the times, of books, of my father's voyage, and of my future stay with my aunt.

Although Jack's father was a Quaker, he was too discreet a business man not to approve of Jack's visits to my aunt, and too worldly not to wish for his son a society to

which he was not born; so Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Galloway made much of Jack, and he was welcome, like myself, at Clieveden, where the Chews had their summer home.

The Tory ladies laughed at his way of blushing like a girl, and, to Jack's dismay, openly envied his pink-and-white skin and fair locks. They treated him as if he were younger than I, although, as it chanced, we were born on the same day of the same year; and yet he liked it all—the gay women, the coquettish Tory maids, even the «genteel» Quaker dames, such as Mrs. Sarah Logan or Mrs. Morris, and the pretty girls of the other side, like Sarah Lukens and the Misses Willing, with their family gift of beauty. These and more came and went at my aunt's, with men of all parties, and the grave Drs. Rush and Parke, and a changing group of English officers.

In the little old house at Belmont the Rev. Richard Peters was glad to sit at cards with the Tory ladies, whose cause was not his, and still less that of Richard, his nephew. At times, as was the custom, sleighing-parties in winter or riding-parties in summer used to meet at Clieveden or Springetsbury, or at a farm-house where John Penn dwelt while engaged in building the great house of Lansdowne, looking down over trees to the quiet Schuylkill.

We rode out gaily this August afternoon, along the Germantown road, admiring the fine farms, and the forests still left among the cultivated lands. Near Fisher's Lane we saw some two or three people in the road, and, drawing near, dismounted. A black man who lay on the ground, groaning with a cut head, and just coming to himself, I saw to be my aunt's coachman Cæsar. Beside him, held by a farmer, was a horse with a pillion and saddle, all muddy enough from a fall. Near by stood a slight young woman in a safeguard petticoat and a sad-coloured, short camlet cloak.

«It is Miss Darthea Peniston,» said Jack.

«Miss Peniston,» I said, dismounting, «what has happened?»

She told me quietly, that, riding pillion to stay with my aunt, the horse had fallen and hurt Cæsar, not badly, she thought. She had alighted on her feet, but what should she do? After some discussion, and the black being better, we settled to leave him, and I proposed that Jack, the lighter weight, should ride my Aunt Gainer's horse, with Miss Peniston on the pillion behind him. Upon this Jack got red, at the idea, I suppose, of Miss Darthea's contemplating the back of his head for four miles. The young woman looked on with shy amusement.

At this moment Cæsar, a much pampered person, who alone of all her house dared give my aunt advice, declared he must have a doctor. Jack, much relieved, said it was inhuman to leave him in this case, and put an end to our discussion by riding away to fetch old Dr. de Benneville.

Miss Darthea laughed, said it was a sad thing a woman should have no choice, and pretended to be in misery as to my unfortunate lot. I said nothing, but, after looking Cæsar's horse over, gave my saddle to be kept at the farmer's, and put the coachman's saddle on my mare Lucy, with the pillion behind made fast to the saddle-straps arranged for this use. Then I looked well to the girths, and mounted to see how Lucy would like it. She liked it not at all, and was presently all over the road and up against the fence of the old graveyard I was to see again in other and wilder days.

I saw the little lady in the road watching me with a smiling face, by no means ill pleased with the spectacle. At last I cried, "Wait!" and putting Miss Lucy down the road for a mile at a run, soon brought her back quite submissive.

"Art thou afraid?" I said.

"I do not like to be asked if I am afraid. I am very much afraid, but I would die rather than not get on your mare." So a chair was fetched, Miss Peniston put on her linen riding-mask, and in a moment was seated behind me. For ten minutes I was fully taken up with the feminine creature under me. At last I said:

"Put an arm around my waist. I must let her go. At once!" I added; for the mare was getting to rear a little, and the young woman hesitated. "Do as I tell thee!" I cried sharply, and when I felt her right arm about me, I said, "Hold fast!" and gave the mare her head. A mile sufficed, with the double burden, so to quiet her that she came down to her usual swift and steady walk.

When there was this chance to talk with-

out having every word jolted out in fragments, the young person was silent; and when I remarked, "There is now an opportunity to chat with comfort," she said:

"I was waiting, sir, to hear your excuses; but perhaps Friends do not apologise."

I thought her saucy, for I had done my best; and for her to think me unmannerly was neither just nor kind.

"If I am of thy friends—"

"Oh, Quakers, I meant. Friends with a large F, Mr. Wynne."

"It had been no jesting matter if the mare had given thee a hard fall."

"I should have liked that better than to be ordered to do as your worship thought fit."

"Then thou shouldst not have obeyed me."

"But I had to."

"Yes," I said. And the talk having fallen into these brevities, Miss Peniston was quiet awhile, no doubt pouting prettily; her face was of course hid from me.

After a while she said something about the mile-stones being near together, and then took to praising Lucy, who, I must say, had behaved as ill as a horse could. I said as much, whereon I was told that mares were jealous animals, which I thought a queer speech, and replied, not knowing well how to reply, that the mare was a good beast, and that it was fair flattery to praise a man's horse, for what was best in the horse came of the man's handling.

"But even praise of his watch a man likes," said she. "He has a fine appetite, and likes to fatten his vanity."

She was too quick for me in those days, and I never was at any time very smart at this game, having to reflect too long before seeing my way. I said that she was no doubt right, but thus far I had had thin diet.

Perhaps saying that Lucy was gay and well bred and had good paces was meant to please the rider. This woman, as I found later, was capable of many varieties of social conduct, and was not above flattering for the mere pleasure it gave her to indulge her generosity, and for the joy she had in seeing others happy.

Wondering if what she had said might be true held me quiet for a while, and busied with her words, I quite forgot the young woman whose breath I felt now and then on my hair as she sat behind me.

Silence never suited Miss Peniston long in those days, and especially not at this time, she being in a merry mood, such as a little adventure causes. Her moods were, in fact, many and changeful, and, as I was to learn,

were too apt to rule even her serious actions for the time; but under it all was the true law of her life, strongly characterized, and abiding like the constitution of a land. It was long before I knew the real woman, since for her, as for the most of us, all early acquaintance was a masquerade, and some have, like this lady, as many vizards as my Aunt Gainor had in her sandalwood box, with her long gloves and her mitts.

The mare being now satisfied to walk comfortably, we were going by the Wister house, when I saw saucy young Sally Wister in the balcony over the stoop, midway of the penthouse. She knew us both, and pretended shame for us, with her hands over her face, laughing merrily. We were friends in after-life, and if you would know how gay a creature a young Quakeress could be, and how full of mischief, you should see her journal, kept for Deborah Logan, then Miss Norris. It has wonderful gaiety, and, as I read it, fetches back to mind the officers she prettily sketches, and is so sprightly and so full of a life that must have been a joy to itself and to others, that to think of it as gone and over, and of her as dead, seems to me a thing impossible.

It was not thought proper then for a young woman to go on pillion behind a young man, and this Miss Sally well knew. I dare say she set it down for the edification of her young friend.

"The child" (she was rather more than that) "is saucy," said my lady, who understood well enough what her gestures meant. "I should like to box her ears. You were very silent just now, Mr. Wynne. A penny is what most folks' thoughts are bid for, but yours may be worth more. I would not stand at a shilling."

"Then give it to me," said I. "I assure thee a guinea were too little."

"What are they?"

"Oh, but the shilling."

"I promise."

"I seem to see a little, dark-faced child crying because of a boy in disgrace—"

"Pretty?" she asked demurely.

"No, rather plain."

"You seem to have too good a memory, sir. Who was she?"

"She is not here to-day."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "I have her—oh, somewhere! She comes out on occasions. You may never see her; you may see her to-morrow."

I was to see her often. "My shilling," I said.

"That was only a jest, Mr. Wynne. My other girl has stolen it, for remembrance of a lad that was brave and—"

"He was a young fool. My shilling, please."

"No, no!"

At this I touched the mare with my spur. She, not seeing the joke, pranced about, and Miss Darthea was forced to hold to my waist for a minute.

"The mare is ill broke," she cried. "Why does she not go along quietly?"

"She hates dishonesty," I said.

"But I have not a penny."

"Thou shouldst never run in debt if thou art without means. It is worse than gambling, since here thou hast had a consideration for thy money, and I am out of pocket by a valuable thought."

"I am very bad. I may get prayed over in Meeting, only we do not have the custom at Christ Church."

I was struck dumb. Of course every one knew of my disaster and what came of it; but that a young girl should taunt me with it, and for no reason, seemed incredible. No one ever spoke of it to me, not even Mistress Ferguson, whose daily food was the saying of things no one else dared to say. I rode on without a word.

At last I heard a voice back of me quite changed—tender, almost tearful. "Will you pardon me, Mr. Wynne? I was wicked, and now I have hurt you who were once so good to me. Your aunt says that I am six girls, not one, and that— Will you please to forgive me?"

"Pray don't; there is nothing to forgive. I am over-sensitive, I suppose. My friend Mr. Wilson says it is a great thing in life to learn how to forget wisely. I am learning the lesson; but some wounds take long to heal, and this is true of a boy's folly. Pray say no more." I put the mare to trotting, and we rode on past Clieveden and Mount Airy, neither speaking for a while.

I wondered, as we rode, at her rashness of talk and her want of consideration; and I reflected, with a certain surprise at the frequent discovery, of late, on how much older I seemed to be. It was a time which quickly matured the thoughtful, and I was beginning to shake off, in some degree, the lifelong shackles of limitation as to conduct, dress, and minor morals, imposed upon me by my home surroundings. In a word, being older than my years, I began to think for myself. Under the influence of Mr. Wetherill I had come, as without him I could not have done, to see how much there was of the beautiful

and noble in the creed of Fox and Penn, how much, too, there was in it to cramp enterprise, to limit the innocent joys of life, to render progress impossible, and submission to every base man or government a duty.

I had learned, too, in my aunt's house, the ways and manners of a larger world, and, if I had yielded to its temptations, I had at least profited by the bitter lesson. I was on the verge of manhood, and had begun to feel as I had never done before the charm of woman; this as yet I hardly knew.

As we breasted the hill, and saw beneath us the great forest-land spread out, with its scattered farms, an exclamation of delight broke from my companion's lips. It was beautiful then, as it is to-day, with the far-seen range of hills beyond the river, where lay the Valley Forge I was to know so well, and Whitmarsh, all under the hazy blue of a cool August day, with the northwest wind blowing in my face.

Within there were my aunt and some young women, and my Cousin Arthur, with explanations to be made, after which my young woman hurried off to make her toilet, and I to rid me of my riding-dress.

It was about seven when we assembled out of doors under the trees, where on summer days my Aunt Gainor liked to have supper served. My Cousin Wynne left Mrs. Ferguson and came to meet me. We strolled apart, and he began to ask me questions about the tea cargoes expected soon, but which came not until December. I said my father's voyage would prevent his acting as consignee, and this seemed to surprise him and make him thoughtful, perhaps because he was aware of my father's unflinching loyalty. He spoke, too, of Mr. Wilson, appearing—and this was natural enough—to know of my intimacy with the Whig gentleman. I was cautious in my replies, and he learned, I think, but little. It was a pity, he said, that my father would not visit Wyncote. It seemed to me that he dwelt overmuch on this matter, and my aunt, who greatly fancied him, was also of this opinion. I learned long after that he desired to feel entirely assured as to the certainty of this visit not being made. I said now that I wished I had my father's chance to see our Welsh home, and that I often felt sorry my grandfather had given it up.

«But he did,» said my cousin, «and no great thing, either. Here you are important people. We are petty Welsh squires, in a decaying old house, with no money, and altogether small folk. I should like to change places with you.»

«And yet I regret it,» said I. My Aunt Gainor had filled me full of the pride of race.

I spoke as we approached the group about my aunt, and I saw his face take an expression which struck me. He had a way of half closing his eyes, and letting his jaw drop a little. I saw it often afterward. I suspect now that he was dealing intensely with some problem which puzzled him.

He seemed to me to be entirely unconscious of this singular expression of face, or, as at this time, to be off his guard; for the look did not change, although I was gazing at him with attention. Suddenly I saw come down the green alley, walled with well-trimmed box, a fresh vision of her who had been riding with me so lately. My cousin also became aware of the figure which passed gaily under the trees and smiled at us from afar.

«By George! Hugh,» said Arthur, «who is the sylph? What grace! what grace!»

For a moment I did not reply. She wore a silken brocade with little brodered roses here and there, a bodice of the same, cut square over a girl-like neck, white, and not yet filled up. Her long gloves were held up to the sleeve by tightens of plaited white horsehair, which held a red rosebud in each tie; and her hair was braided with a ribbon, and set high in coils on her head, with but little powder. As she came to meet us she dropped a curtsy, and kissed my aunt's hand, as was expected of young people.

I have tried since to think what made her so unlike other women. It was not the singular grace which had at once struck my cousin; neither was she beautiful. I long after hated Miss Chew for an hour because she said Darthea Peniston had not one perfect feature. She had, notwithstanding, clear, large brown eyes, and a smile which was so variously eloquent that no man saw it unmoved. This was not all. Her face had some of that charm of mystery which a few women possess—a questioning look; but, above all, there was a strange flavour of feminine attractiveness, more common in those who are older than she, and fuller in bud; rare, I think, in one whose virgin curves have not yet come to maturity. What she was to me that summer evening she was to all men—a creature of many moods, and of great power to express them in face and voice. She was young, she loved admiration, and could be carried off her feet at times by the follies of the gay world.

If you should wonder how, at this distant day, I can recall her dress, I may say that one

of my aunt's lessons was that a man should notice how a woman dressed, and not fail at times to compliment a gown, or a pretty fashion of hair. You may see that I had some queer schoolmasters.

I said to my cousin, «That is Miss Darthea Peniston.»

«Darthea,» he repeated. «She looks the name. Sad if she had been called Deborah, or some of your infernally idiotic Scripture names.»

He was duly presented, and, I must say, made the most of his chances for two days, so that the elder dames were amused at Darthea's conquest, my cousin having so far shown no marked preference for any one except the elder Miss Franks, who was rich and charming enough to have many men at her feet, despite her Hebrew blood.

In truth he had been hit hard that fatal August afternoon, and he proved a bold and constant wooer. With me it was a more tardy influence which the fair Darthea as surely exerted. I was troubled and disturbed at the constancy of my growing and ardent affection. At first I scarce knew why, but by and by I knew too well; and the more hopeless became the business, the more resolute did I grow; this is my way and nature.

During the remaining weeks of summer I saw much of Miss Peniston, and almost imperceptibly was made at last to feel, for the first time in my life, the mysterious influence of woman. Now and then we rode with my aunt, or went to see the troops reviewed. I thought she liked me, but it soon became only too clear that at this game, where hearts were trumps, I was no match for my dark, handsome cousin, in his brilliant uniform.

XII.

On September 1, 1773, and earlier than had been meant, my father set sail for London with my ever dear mother. Many assembled to see the *Fair Trader* leave her moorings. I went with my people as far as Lewes, and on account of weather had much ado to get ashore. The voyage down the Delaware was slow, for from want of proper lights we must needs lay by at night, and if winds were contrary were forced to wait for the ebb.

While I was with them my father spoke much to me of business, but neither blamed my past nor praised my later care and assiduity in affairs. He was sure the king would have his way, and, I thought, felt sorry to have so readily given up the consigneeship of the teas. I was otherwise

minded, and I asked what was to be done in the event of certain troubles such as many feared. He said that Thomas, his old clerk, would decide, and my Aunt Gainor had a power of attorney; as to the troubles I spoke of, he well knew that I meant such idle disturbances of peace as James Wilson and Wetherill were doing their best to bring about.

«Thy Cousin Arthur is better advised,» he said, «and a man of sound judgment. Thou wilt seek wise counsel on occasion of need.»

I was surprised at this, for I should have believed, save as to the king, they could not have had one opinion in common.

Far other were those sweeter talks I had with my mother as we sat on the deck in a blaze of sunlight. She burned over a handsome brown, without freckles, and loved to sit out even in our great heats. She would have me be careful at my aunt's not to be led into idleness: for the rest I had her honest trust; and her blue eyes, bright with precious tears, declared her love, and hopeful belief. I must not neglect my French—it would keep her in mind; and she went on in that tongue to say what a joy I had been in her life, and how even my follies had let her see how true a gentleman I was. Then, and never before, did she say a thing which left on my mind a fear that life had not brought and kept for her throughout all the happiness which so good and noble a creature deserved.

«There is much of thy father in thee, Hugh. Thou art firm as he is, and fond of thine own way. This is not bad, if thou art thoughtful to see that thy way is a good way. But do not grow hard. And when thou art come to love some good woman, do not make her life a struggle.»

«But I love no woman, *ma mère*,» I cried. «and never shall, as I love thee. It is the whole of my love thou hast, *chère, chère mère*; thou hast it all.»

«Ah, then I shall know to divide with her, Hugh; and I shall be generous too. If thou hast any little fancies that way, thou must write and tell me. Oh, *mon fils*, thou wilt write often, and I must know all the news. I do hear that Darthea Peniston is in thy aunt's house a good deal, and Madam Ferguson, the gossip, would have me believe thou carest for her, and that Arthur Wynne is taken in the same net. I liked her. I did not tell thee that thy Aunt Gainor left her with me for an hour while she went into King street to bargain for a great china god. What a gay, winning creature it is! She must needs

tell me all about herself. Why do people so unlock their hearts for me?"

I laughed, and said she had a key called love; and on this she kissed me, and asked did I say such pretty things to other women? As to Darthea, she was now to live with her aunt, that stiff Mistress Peniston, who was a fierce Tory. «She will have a fine bargain of the girl. She has twenty ways with her, real or false, and can make music of them all like a mocking-bird. Dost thou like her, Hugh?—I mean Darthea.»

I said, «Yes.»

«And so do I,» she ran on. «I loved her at sight. But if ever thou dost come to love her—and I see signs, oh, I see signs—if ever,—then beware of thy Cousin Wynne. I heard him once say to thy father, (If there is only one glass of the Madeira left, I want it, because there is only one.) And there is only one of a good woman. What another wants that man is sure to want, and I do not like him, Hugh. Thou dost, I think. He has some reason to linger here. Is it this woman? Or would he spy out the land to know what we mean to do? I am sure he has orders to watch the way things are going, or why should not he have gone with Sir Guy Carleton to Quebec? It is a roundabout way to go through Philadelphia.»

I said I did not know; but her words set me to thinking, and to wondering, too, as I had not done before. Another time she asked me why Arthur talked so as to disgust my father out of all idea of going to see the home of his ancestors. I promised to be careful as to my cousin, whom, to tell the truth, I liked less and less as time ran on.

At Lewes we parted. Shall I ever forget it? Those great blue eyes above the gunwale, and then a white handkerchief, and then no more. When I could no longer see the ship's hull I climbed a great sand-dune, and watched even the masts vanish on the far horizon. It was to me a solemn parting. The seas were wide and perilous in those days, the buccaneers not all gone, and the trading ship was small, I thought, to carry a load so precious.

As the sun went down I walked over the dunes, which are of white sand, and forever shifting, so as at one time to threaten with slow burial the little town, and at another to be moving on to the forest. As they changed, old wrecks came into view, and I myself saw sticking out the bones of sailors buried here long ago, or haply cast ashore. A yet stranger thing I beheld, for the strong northwest wind, which blew hard all day and favoured the

Fair Trader, had so cast about the fine sand that the buried snow of last winter was to be seen, which seemed to me a thing most singular. When I told Jack, he made verses about it, as he did sometimes, but would show them only to me. I forget entirely what he wrote; how a man can make verses and dig rhymes out of his head has always been to me a puzzle.

At the town inn, «The Lucky Fisherman,» I saw, to my surprise, Jack on horseback, just arrived. He said he had a debt to collect for his father. It was no doubt true, for Jack could not tell even the mildest fib and not get rose-red. But he knew how I grieved at this separation from my mother, and, I think, made an occasion to come down and bear me company on my long ride home. I was truly glad to have him. Together we wandered through the great woodlands Mr. Penn had set aside to provide fire-wood forever for the poor of Lewes.

The next day we sent Tom on ahead with our sacks to Newcastle, where we meant to bait ourselves and our horses. But first we rode down the coast to Rehoboth, and had a noble sea-bath; also above the beach was a bit of a fresh-water lake, most delicious to take the salt off the skin. After this diversion, which as usual dismissed my blue devils, we set out up the coast of the Bay of Delaware, and were able to reach Newcastle that evening, and the day after our own homes.

This ride gave us a fine chance for talk, and we made good use of it.

As we passed between the hedges and below the old Swede church nigh to Wilmington, Jack fell into talk of Darthea Peniston. Why we had not done so before I knew not then; we were both shy of the subject. I amused myself by insisting that she was but a light-minded young woman with no strong basis of character, and too fond of a red coat. It did amuse me to see how this vexed Jack, who would by no means accept my verdict. We conversed far longer on the stormy quarrels of the colonies and their stepmother England, who seemed to have quite forgot of what blood and breed they were.

As to my Cousin Wynne, with whom at first I had been much taken, Jack was not inclined to speak freely. This I foolishly thought was because Arthur laughed at him, and was, as he knew, of some folks' notion that Jack was a feminine kind of a fellow. That he had the quick insight and the heart of a woman was true, but that was not all of my dear Jack.

My aunt came back to town early in Sep-

tember, and I took up my abode in her town house, where a new life began for me. Letters went and came at long intervals. Our first reached me far on in October.

My mother wrote: «There is great anger here in London because of this matter of the tea. Lord Germaine says we are a tumultuous rabble; thy father has been sent for by Lord North, and I fear has spoken unadvisedly as to things at home. It is not well for a wife to differ with her husband, and this I will not; nevertheless I am not fully of his way of thinking as to these sad troubles; this, however, is not for any eye or ear but thine. Benjamin Franklin was here to see us last week. He seems to think we might as well, or better, pay for the tea, and this suited thy father; but after thus agreeing they went wide apart, Franklin having somewhat shed his Quaker views. I did fear at times that the talk would be strong.

«When he had gone away, thy father said he never had the Spirit with him, and was ever of what creed did most advantage him, and perhaps underneath of none at all. But this I think not. He hath much of the shrewd wisdom of New England, which I like not greatly; but as to this, I know some who have less of any wisdom, and, after all, I judge not a man so wise, and so much my elder.

«General Gage, lately come hither on a visit, we are told assured the king that no other colony would stand by Massachusetts, and that four regiments could put an end to the matter. I am no politician, but it makes me angry to hear them talk of us as if we were but a nursery of naughty children. It seems we are to pay for the tea, and until we do no ships may enter Boston harbour. Also all crown officers who may commit murder are to be tried in England; and there is more, but I forget.»

This was most of it fresh news to us. Meanwhile Hutchinson, the governor of the rebel State, was assuring Lord North that to resist was against our interest, and we, being «a trading set,» would never go to extremes. «As if,» said Wilson, «nations, like men, had not passions and emotions, as well as day-books and ledgers.»

Meanwhile at home our private affairs were rapidly wound up and put in good condition. My father found it difficult to collect his English debts, and so had to limit his purchases, which we stowed as they came over, declining to sell. As business failed, I was more and more at leisure, and much in the company of my cousin, whom to-day I disliked, and to-morrow thought the most amus-

ing and agreeable of companions. He taught me to shoot ducks at League Island, and chose a good fowling-piece for me.

On Sundays I went to hear my aunt's friend, the Rev. Mr. White, preach at Christ Church, and would not go to Meeting, despite Samuel Wetherill, whose Society of Free Quakers did not come to life until 1780. Meanwhile by degrees I took to wearing finer garments. Cards I would never touch, nor have I often to this day.

One morning, long after my parents left, my Aunt Gainor looked me over with care, pleased at the changes in my dress, and that evening she presented me with two fine sets of neck and wrist ruffles, and with paste buckles for knees and shoes. Then she told me that my cousin, the captain, had recommended Pike as a fencing-master, and she wished me to take lessons; «for,» said she, «who knows but you may some day have another quarrel on your hands, and then where will you be?»

I declared that my father would be properly furious; but she laughed, and opened and shut her fan, and said he was three thousand miles away, and that she was my guardian, and responsible for my education. I was by no means loath, and a day later went to see the man with my Cousin Arthur, who asked, as we went, many questions about my mother, and then if my father had left England, or had been to Wyncote.

I had, as he spoke, a letter in my pocket writ in the neat characters I knew so well; our clerk coming from New York had just given it to me, and as I had not as yet read it, liking for this rare pleasure to taste it when alone, I did not mention it to my cousin. I told him I was sure my father would not go to Wales, both because of business, and for other reasons; but I hoped when he came back to get leave to be a year away, and then I should be sure to visit our old nest.

My cousin said, «A year—a year,» musingly, and asked when my parents would return.

I said, «About next October, and by the islands,» meaning the Madeiras.

To this Arthur Wynne returned, in an absent fashion, «Many things may happen in a year.»

I laughed, and said his observation could not be contradicted.

«What observation?» he replied, and then seemed so self-absorbed that I cried out:

«What possesses thee, Cousin Wynne? Thou art sad of late. I can tell thee the women say thou art in love.»

«And if I were, what then?»

This frankness in a man so mature seemed to me odd, when I thought how shy was the growing tenderness my own heart began to hide. His words troubled me. It could be only Darthea Peniston. After a silence, such as was frequent in my cousin, he added: «I fear that blushing friend of yours is fluttering about a certain bright candle. A pity the lad were not warned. You are my cousin, and of course my friend. I may have to go away soon, and I may ask you to do a certain thing for me when I am gone. No man or lad shall stand in my way, and you must hold your tongue too.»

I was puzzled and embarrassed. I said cautiously, «We shall see.» But as to Jack Warder, I liked not what he said, and for two reasons. I knew that, living next door to Darthea, he was with her almost daily; and here was a new and terrible fear, for who could help but love her? Nor could I hear with patience Jack so contemptuously put aside as a child.

«Cousin Arthur,» I said, «thou art mistaken in Warder. There is no more resolute or courageous man. Jack's shy ways and soft fashions make him seem like a timid girl, but I would advise no one to count on this.» I went on, hesitating, «He is an older friend than thou, and—holloa, Jack!» for here was the dear fellow himself, smiling and blushing; and where had the captain been of late? and that awkward left hand was taken, and Jack would come with us and see us play with the small sword, and would like to go after the ducks to-morrow. He seemed happy and pleased to meet us.

Pike was a little man who had a room among the shops on Second street. He wore, as I had often seen, a laced cocked hat, and was clad in a red coat, such as none wore except creoles from the French settlements, or gentlemen from the Carolinas. He had the straight figure and aggressive look all men carry who teach the sword, and a set belief that no man could teach him anything—a small game-cock of a fellow, who had lost one eye by an unlucky thrust of a foil.

I will let Jack's journal, not writ till long after, tell the story for a while. He saw more than I at the time, even-if he understood it all as little.

«I saw Hugh strip,» he writes, «and was amused to see Pike feel his muscles and exclaim at his depth of chest. Then he showed him how to wear the wire mask, while the captain and I sat by and looked on.

«Hugh was awkward, but he had a wrist

of steel, and when once he had caught the ideas of Pike, who talked all the time in a squeaky voice, his guard was firm. Pike praised him, and said he would learn soon. The thing so attracted me that I was fain to know how it felt to hold a foil; and saying as much, the captain, who fenced here daily, said: «It is my breathing-time of day, as Prince Hamlet says. By George! you should see Mr. Garrick in that fencing-scene! I will give Mr. Warder a lesson. I have rather a fancy for giving young men lessons.»

«In a minute I saw my foil fly six feet away with such a wrench of the wrist as made my arm tingle.

«(Hold the foil lightly. Not so stiff,» said Pike, and we began again. Of course I was as a child before this man, and again and again he planted a button where he pleased, and seemed, I thought, to lunge more fiercely than is decent, for I was dotted with blue bruises that evening.

«At last I gave up, and the captain and Pike took the foils, while we sat and watched them. He was more than a match for Pike, and at last crying, «Take care! here is a *botte* you do not know,» caught him fair in the left chest.

«(By George! Mr. Wynne, that is a pretty piece of play! I remember now Major Montresor tried to show it to me. He said it was that way you killed Lord Charles Trevor.)

«I was shocked to know he had killed a man, and Hugh looked up with his big mother-eyes, while the captain said coolly:

«(Yes; a sad business, and about a woman, of course. It is dreadful to have that kind of a disposition, boys, that makes you dangerous to some one who wants what you want. He was very young too. A pity! a pity!)

«Hugh and I said nothing; but I had the odd notion that he was threatening us. One gets these ideas vaguely in youth, and sometimes after-events justify them. However, the fancy soon took me to fence with Hugh in his room, for I dared not risk asking my father's leave. As Hugh got his lessons both from Pike and the captain, and became very expert, I got on pretty nearly as fast as he.

«At times we practised in our shirt-sleeves in the garden at Miss Wynne's, or fenced with Graydon, who was later the most expert small sword we had in the army. Hugh soon became nearly as skilful, but I was never as clever at it.»

One day we were busy, as Jack has described, when who should come out into the garden but Mistress Wynne and Darthea, and behind them the captain. We dropped

our points, but Miss Peniston cried out, «Go on! go on!» and, laughing, we fell to again.

Presently I, a bit distracted, for I was facing Darthea's eyes, felt Jack's foil full on my chest. Darthea clapped her hands, and, running forward, would pin a bunch of red ribbons she took from her shoulder on Jack's sleeve. Jack fell back, as red as the ribbons, and my aunt cried out, «Darthea, you are too forward!»

The young woman flushed, and cast down the bow, and as Arthur Wynne bent to pick it up set her foot on it. I saw the captain rise, and stand with the half-shut eyes and the little drop of the jaw I have already mentioned. My aunt, who liked the girl well, went after her as she left us in a pet to return to the house. I saw my aunt put a hand on her shoulder, and then the captain, looking vexed, followed after. An hour later I went to look for the ribbon. It was gone, and for years I knew not where, till, in a little box in Jack's desk, I came upon it neatly tied up.

Young as I was, I began to see that here were Captain Wynne, and possibly my friend, in the toils of a girl,—she was but seventeen,—and I, alas! no better off; but of this I breathed not a word to any. As to Jack, who hung about her and fell back when any less shy man wanted his place, I felt that he was little likely to have his way, and that neither he nor I had much chance in such a game against a man like my cousin. He had played with hearts before, and the maid listened like Desdemona to this dark-browed soldier when he talked of courts and kings, and far-away Eastern battles, and the splendour of the Orient. As to my aunt, whom nothing escaped, she looked on amused. Perhaps she did not take as serious the love-affairs of lads like Jack and me. We were like enough to have a dozen before we were really captured. That I was becoming at twenty-one more thoughtful and resolute than far older people, she did not see, and she was sometimes vexed at my sober ways. I was at times gay enough, but at others she would reproach me with not taking more pains to please her guests. Society, she said, had duties as well as pleasures. As to Jack, no one fully understood him in those days, nor knew the sweet manhood and the unselfishness that lay beneath his girl-like exterior.

One day, late in November, my aunt and I were, for a wonder, alone, when she dropped the cards with which she was playing, and said to me: «Hugh, there is something serious between that mischievous kitten and

your cousin. They are much talked of. If you have a boy-fancy that way, get rid of it. I don't see through the man. He has been telling her about the fine house at Wyncote, and the great estate, and how some day he will have it, his elder brother being far gone in a phthisis.»

«There must be some mistake,» I said. «Thou knowest what he told my father.»

«Yes; I don't like it,» she went on; «but the girl is caught. He talks of soon having to join Sir Guy Carleton in Canada. And there is my dear girl-boy trapped too, I fear. But, really, he is such a child of a fellow it hardly matters. How many does she want in her net? The fish may squabble, I fear. A sweet thing she is; cruel only by instinct; and so gay, so tender, so truthful and right-minded, with all her nonsense. No one can help loving her; but to-day she has one mood, and to-morrow another. There will be a mad massacre before she is done with you all. Run away, Hugh! run! Make love to Kitty Shippen if you want to get Miss Darthea.»

I laughed, but I had little mirth in my heart.

«Aunt Gainer,» I said, «I love that woman, and no other man shall have her if I can help it.»

«If? if? Stuff! you can't help it. Don't be a fool! The sea is full of fish. This is news indeed.»

«The land has but one Darthea,» said I. «I am a boy no longer, Aunt Gainer. Thou hast made me tell thee, and, now it is out, I may as well say I know all about my cousin. He as good as told me, and in a way I did not like. The man thinks I am a boy to be scared out of going my own way. I have told no one else; but if I can get her I will, and it is no laughing matter.»

«I am sorry, Hugh,» she said. «I knew not it was so serious. It is hard to realise that you are no more a boy, and must have the sorrows my sex provides for you. I like her, and I would help you if I could, but you are late.» And she went on shuffling the cards, while I took up a book, being inclined to say no more.

That evening two letters came by the New York packet. One from my father I put aside. It was dated outside, and was written two weeks' later than my mother's, which I read first. I opened it with care.

«MY OWN DEAR SON: Thy last sweet letter was a great refreshment to me, and the more so because I have not been well, having again my old ache in the side, but not such

as need trouble thee. I blush to hear the pretty things thy letters say; but it is love that holds thy pen, and I must not be too much set up in my own esteem. How much love I give thee in return thou knowest, but to pay in this coin will never beggar us. I love thee because thou art all I can desire, and again because thou lovest me, and again for this same dear reason which is all I can say to excuse my mother-folly. Thy father is well, but weary of this great town; and we both long to be at home."

THEN there was more about my Aunt Wynne, and some woman-talk for her friends about the new fashions, which do not concern her, she being not of this world. "Am I not?" she says. "I love it all—the sea, even the sea, and flowers, and our woods, and, dear me! also gay gowns. I hope the last I got here will not disturb the Meeting, and my new muff,—very big it is,—and a green joseph to ride in. I mean to ride with thee next spring often—often." And so on, half mother, half child, with bits of her dear French, and all about a new saddle for me, and silver spurs. The postscript was long.

"I saw last week a fair Quaker dame come out of Wales. I asked her about the Wynnes. She knew them not, but told me of their great house, and how it was a show-place people went to see, having been done over at great cost; and how a year or two since coal was found on the estate, and much iron, so that these last two years they were rich, and there was some talk of making the present man a baronet. Also that the elder brother is ill, nigh to death. It seems strange after what thy cousin said so often. Thy father is away in Holland. I will tell him when he is come back. Be cautious not to talk of this. I never liked the man."

I sat back in my chair to read it all over again, first giving my aunt my father's letter. In a few minutes I heard a cry, and saw my aunt, pale and shaken, standing up, the letter in her hand.

"My God!" I cried, "what is it? Is it my mother?"

"Yes, yes!" she said. "Be strong, my boy! She is—dead!"

For a moment I saw the room whirl, and then, as my Aunt Gainor sat down, I fell on my knees and buried my face in her lap. I felt her dear old hands on my head, and at last would have the letter. It was brief.

"MY SON: The hand of God has fallen heavily upon me. Thy mother died to-day of

a pleurisy which none could help. I had not even the consolation to hear her speak, since, when I came from Holland, she was wandering in talk of thee, and mostly in French, which I know not. I seek to find God's meaning in this chastisement. As yet I find it not. It is well that we should not let bereavements so overcome us as to make us neglect to be fervent in the business of life, or to cease to praise Him who has seen fit to take away from us that which it may be we worshipped as an idol. What more is to say I leave until I see thee. My affairs are now so ordered that I may leave them. I shall sail in a week for home in the ship in which I came out, and shall not go, as I did mean, to the islands."

It seemed to me, as I read and re-read it, a cold, hard letter. I said as much to my aunt some days after this; but she wisely urged that my father was ever a reticent man, who found it difficult to let even his dearest see the better part of him.

I have no mind to dwell on this sad calamity. I went to and fro, finding neither possibility of repose nor any consolation. I saw as I rode, or lay in my boat, that one dear face, its blue-eyed tenderness, its smile of love. I could never thus recall to sight any other of those who, in after-years, have left me; but this one face is here to-day as I write, forever smiling and forever young.

And so time ran on, and nigh to Christmas day my father came home. The weather was more mild than common, and his ship met no delay from ice. I joined him off Chester Creek. He was grayer, older, I thought, but not otherwise altered, having still his erect stature, and the trick I myself have of throwing his head up and his shoulders back when about to meet some emergent occasion. I saw no sign of emotion when we met, except that he opened and shut his hands as usual when disturbed. He asked if I were well, and of my Aunt Gainor, and then, amid the tears which were choking me, if I were satisfied as to the business, and if the tea had arrived. I said yes, and that the ship had been sent away without violence. He said it was a silly business, and the king would soon end it; he himself had been too hasty—with more to like effect.

It seemed to me while we talked as though he had just come from my mother's death-bed, whereas a long time had elapsed, and he had been able to get over the first cruel shock. My own grief was still upon me, and I wondered at his tranquillity. A little later he said:

«I see thou hast taken to the foolishness of black garments. This is thy aunt's doings.» In fact, it was her positive wish. I made no reply, but only looked him in the face, ready to cry like a child.

«Why hast thou no answers, Hugh? Thy tongue used to be ready enough. Thou hast thy mother's eyes. I would thou hadst them not.»

This was as near as he ever came to speech of her, whom, to my amazement, he never again mentioned. Was it a deeper feeling than I knew that so silenced him, or did he wish to forget her? I know not. Some deal thus with their dead. He bade my aunt take away my mother's clothes, and asked no questions as to how she disposed of them; nor for a month did he desire my return home.

What then passed between him and my Aunt Gainer I do not know; but he said nothing more of my dress, although I wore mourning for six months. Nor did he say a word as to my exactness and industry, which were honestly all they should have been. At meals he spoke rarely, and then of affairs, or to blame me for faults not mine, or to speak with cold sarcasm of my friends.

Except for Jack, and my Aunt Gainer, and Wilson and Wetherill, of whom I saw much, I should have been miserable indeed. Captain Wynne still came and went, and his strange intimacy with my father continued. I thought little of it then, and for my own part I liked to hear of his adventurous life, but the man less and less; and so the winter of '73 and '74 went by with fencing and skating and books, which now I myself ordered to suit me, or found in Mr. Logan's great library, of which I was made free.

In March my cousin left us for Canada and the army. Once I spoke before him of the news in my mother's postscript; but he laughed, saying he had heard some such rumours, but that they were not true. They did not much trouble a hungry beggar of a younger son with letters; still, if there had been such good news he should have heard it. He wished it might be so; and as to his brother, poor devil! he would last long enough to marry and have children. Were the ducks still in the river? He said no more to me of Darthea, or of what I was to do for him, but he found a way at need, I am sure, to get letters to her, and that without difficulty. At last, as I have said, he was gone to join Sir Guy. I was not sorry.

Mrs. Peniston, Darthea's aunt, usually talked little, and then of serious matters as if they were trivial, and of these latter as if they were of the utmost importance. With

regard to this matter of Darthea and my cousin she was free of speech and incessant, so that all the town was soon assured of the great match Darthea would make. As to the house at Wyncote, it grew, and the estate also. Neither Jack nor I liked all this, and my friend took it sadly to heart, to my Aunt Gainer's amusement and Mrs. Ferguson's, who would have Dr. Rush set up a ward in the new hospital for the broken-hearted lovers of Darthea. When first Jack Warder was thus badgered he fell into such a state of terror as to what the madcap woman would say next that he declined all society for a week, and ever after detested the Tory lady.

I became, under the influence of this much-talked-of news, as mute as Jack; but while he had only a deep desire toward sadness, and to stay away from her who had thus defeated his love, I, neither given over to despair nor hope, had only a fierce will to have my way; nor, for some reason or for none, did I consider Jack's case as very serious,—my aunt it much amused,—so little do we know those who are most near to us.

No sooner was the redcoat lover gone awhile than, as Miss Chew declared, Darthea put off mourning for the absent. Indeed, the pretty kitten began once more to tangle the threads of Jack's life and mine. For a month Jack was in favour, and then a certain captain, but never I, until one day late in April. She was waiting among my aunt's china for her return, and had set the goggle-eyed mandarin to nodding, while, with eyes as wide as his, she nodded in reply, and laughed like a merry child.

I stood in the doorway, and watched this delicious creature for a minute while she amused herself—and me also, although she knew it not. «Say No!» she cried out to the great china nobleman; quite a foot high he was. But, despite her pretence at altering his unvaried affirmative, it still went on. My lady walked all around him, and presently said aloud: «No! no! It must be No! Say No!» stamping a foot, as if angry, and then of a sudden running up to the mandarin and laughing. «He has a crack in his head. That is why he says Yes! Yes! I must be a female mandarin, and that is why I say No! No! I wonder does he talk broken China?»

At this moment she saw my tall black figure in a corner mirror, and made some exclamation, as if startled; an instant later she knew it was I, but as if by magic the laughing woman was no longer there. What I saw as she came toward me was a slight, quiet nun with eyes full of tears.

I was used to her swift changes of mood, but what her words, or some of them, meant I knew not; and as for this pitying face, with its sudden sadness, what more did it mean? Major André said of her later that Mistress Darthea was like a lake in the hills, reflecting all things, and yet herself after all. But how many such tricky ways, pretty or vexing, she was to show some of us in the years to come did not yet appear.

In a moment I seemed to see before me the small dark child I first knew at school. Why was she now so curiously perturbed? «Mr. Wynne,» she said, «you never come near me now—oh, not for a month! And to-day your aunt has shown me a part of the dear mother's letter, and—and—I am so sorry for you! I am indeed! I have long wanted to say so. I wish I could help you. I do not think you forget easily, and—and—you were so good to me when I was an ugly little brat. I think your mother loved me. That is a thing to make one think better of one's self. I need it, sir. It is a pretty sort of vanity, and how vain you must be, who had so much of her love!»

«I thank thee,» I said simply. Indeed, for a time I was so moved that say more I could not. «I thank thee, Miss Peniston. There is no one on earth whom I would rather hear say what thou hast said.»

I saw her colour a little, and she replied quickly, «I am only a child, and I say what comes to my lips; I might better it often if I stayed to think.»

«No!» I cried. Whenever she got into trouble—and she was ready to note the tenderness in my voice—this pretty pretext of the irresponsibility of childhood would serve her turn. «No,» said I; «I like dearly to hear my mother praised,—who could praise her too much?—but when it is thou who sayest of her such true things, how shall I tell thee what it is to me who love to hear thee talk—even nonsense?»

«I talk nonsense? Do I?»

«Yes, sometimes. I—want thee to listen to me. I have cared for thee—»

«Now please don't, Mr. Wynne. They all do it, and—I like you. I want to keep some friends.»

«It is useless, Darthea. I am so made that I must say my say. Thou mayest try to escape, and hate it and me, but I have to say I love thee. No, I am not a boy. I am a man, and I won't let thee answer me now.»

«I do not want to. It would hurt you. You must know; every one knows. It was his fault and my aunt's, all this gossip. I would have kept it quiet.»

«It will never be,» I broke out. «Thou wilt never marry that man!» I knew when I said this that I had made a mistake. I had learned to distrust Arthur; but I had too little that was of moment to say against him to make it wise to speak as I had done. I was young in those days, and hasty.

«Who?» says my lady, all on fire. «What man? Jack Warder? And why not? I do not know what I shall do.»

«It is not my dear Jack,» I cried. «Why dost thou trifle with me?»

«Your dear Jack, indeed! How he blushes! I might ask *him*. He never would have the courage.»

«It is my cousin Arthur Wynne, as thou well knowest. And thou art wicked to mock at an honest gentleman with thy light talk. Thou dost not know the man, this man, my cousin.»

«Only a boy would be so foolish or so unfair as to speak thus of one behind his back, and to a woman, too, who—» And she paused, confused and angry.

I could not tell her what was only suspicion or hearsay as to my cousin's double statements concerning his father's estate, or how either she or we were deceived. I had, in fact, lost my head a little, and had gone further than was wise. I would not explain, and I was too vexed to say more than that I would say the same to his face. Then she rejoined softly:

«Tell it to me. You are as mysterious as Miss Wynne; and have I not a right to know?»

«No,» I said; «not now, at least. Thou mayest tell him if thou wilt.»

«If I will, indeed! Every one is against him—you and Mistress Wynne and that impudent boy Jack Warder, despite his blushes. Oh, he can be bold enough. Is n't he a dear fellow?»

What could one say to a woman like this? I hesitated, and as I did so, not having ready anything but sad reproaches of her levity, my aunt appeared in the doorway.

«Are you two children quarrelling?» she said in her outspoken way. «You will have time to repent. Here has been your father, sir, to-day, and his affairs in Jamaica are all in a nice pickle, and you and the old clerk are to up and away in the packet for Kingston, and that to-morrow.»

«Indeed!» I cried. I was not sorry.

«I envy you,» said my lady, as demure as you please. «You will fetch me a feather fan, and come back soon. I hate all those cornets and captains, and now I shall have no one but Jack.»

My aunt looked on amused. Her news was true indeed, and with no chance to talk to any one, except to say a mere good-by to Jack, I spent the evening with my father and our head clerk over the business which took me away so hastily. At early morning on a cold day at the close of April, 1774, we were gliding down the Delaware with all sail set.

The voyage was long, the winds contrary. I had ample leisure to reflect upon my talk with Darthea. I was sure she must have known she was to me not as other women. Except for the accident of this chance encounter, I might long have waited before finding courage to speak. I had made nothing by it, had scarce had an answer, and should, like enough, have fallen back into the coldness of relation by which she had so long kept me at a distance. I had been foolish and hasty to speak of my cousin at all; it did but vex her.

Of my errand in Jamaica there is little to be said. My father's letters were of business only. Of these long months and of what went on at home I heard but little from him, and with my request to have the gazettes he had evidently no mind to comply; nor were the chances of letters frequent. I heard, indeed, from my aunt but twice, and from Jack thrice; but he said nothing of Darthea. Years after I found in his record of events:

«Hugh left us the last of April. It may be he cares too much for that wayward witch Darthea.»

I should say that it was at this time or soon after my dear friend began to keep a somewhat broken diary of events. What he says of former years was put on paper long afterward.

«If I did but know,» writes Jack, «that he is seriously taken, I should understand, alas! what not to do. But as to some things Hugh is a silent man. I think, as Mr. Wilson says, some men are made for friends, and some for lovers. I fear the latter is not my rôle. Is there—can there be—such a thing as revering a woman too much to make successful love? I think I see what Darthea is more truly than does my dear Hugh. There must come a day when she will show it. Sometimes I can hardly trust myself with her; and I yearn to tell her that I alone know her, and

that I love her. I must watch myself. If it really be that Hugh cares for her, and yet I were to be the fortunate man, how could I face him again, having had the advantage of his long absence? It seems strange that I should ask myself if I am more her lover than his friend. He does not talk of her to me.

«It is now September, '74, and Hugh must soon return. Mr. Gage is fortifying Boston Neck, and we have had the mischievous Boston Port Bill, and Virginia up in a rage, which I do not understand. We, who have our commerce crippled by foolish laws, may well be on the side of resistance; but why the planters should put in peril their only tobacco market I see less well. A Continental Congress is to meet here on the fifth day of this month, and already the town is alive with gentlemen from the South and North.

«No doubt Darthea has letters from Mr. Arthur Wynne. I think Mr. Wilson judges that man correctly. He says he is selfish, and more weak as to morals than really bad, and that he will be apt to yield to sudden temptation rather than to plan deliberate wickedness. Why should he have need to plan at all? Mistress Wynne says he does not like Hugh. How could any not like my Hugh, and how do women see the things which we do not?»

«It is sad to see my father's state of mind. Yesterday he was with me to visit Mr. Hancock, very fine in a purple velvet coat with gold buttons, and a flowered waistcoat. He is our correspondent in Boston. My father came home a hot Whig; and to-morrow is Meeting-day, and he will be most melancholy, and all for the king if this and that should happen. John Wynne can turn him which way he likes. If my Hugh remains of a Whig mind—and who less like to change?—he will have a hot time with his father, I fear.»

Is it any wonder I, his friend, loved this man? He seemed so gentle that all but I, even James Wilson, misunderstood him. No more obstinate fellow ever was or will be. I ought to say «determined,» for there was always a reason of head or heart for what he would or would not do, and I really think that in all his noble life he had but one hour of weakness, of which by and by I may have to tell.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



IN AUNT GAINOR'S GARDEN.

THE AUTHOR OF "RORY O'MORE."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL LOVER, BY HIS DAUGHTER.

WITH PICTURES AND AUTOGRAPHS FROM MRS. LOVER'S ALBUM.

I AM asked to write some recollections of my father, his life and his work, in particular referring to an autograph album of my mother's, which I recently sent to America as a present to my eldest son, Victor Herbert.

Samuel Lover was born in Dublin, February, 24, 1797. His father was a man of business, and, as the eldest son, Samuel was able, at sixteen years of age, to fulfil the duties of head clerk (for he was

as clever at correspondence and figures as he was at everything else), and so save much expense to the firm. It was natural to wish that he should remain in it. My father, however, possessed such strong artistic talents that business was distasteful to him, and he longed to follow another path in life. He had had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was a boy of twelve. She would probably have understood and forwarded his aspirations; for the tenderest affection had existed between them, and throughout life he revered the memory of his mother as the sweetest and best of women. His talents he probably inherited in part from her, as well as his amiable and lovable character.

At sixteen years of age he left his home, in spite of the opposition of his father, and resolved to go his own way, depending solely on his own mental exertions for earning his bread. This shows his character in its true light; for although distinguished by an enchanting amiability and cheerfulness, yet he

had an iron will, an untiring industry, and perfect self-dependence.

At first he managed to support himself by executing for physicians drawings, which were destined to appear in anatomical works, and had, of course, to be remarkably accurate. It is the more extraordinary that he was able to do this, as he had never been taught to draw, and had up to that time practised the art only for his amusement in leisure hours.

With patient industry, he daily improved himself in miniature-painting, and was soon able to establish himself as a portrait-painter in Dublin. This remained his principal profession through life, although he practised many branches of art besides.

Having painted everybody in Dublin who wished to be painted (as he himself used to express it), after the lapse of a considerable time he decided on shifting the scene of his efforts to London, where an endless field of action presented itself. The groundwork of all his future activity had in the mean time been laid in Dublin. He had been contributing to va-

rious magazines, and also making many charming drawings for them, which had appeared as wood-engravings.

The first and second series of the humorous and racy "Legends and Stories of Ireland" had appeared in London, and had been received with great favor by the public and the press in England as well as in Ireland.

The first song which he succeeded in selling



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF MINIATURE BY HIMSELF OWNED BY HIS GRANDSON, VICTOR HERBERT.

SAMUEL LOVER (ABOUT THE AGE OF 35).

to a publisher he would not take money for, but arranged to take a guitar in exchange, as he had long wished to possess such an instrument, but had as yet not been able to buy one. How little he dreamed at that time of the thousands of pounds that would be made by his songs in the future! Unfortunately, the publishers got the lion's share of the profits.

I may here remark that he played both the piano and the guitar exceedingly well, although he had never had a lesson on either of these instruments. He was most eager in acquiring every sort of information, and had, for instance, out of his own scanty earnings as a youth, after he had left his father's house, contrived to pay for lessons in French from the best French teacher in Dublin, and he spoke that language fluently. It was then a still more necessary accomplishment in society than now, and at school he had learned only Latin.

After his first song had sold well, several others followed, and it was easy to find publishers for further compositions in London.

His first dramatic work was brought out at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. It treated of the principal incidents in the life of a certain real or legendary queen of Ireland, who was an Amazon and a great heroine.

Before transferring his place of residence from Ireland to England, my father had exhibited a large and beautiful miniature portrait of Paganini at the Royal Academy, London. Most portraits of Paganini were hideous caricatures, making him look like a demon, while my father's portrait of him was a wonderful likeness, representing the master as he really was, and doing justice to the spiritual and benignant expression of his extremely interesting face. The picture at once procured for my father a most honorable rank as an artist in London, and actually grounded his reputation there.

On opening my mother's album, the first names to be seen are those of Nicolo Paganini and Thomas Moore. Paganini sat for his portrait to my father in Dublin, having passed some time in Ireland. He contributed an Italian verse to the album along with his signature. Thomas Moore gave a verse of Montgomery's, which was rather ill-placed modesty, as one of his own would have been more natural and acceptable. Moore was an old friend, for the families of my parents had been long allied in friendship with his family.

Not many of the autographs date from Ireland, but there are several which were evidently contributed there.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAY.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Maturin, who wrote the humorous novel of "The Heroine," an inimitable travesty of the exaggerated romantic novels formerly so popular (of which Mrs. Radcliffe's were about the best), is here represented. Maturin was one of those unusually clever men who never *did* much, and so his name is well-nigh forgotten.

Among my father's friends I may mention Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Charles Lever, and Mark Lemon; and the artists Sir Edwin Landseer, Maclise, Henry Martin, Stanfield, Chantry, Sir Richard Westmacott, John Foley, Cruikshank, and John Leech.

In mentioning Charles Lever, I am reminded of a certain club that existed in Dublin, for it was founded by Lever, and called "The Burschenschaft," in imitation of the students' clubs in Germany, where Lever had studied. He was a physician by profession. There belonged to this club a surprisingly large number of talented young Irishmen who afterward made themselves names in the world as authors, painters, composers, or in some other way. The club evenings were celebrated for their brilliancy. Lover was their appointed "minstrel," and on his leaving Dublin the mem-



*Samuel Connell M. L. for
the City of Dublin*

DRAWN IN PENCIL BY SAMUEL LOVER.

bers presented him with a gold snuff-box bearing the emblem of the club and the inscription, "The Burschenschaft to their Minstrel."

I cannot resist relating here a circumstance which, although it was a case where Lover missed instead of achieved something, yet shows his character in a very amiable light.

After the portrait of Paganini had been exhibited in London, where it was very much appreciated and talked about, as I have already remarked, a letter reached him from the chamberlain of the Duchess of Kent, summoning him at once to London to paint the portrait of the Princess Victoria, now the Queen of England. Just at that time,

however, there was a "happy event" expected in his own family, and he could not make up his mind to leave his home at such a moment. He therefore wrote, expressing his gratification at the honor conferred by the order, and stating that in a very short time he would be enabled to arrive in London to execute it. Unfortunately, courts are easily offended, and the order was never renewed.

On taking up his residence in London in the following year, a very agreeable time began for him, so that he had no cause to regret the pleasant social circle he had left in Dublin.

Though he did so many things well, he often regretted that not one of his talents had been thoroughly perfected by study and instruction. Had he been educated either as a painter or as a musician, there is no doubt that he would have attained a much

greater celebrity; yet it is probable that it was more conducive to his personal happiness to practise all the arts he loved so well, than to be confined to the exercise of only one.

Overwhelmed with orders for portraits on his arrival in London, he painted numbers of beautiful miniatures in course of time. Celebrated men and famous beauties were among his sitters.

Two very slight sketches of his fine miniatures are in his wife's album, evidently intended as pleasant remembrances of the pictures for her. One of these is the portrait of an Indian prince who came to the British court as ambassador extraordinary from the King of Oude. The sketch stands

opposite the poetical contribution of the prince. This is in Hindustani, with a line added in the Persian language. The picture itself was splendid, showing a man of fine presence in gorgeous Indian dress, and was about the largest miniature ever painted. The second sketch is of a portrait which Lover painted of Henry, Lord Brougham, in his robes of office. To my father one of the most interesting persons that he ever painted was the venerable Mrs. Gwynn, the «Jessamy bride» of Oliver Goldsmith. Mrs. Gwynn was a very old woman at the time, though the traces of her former enchanting beauty were still plainly to be distinguished. I need scarcely say that she still preserved as a sacred relic a lock of Goldsmith's hair, to cut off which for her his coffin had been opened just before he was interred.

«Sam Lover,» or «little Lover,» as his friends sometimes irreverently called him, was a great favorite in London society. Possessing an inexhaustible fund of high spirits, good humor, and sparkling wit, no one could be better company. Nor was he one of those who, as the Irish neatly express it, «hang up their fiddles behind the door» when they come home. On the contrary, he was never more happy, delightful, and entertaining than when he was at home, with only his wife and daughters about him. His truly lovable character was not only shown in gaiety: he was also deeply humane and kind, with the keenest sense of honor and the warmest heart in the world. His song of «The Four-leaved Shamrock» truly expresses his own aspirations.

Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part,

Thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear nor aching heart
Should in the world be found!

He would have liked to see the whole world happy. Nevertheless, he was «a good hater» (such as Dr. Johnson would have loved) when he knew any one to be a contemptible character.

The songs of Lover became very popular, and he wrote a great number of them, and nearly all were set to music of his own; but sometimes he also set words to old Irish

melodies. I cannot remember the names of half of these songs, and a list of them would be much too long here. I will mention the titles of only a few of the most popular: «The Angel's Whisper,» «My Mother Dear!» «The Land of the West,» «The Four-leaved Shamrock,» «What Will You Do, Love?» «The Fisherman's Daughter,» and the humorous songs «Rory O'More,» «Molly Bawn,» «The Low-backed Car,» and «The Bowld Sojor-boy.» I may say, with a truly just pride, that his songs are sung wherever the English language is spoken, and there is no danger of their being soon forgotten.

In my mother's album one song of his, «Oh, Lovely Eyes!» in his own handwriting, appears as a musical contribution. There is only one other musical addition to it, and that is a few bars of music from the hand of that gifted Irishman, Michael William Balfe. Balfe and his charming wife, a Hungarian, were frequent guests in my father's house. They had both been educated as opera-singers in Italy, and sang delightfully. Balfe was also a very good actor. He was the manager of a London theater at one time, and brought



PAINTED IN WATER-COLOR BY SAMUEL LOVER.

LORD BROUGHAM.

out several new operas and comedies, among others a little comedy of Lover's entitled, «Il Paddy Whack in Italia,» treating of artist life in Italy. In this piece Balfe played an Irish part capitolly, and sang the then new song of «Molly Bawn» so charmingly that it was repeatedly encored every night.

Long before this Lover had written several comedies for the Olympic Theatre, then under the management of the celebrated Madame Vestris (afterward Mrs. Charles Mathews), who was very fond of singing his songs, which she also introduced into other pieces. Some delicately humorous songs, such as «Beauty and Time,» were written expressly for her, and she sang them perfectly.

Only one actor's name appears in the album—that of poor Tyrone Power. There are several pleasant notes of his preserved, and also a photograph of him taken at a period when photography was in its infancy.

Power was the cleverest actor of Irish parts that ever trod the stage, though, strange to say, he was not an Irishman, but a Welshman. Several dramatic works of my father's were written for Tyrone Power, among

Do you know him?



"Devil & bit," says S. L.

them the pieces «Rory O'More,» dramatized from the novel of that name; «The White Horse of the Peppers,» dramatized from one of the tales of «The Legends and Stories of Ireland»; and a little farce, «The Happy Man.» All these pieces had long runs. My father naturally delighted in Power as the man who could play his Irish parts best, and Power delighted in my father as the man who wrote him the best parts.

One of the most interesting autographs is that of Daniel O'Connell. An excellent little pencil likeness of him faces his autograph. My father drew this on the back of a letter one morning when he was breakfasting with O'Connell, which he often did when Parliament was sitting; and he also visited O'Connell on his estate of Derrynane in Ireland on one of his rare autumn holidays. Some very pretty poems by Mrs. Fitzsimon, O'Connell's amiable and talented daughter, are to be found in the album.

The following letter from Shirley Brooks, of «Punch,» also appears in the album:

1st April, 1868.
S. HUGUES.

6 KENT TERRACE,
REGENT'S PARK, N. W.

TOUCHING THE «ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.»

And is it an old friend that can't read my handwriting merely because it happens to be disguised in print? I'd know *his* in any verses he might put forth. But it is all the pleasanter to be thanked in a mask, when one knows the words will not be recalled when the mask comes off. «But who the devil is it yet?» says he. Now never be in a hurry. How did B. Disraeli, Esq., become Premier of Ireland and the adjacent islets, except by waiting? I am glad you are in that beautiful Jersey, which I did not know that you had (ye had) made yer Pat-mos (ha! ha!); and maybe I'll look ye up this autumn, and will burn the incense of a cigar to St. Prelude.

And now thou seest my soul's angelic hue,
'Tis time these features were uncurtained too.
(W. T. MOORE.)

Do you know *him*?

«Devil a bit,» says S. L. «Looks half asleep over his «Punch,» and no wonder, if he's been reading his own contributions.» After a pause: «I think I remember some such objectionable face at the Garrick Club; but there's a bad lot there, and I'm not proud to remember that boiling.» Well then, look inside the envelope, and you'll see the names? my dear Lover, of a man who is heartily glad that he has unexpectedly returned you a fraction of the pleasure you have so long given him.

Ever yours,

SAM'L LOVER, Esq.

S. B.

The album contains also a signature of Lord Byron, which is, unfortunately, only pasted in. My mother got it, in all probability, either from Thomas Moore or from Samuel Rogers.

Notes to my father from the poets Samuel Rogers and Thomas Campbell, and from the novelists Miss Edgeworth, Harrison Ainsworth, and the gifted and beautiful Mrs. Caroline Norton, enhance the value of the book more than mere signatures would have done.

Original poetical contributions are not numerous in the album; among the well-known authors who have contributed is Sheridan Knowles. It is interesting to remember that both Sheridan Knowles and Mrs. Norton were descendants of the family of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—examples of the occasional inheritance of brilliant mental gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Austen, Mrs. Barbara Hofland, and several writers of lesser note have contributed original poems. There are also poems from the pen of the gifted but ill-fated Letitia Elizabeth Landon—«L. E. L.»

Another very talented writer, Francis Mahony, a Catholic priest who wrote under the name of Father Prout, has translated a humorous song of my father's, «Who Are You?» into French and Italian in a surprisingly dexterous manner. He was an accomplished linguist. One little unfinished water-color sketch of my father's is also there—a bard taking leave of his lady-love. Another bard, designed by Alfred Crowquill, follows soon after.

A contribution in hieroglyphics by the Oriental traveler Wilkinson ingeniously sets forth my mother's name and social status.

A little original pencil-sketch, drawn in five minutes for me by «Johnny» Millais (the late Sir John Millais) when he was a boy of ten, is a pretty remembrance of his precocious talent. «Johnny» was always restless and uneasy in any company until some compassionate person provided him with a pencil and an unlimited supply of paper; then he was quite happy, and covered whole quires of paper in an hour or two with often really charming sketches from the almost inexhaustible store of his happy fancy.

My father's first novel was «Rory O'More,» and he appears to have had a great partiality for the song of that name, very likely because it was the first of his songs that attained a great popularity. I do not think that he otherwise had any particular favorites among the works of his pen or brush; but «Rory O'More» he made the hero of his first novel,

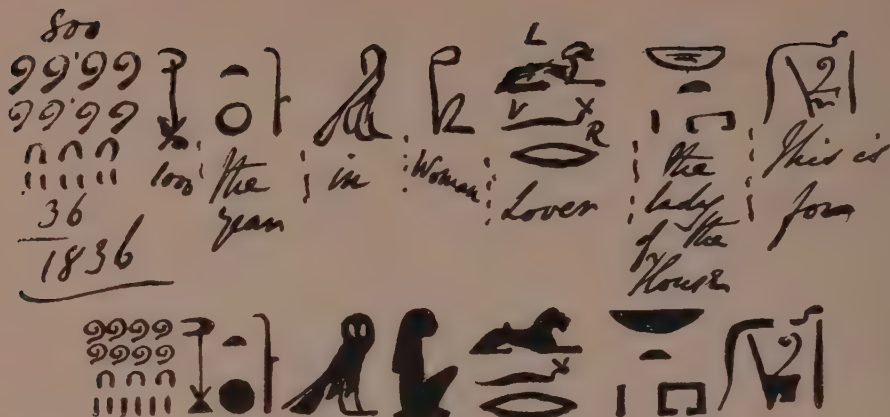


A PENCIL-SKETCH BY MILLAIS WHEN A BOY OF TEN.

and afterward he dramatized the book, thus making a threefold use of the name.

His second novel was «Handy Andy,» and this was followed by «He Would be a Gentleman.» These two were first published as serials, and illustrated with etchings «by the author.» Only people who have written works in this manner know what a severe strain it is on the mental faculties to be obliged to produce a certain amount of «copy» within a short given time; in this case two etchings had to be added, though my father had several other occupations at the same time. These two works consequently taxed his powers to the utmost. His eyes having begun to suffer, especially from miniature-painting and etching, it became evident that he ought no longer to continue working in the same manner if he hoped to retain his eyesight unimpaired. This danger was happily averted, and he retained his keen sight to the last day of his life.

In consequence of various considerations, he determined to undertake an entirely new kind of activity, and began to give evening entertainments, which he called «Lover's



WILKINSON'S HIEROGLYPHICS.

Irish Evenings.» In these entertainments he told Irish stories, intermixed with witty and interesting anecdotes and relations of various kinds, declaimed, and sang his own songs. His new enterprise was rewarded with great success, first in London, then in the provinces, and in Ireland and Scotland. He was as zealous in this new work as he had been in all others, and in 1846 went, to America, where he met with the same flattering reception as elsewhere, and had the greatest kindness and friendship shown him on all sides.

An incident of the American tour was the letter which follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I fear that, after all, I shall not be able to attend Mr. Lover's dinner. I will be entirely frank with you: I am frightened at the idea of having to speak, which at all public dinners hangs over me like the sword of Damocles. It is this skeleton at the feast that warns me away.

My warmest thanks, however, for your invitation; and believe me,

Very truly yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

October 2d, 1846.

Within two years he traveled through the whole of the United States, and visited the principal cities of Canada. He then returned

to England, and soon gave up his «Irish Evenings» altogether, from that time forward resting upon his laurels.

Although always more or less occupied with the pencil and the pen, he did not again undertake any important literary works, and painted only for his own amusement.

The royalties on his musical, literary, and dramatic works brought him in a comfortable income, and in 1855 he was informed that Queen Victoria had granted him one of the few pensions for literary merit which are at the disposal of the British government.

To describe how he worked is no difficult task. He delighted in mental work of all sorts for its own sake, and he was of so active a mind, and by nature so industrious, that idleness was impossible to him. He was passionately fond of drawing and painting, and equally fond of music. This made the vast amount of work which he got through in his life comparatively easy to him. I may safely affirm that he did the work of several men—industrious men—during his active career. There is no doubt that his occupations were of so varied a nature as to make his work easier for him, and his elastic and happy temperament helped him over all difficulties.

When I remember how little time he ever allowed himself for exercise, I am astonished

Niccolò Paganini
Dublin 7. Sept. 1831

AUTOGRAPH OF PAGANINI.

that his health was always so excellent. Of recreation he always had enough in society, but his holidays were rare. Only for a few weeks in the autumn, when all London is "out of town," did he allow himself any relaxation from work. His industry was such that in the busiest years of his life he did not even grant himself time to look at the daily papers, or to read any new book that was much talked of. His wife always read the papers and the new books for him, giving him in conversation a résumé of the news of the day and the contents of the books, so that he was always well informed of everything that was going on. If anything exceedingly important was on hand in the political world, or if any part of a book was particularly interesting or well written, these she would read to him while he was painting.

Many artists are as dumb as fishes at their easels; but he could converse charmingly while he was painting, which was a particularly pleasant quality for his sitters. In painting or in writing he worked indefatigably, and seemed to be independent of the "moods" to which many artists appear to be victims. As to his songs, he used to say himself that he never wrote a song in his life except when he could n't help it. The songs used to "come to him," generally words and melody simultaneously, so that he had only to write them down. Frequently the idea of a song would come when he was occupied with something quite different, as, for instance, while painting. He would then leave his easel, write down the idea, and return to his work. Afterward he would return to the idea, and work it out.

He painted in water-colors and in oils, as well as in miniature, and also etched very well. He was exceedingly fond of sketching from nature, and had hundreds of beautiful sketches that he had made for his own amusement in Ireland, England, and America. In his old age he began to work in wood (in former years he sometimes carved models of ships, which he used to paint and have rigged), carving chimneypieces and

My Niece is dying to see Rory O'more—
Yours very truly
Thos Campbell—

bookcases adorned with Cupids, flowers, and fruits, as if he had been doing nothing else all his life!

It was not until he was nearly seventy years of age that his health began to fail. It was by no means a general break-up of the constitution, but symptoms of heart-disease showed themselves. In appearance he looked like a well-preserved man of about fifty. He was still extremely active, his curly hair was thick, though getting gray, and his teeth were as perfect and handsome as when he was twenty. Heart-disease made gradual progress, and the last year of his life he spent in Jersey, where he went to seek a milder air. He was never confined to his room, or even to the house, and he made many sketches while in Jersey.



Done in a moment
by H. Wilson. R.A.
May 2nd 1842.

SKETCH
 OF
 MRS. SIDDON'S.

On the last morning of his life he arose as usual. He had long known that his end was approaching, and had awaited the hour with fortitude and resignation. He was over seventy-one years of age when his unusually active life came to a close in 1868.

Fanny Schmid.

MISS SELINA'S SETTLEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE," ETC.



"It reads like a fairy-tale," said Miss Selina Smith, letting fall upon her knees the newspaper containing an account of the ball just given to the great world by her cousin, the fashionable Mrs. John Sidney Stapleton of New York. "Now, mother, nobody can accuse me of being jealous or begrudging another person her good fortune; but when I think how you and I jog along through life in this dull little place, and screw and pinch to make both ends meet, and compare our lot with Elizabeth's, it does seem as if she were the most enviable of creatures. And then to remember that she and I were school-girls together, and started out upon exactly the same footing in society! She has gone up like the rocket, and I have come down like the stick."

"I dare say Elizabeth has had her ups and downs," replied a sweet old lady, looking away from the table-cloth she was darning in neatest old-time "basket weave." "She has lost children, poor thing; and they say that eldest boy of hers is unsteady; and once or twice her husband has been on the brink of ruin with his speculative schemes."

"Mother dear, do be more original!" answered Selina, laughing. "That is the conventional thing poor people always say about rich people. Everybody, rich and poor, has that sort of trouble to meet. Did n't I find my Mrs. Thompson the scrub-woman on the top floor of a wretched tenement to-day, lamenting over the habits of her son, and telling me that if Thompson did n't waste his money they would be able to move into a better room. Of course Elizabeth Stapleton does n't walk altogether upon roses—who in this life does? But sometimes, after I have gone through one week exactly like another for months at a time, when I think that I know every paving-stone in this dull little town, every article of furniture in our house, every book upon our shelves, the habits and customs and affairs and idiosyncrasies of every respectable resident of the place, I long for Elizabeth's opportunity for variety. The idea of such a life as hers—a life of ease, leisure, comfort, and yearly travel, always in touch with every phase of new movement

everywhere—exhilarates me like champagne. Of course you laugh. It is natural when you hear such sentiments from a sober, steady-going little old maid like your daughter Selina; but every now and then it's a relief to speak them out. You know better than any one, mother, that fine houses and clothes and equipages do not tempt me overmuch. It is change, scope, acquaintance with the people who influence the times, music, art of the best, such as Elizabeth has as easily as she turns electricity into her house."

Mrs. Smith sighed faintly.

"Then why, my dear, do you not accept your cousin's invitation for a visit to them in their new house?"

"For one thing, it has been too long in coming," said Selina, with spirit. "For another, why does not the lamp-post over the way get up and make a call upon the railway-station clock? And for a third thing, and best reason of all, I would n't leave you alone here for a kingdom, and you know it."

"Two years ago some of these same objections came up, and were disposed of," replied the older lady, smiling indulgently. "Now, I really believe Elizabeth feels a need of some one belonging to herself; you have proved once that you are not so deeply rooted as you think. And as to my staying alone, I had a letter this morning from my brother Joe's daughter Julia in Council Bluffs; she is evidently anxious to come East for a visit to the old town where her father was born and bred. Suppose we ask Julia to take your place while you are at Elizabeth's—what then?"

"I believe you have been planning this (unbeknownst) to me," exclaimed Selina, a flush of joy mounting into her clear, pale cheek.

All at once the prospect opened to her of a renewal of the enjoyment of such mental and spiritual aliment as had transformed her dull life two years before, when Selina, with a personally conducted party of five lone women like herself, had visited the most accessible attractions of the European continent. For the sum of five hundred dollars each they had become possessors of these delights, with a glimpse of Westminster Abbey, Stratford, and Abbotsford thrown in.

"I will think of it," she said presently, trying to be calm.

As she left the quiet little parlor in which her mother sat secretly pluming herself upon the success of an innocent maneuver, Selina was conscious of feeling already a little detached from its familiar surroundings. Nor did household cares seem to weigh upon her so heavily as usual. The old stair carpet she had long been plotting how to supplant with a new one suddenly ceased to vex her eyes. The curtains in her bedroom, which only the night before had kept her awake wondering how they would stand another laundering, now no longer occupied her mind. Even the sins of the furnace-man, for whom she had that day reserved a special rod in pickle, faded from their original scarlet, and became quite colorless. Into the periphery of Miss Smith's existence had, in truth, been introduced an overmastering new interest that jostled all others against its narrow bounds.

By the next day everybody within the radius of Miss Selina's influence in the little manufacturing town of North Colchester—and that comprised no mean number of her fellow-mortals—knew that their friend and adviser and teacher and benefactress was about to go away again, this time for a stay in the great Babylonian city. Previous to Selina's trip abroad she had remained at home for so many years at a stretch, attended upon an invalid mother, and done so many other things at the same time, that people had looked on her as an occasion for local pride. At this period a clever young doctor, possessing himself of Mrs. Smith's case, had brought to bear modern surgery upon it with such success as to make of the old lady a comparatively well woman; and Selina, released from her long service, had been induced to try the surprising flight abroad. Her mother had continued well during her absence; and upon Selina's return, fresher and brighter and prettier than North Colchester had seen her since her earliest days of maidenhood, public opinion heaved a long sigh of relief. It was then generally hoped that the indispensable Miss Smith had had "enough of action and of motion" in foreign parts. North Colchester wished to hear no more of her leaving home during the remainder of her useful life.

Naturally, therefore, the approaching departure was discussed with as much disfavor as animation. Around tea-tables, in the book club, at the Woman's Exchange, the sewing-circle, the marketman's, in the tenement-houses and dwellings of the factory hands,

Selina's news was received with restraint. Old Mrs. Clancy, an opinion-maker in church circles, said she'd "misdoubted from the first that Selina Smith's traveling in that wild way abroad had put a bee in her bonnet the girl had never really been rid of since."

Selina went on her rounds to say good-by, with a guilty feeling that Mrs. Clancy's arrow had not sped far of the mark. For two years she had been tempted intolerably with a return, in season and out, of the exquisite ineffaceable impressions received beyond that waste of waters she might not hope to cross again. In the exercises of the sewing-circle she would be confronted by Mont Blanc rosy in the glow of sunset. During the rector's Sunday evening sermon she saw the Grand Canal by moonlight, and heard the pleading notes of the tenor's voice in the musicians' gondola. Upon her meditations the white peacock of Warwick Castle strutted without a summons, and the flashes of electricity on the trolley wires running past their house would at any time bring up the fairy vision of the old town of Edinburgh as it first burst upon her gaze after dark in Prince's street. Selina knew that it was not only the restlessness engendered by these enticing memories that made her long for the present change; but she recognized that they were primarily responsible for the impatience, bordering on morbidness, that had beset her at times since her return to her quiet life in North Colchester. What she desired was a taste—only a taste—of the atmosphere of wealth and ease from which daily toil and petty care were absent.

Whirling on her way to New York, Selina's spirits rose. She forgot the long hiatus in cousinly civilities on the part of Mrs. Stapleton toward themselves; she forgot her doubt as to whether Mrs. Stapleton's former residence was really in such a chronic condition of overcrowding by the family of its owners that a spare chamber for guests was unknown under its roof; she even forgot her small and provincial wardrobe. It was enough that she was again in motion, journeying toward a goal of experience just now more than all she desired. It would be such a luxury to look upon a woman the sacrifice of whose existence upon the minutiae of other people's affairs was not exacted in return for the privilege of living.

II.

ARRIVED at the station in New York, Selina's habit of travel stood her in good stead. Following the crowd of passengers who left her

train, she emerged into the gloomy precinct where expectant friends stand penned. Seeing here no familiar face, she was for a moment tempted to yield herself and her luggage into custody of a cab-driver undeterred by conscience from exacting for the proposed drive to her cousin's house a sum so large as to stagger her. Had she but known that a new footman, sent by Mrs. Stapleton to fetch her, was at that moment wandering stupidly about, gazing into the wrong faces, and accosting impossible Misses Smith, the lonely lady might have felt relieved. As it was, native spirit came to her rescue, and committing herself to the hands of a policeman, she got rid of her checks, and was put duly aboard of a Madison Avenue street-car bound up town. Selina's next difficulty—that of identifying the street near which her cousin's number in Fifth Avenue was supposed to be discoverable—was by her referred to the conductor of the car, with the result that she was carried many blocks above the point desired, and finally, amid a sudden flurry of wind and snow that nearly took her off her feet, ejected upon a crossing nearly a mile beyond her destination. Toilsomely, whipped by the gust and whitened with snow, Selina plodded back down the long chill avenue of palaces facing the east side of Central Park. Once, almost blown from the sidewalk, she ventured to turn in at the basement of one of these stately dwellings, where for a moment she might recover strength under the shelter of the steps. But a couple of housemaids and a pair of lolling gentlemen in knee-breeches, whom she espied sitting in comfort by a bright fire in the room within, laughed at her forlorn figure, making signals for her to move on; and hapless Miss Smith emerged once more into the storm.

No vehicle was in sight save those of traffic or private pleasure, and, almost exhausted, she pursued her way until the broad stone steps, turned sidewise, above which an iron grille displayed the Stapletons' number, came into sight. The snow, ceasing to fall as suddenly as it had come, had not yet been removed from the steps, and up these she climbed, chill and comfortless, ashamed to touch the electric button at the showy front door until she had mustered strength to shake from her garments some of their newly added weight.

While thus employed, a man, large, important, globular, opened the door upon her.

«Come, I say; that won't do, my girl,» he remarked with authority; «you must get out of this, you know.»

A crimson flush appeared in Selina's cheek. With a dignity of manner that had at least the effect of creating astonishment in the bosom of the portly apparition she spoke:

«I am Miss Smith, Mrs. Stapleton's cousin, whom she is expecting. I lost my way in coming from the train.»

«Beg pardon, m'm, I'm sure,» blurted the large man, suavely recovering himself. «I remember now as how the third man had orders to go to the station with a cab to meet the 4:30 train. If you will step inside, m'm, I'll see Mrs. Stapleton's maid, and inquire what room you are to have. Mrs. Stapleton and the young ladies are out with the carriage, and expect to be home by six. Very unfortunate Thomas should have missed you, m'm, I'm sure; but the young man is one I have only on trial, and I'm sorry to say he's far from giving me satisfaction. Will you please to have tea in your own room, m'm, or in Miss Stapleton's boudoir? I'll see that it's sent up to you directly.»

In this wise was begun the visit so eagerly longed for. Not all the luxury of the bedroom into which Miss Smith was presently conducted by a supercilious maid, whom she was glad to dismiss thereafter, could remove from Selina's spirit the chill it had received. Tea, however, and an hour's rest under the satin coverlet she found folded across a billowy couch, had so far restored her good humor that she was enabled to feel a genuine throb of pleasure when a tap on her door was followed by the entrance of Mrs. Stapleton.

«Elizabeth!» she exclaimed, springing up with open arms. «Dear Elizabeth!»

«So good of you to come,» remarked her cousin, after bestowing upon her a kiss vague of destination, and dropping exhausted into a chair. «Badley or Josephine, I forget which, told me there had been some trouble about Thomas meeting you. So tiresome of Thomas; of course we can't keep him, and I don't know why Badley is so unsuccessful this year with his footmen. But you have rested now, I hope. Josephine told me she had put one of my wrappers here for you; one is always so used up after traveling, I think. We were kept out later than I expected in all this shocking weather by the length of Mrs. Talman's program for her musicale. Afternoon musicales are a mistake—don't you think so?—when one is trying to rush around and get in just as many things as possible between four and six. And how is your mother feeling now? Such a comfort to you, her recovery; sometime you must tell

me all about it—I have such an immense interest in surgical cases. And you look well, quite the same as you were five years ago when we last met—or was it longer? Really, I can't remember anything, there is so much always on my mind. What I want particularly to know now is whether you'll mind dining with the two girls who are not yet out, and their governess, to-night? Unfortunately, Mr. Stapleton and I have a dinner engagement of three weeks' standing, and both the older girls have dinners, and my son does not live at home, you know, but has bachelor apartments; so there is no one to keep you company but Ethel and Agnes, if you won't mind. That is really the chief trouble of my undertaking to have friends stopping with me—the endless dinners, so that I have never an evening to myself. With any one else I should feel actually ashamed; but then, you always were so good."

"You do look tired," said Miss Smith, gravely, when her cousin had paused for breath.

"Tired is no word for it," answered the lady, in the same hurried fashion, as if rushing for a train about to start. "I *must* go now and see the two little nursery boys before they go to bed. I have two older ones at boarding-school, you know, and Helen and Emily are in society—charming girls, and an immense success, if I do say so myself."

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing my cousins this evening?" asked Selina.

"They would be charmed, I'm sure, but I've insisted upon their going directly to their rooms to rest before dressing again. Four o'clock this morning when we left the Delmours' dance, and after the dinners to-night we have an assembly. You must ring for everything you want, and if I don't see you till luncheon-time to-morrow, Selina, I'm sure you'll understand. I told the girls and Mr. Stapleton how good you always are."

"POOR thing, she was really overtasked," observed Selina, awaking next morning to review her dull, formal dinner the night before, in company with two uninteresting school-girls and a governess altogether absorbed in them, after which she harked back to her reception by Mrs. Stapleton. "I suppose a country mouse like me must make allowance for the preoccupation of a busy woman of the world. To-day, after Elizabeth has had a good sleep, she will be more like her old self." At this moment Josephine appeared at Miss Smith's bedside with her breakfast and a note.

So sorry, dear Selina [the note ran], that, as the morning is so fine after the storm, the girls claim my promise to go out with them to the Suburban Club for golf. I should urge you to give us the pleasure of going with us, but that I know it would bore you dreadfully. We shall be obliged to take luncheon at the club, but will be in at five o'clock for tea, and then it will be such a pleasure to chat with you. The carriage is at your service at eleven, for shopping or whatever you choose to do. To-night we have a large dinner at home and a dance after it, but there is a classical concert I thought you and the school-girls and Miss Riggs might like to go to. To-morrow I am looking forward to such a nice, long, uninterrupted day with you. Ever your affectionate E. S.

Selina looked with equal distaste upon the billet and the breakfast-tray. "I would n't have troubled you to bring this up," she said to the maid, feeling very blank. "I never breakfast in my room."

"Oh! but, mademoiselle, ze ladies always breakfast in bed," replied the woman, pertly. "Zaire is only one table set for the school-room and nursery at eight, and that is over."

Miss Smith, bowing to the inevitable, passed the day not unpleasantly amid the attractions of the large, elegantly appointed dwelling, to her for all purposes a hotel conducted upon a scale to which she was quite unaccustomed. In examining the books, pictures, and bric-à-brac, she found abundant amusement, without availing herself of the carriage for a shopping tour which she had no money to indulge in. Once, wooed out of the library by the sound of children's voices, she greeted upon the stairs two little boys equipped for the street, who, however, after bestowing on poor Selina unmitigated stares, yielded her their lifeless hands to shake, and ran off calling to their nurses to be quick and follow them.

"Is there no home atmosphere about this house?" asked of herself the old maid, who, with her slender means and fine sense of proportion, had contrived to make her own little domain a very center of cheer and comfort.

A walk after luncheon, a long, bright letter to her mother, and a return to a fascinating book, made the afternoon fly. Punctually at five there was an inroad into the library of Mrs. Stapleton and the two Misses Stapleton, upon whom, as heroines of many a paragraph of high society in the newspapers, Selina looked with curiosity.

They were tall, well-made, handsome girls, self-possessed and animated; but upon the little lady in her simple frock sitting in the corner with a book they bestowed, after perfunctory handshakes and "How d' ye do's,"

no more attention than Selina had received from the others of her young kinspeople. Mrs. Stapleton, to whom this seemed a matter of course, spent the first half-hour after her return in making tea, and descanting upon the events of the day at golf, interspersed with references to the ball of the night before. Then, when the young ladies, declaring themselves perfectly worn out, withdrew from the scene, their mother turned with an air of pride to Selina.

«You see now what reason I have to be proud of my daughters,» she said confidently. «Really, they are an immense success, and my son Arthur is run after at the greatest rate in society; poor boy, he has enough to turn his head. Now, my dear, sit right down here and tell me all about yourself. What's that, Badley?» she interrupted herself, as the butler stood at her elbow.

«A young person, m'm, who says you asked her to call about some cotillion favors.»

«Oh, dear! Tell her to come to-morrow morning, Badley—and, Badley, send these two notes to Miss Riggs, and ask her to write acceptances, and bring them here for me to see. What was it that messenger-boy came about who was waiting in the hall? What?» tearing open an envelop., «How tiresome! Mrs. Claridge and her daughter gone into mourning, and returning the opera tickets for Monday! We shall have all the trouble of getting some one else to fill our box! You can't think, Selina, how often I've wanted to write for you to come to us. Seeing you makes me feel as I used before I was swamped in all these cares and duties. You and your dear mother were always so sweet to me, but nowadays one has hardly time to think of by-gones. Yes, Badley; what is it? Speak out before Miss Smith, for I'm quite too tired to get out of this chair.»

«It's the kitchen-maids and the under cook and the chef, m'm,» said Badley, without ostentation of emotion. «They've been and had a most awful row, m'm, which the kitchen is that upset I'm afraid there'll be no dinner ready by eight o'clock unless you could pacify the girls and persuade the chef to stop till to-morrow, m'm.»

«Good gracious! are they at it again?» cried the lady of the house, despairingly. «You see, Selina, this is one of those disgusting quarrels below stairs that I am the only one to settle. If I had two heads, and twice the amount of patience, I could n't keep those creatures in order. Tell the chef I wish to speak to him in the dining-room immediately—well, Miss Riggs, so you have

written those notes for me. Let me have a look at them for fear of mistakes; yes, that is right; ring up a messenger and send them, please.»

«Mademoiselle Veltin is up-stairs waiting to see you about her benefit concert, Mrs. Stapleton,» put in the governess. «And if you will see Ethel, I think her earache is coming on again. And I am sorry to say Agnes must be spoken to about her way of answering me when I told her it was time to come in from the park this afternoon.»

Poor Mrs. Stapleton had only crossed the floor of the library to the hall when she was intercepted by the head nurse.

«Master Dick has cut his finger, madam, and as it seems to be bleeding rather bad I thought I had better let you know.»

III.

«DECIDEDLY,» reflected Miss Smith, as from her bed that night she heard the carriages drive up for the «dance» that was to follow Mrs. Stapleton's dinner, Selina's share of which had been confined to cold entrées and fragmentary ices served to her and the governess in the school-room—a decidedly, if I consulted my inclination, I'd go home on the first train to-morrow. But I am sorry for Elizabeth—and besides,» here she smiled with a gleam of consolatory fun, «I should like to stay, if only with the hope of ultimately making acquaintance with my host.»

On the morrow, counting much on the promised «nice, long, uninterrupted day» of talk with her cousin about old times, Selina at ten o'clock joined Mrs. Stapleton in the boudoir, where she was rewarded by an evanescent glimpse at the master of the house—a thin, preoccupied man who, after nervously shaking hands, betook himself to his newspaper, and thence down town, where other trials awaited him.

«Sidney is so frightfully busy,» said his wife. «It is often a week before I can get hold of him to talk even about matters of not only mutual interest but importance. And when I do, he spends the time in worrying about poor dear Jack's extravagance, and the way the girls go on from one gaiety to another. Really, Selina, I think that sort of fussing over their children's habits of life is a disease among the fathers of this time. What in the world do they expect the poor things to do? Ah, here comes my secretary! Now, Selina, sit down there with the morning papers while I run over this pile of notes and cards, and give directions how they are to be

answered; and after that I shall be quite at your command.»

For an hour Mrs. Stapleton was immersed in the claims of a correspondence so varied, so compelling, that Selina's brain ached in sympathy with hers. At the end of that time the two ladies went out in the carriage, Mrs. Stapleton to work off a list of engagements alternating between shopping, charities, and culture. After luncheon, at which the children were all brought to table, and had their affairs discussed like matters of national importance, there were a dancing-class, a bazaar, calls, «days,» and a crush «tea,» at all of which the great lady's presence was indispensable. When, at six o'clock, the cousins finally reached home again, and Mrs. Stapleton repaired to her nursery, Selina, tired, dizzy, confused with the variety of impressions she had received, dropped into a chair, sincerely compassionating her poor Elizabeth, who was still due that night at a dinner, the opera, and a late dance. From a mere mistaken votary of fashion, Mrs. Stapleton was now advanced in her opinion to be a monument of endurance and self-control. How was it possible that at the close of such a day—this «nice, long, uninterrupted day»!—a woman of average strength could so far subdue her own flesh and spirit as to dress again, sit jeweled like a Hindu idol through the courses of a long banquet, chat pleasantly, go on to the opera, then to a ball, where, on an uncomfortable dais, she would have to keep her post until after three o'clock A.M.? What heroism was involved in smiling while the figures of an interminable cotillion were danced, when all the time aware of an aching back, aching feet, smothered yawns, a companion as dull and weary as herself filling a place on each side! How Elizabeth could survive it, to emerge fresh the next day, and begin again the round of supervising her household, her pensioners, her daughters' toilets, partners, engagements, and accomplishments, as well as the health, education, physical training, and dress of a younger brood, passed simple Selina's ken.

No wonder, she thought, that the male head of the house, whose checks kept all this busy machinery in motion, wore a shrinking and rather distracted look. As far as the North Colchester mind could venture to sit in judgment upon upper Fifth Avenue, Mr. Stapleton's effacement of himself while at home was due to the instinct of self-preservation under the stress of a cyclone.

«You will come to me in the boudoir again to-morrow, dear Selina,» said Mrs. Stapleton,

in parting with her cousin for the night. «To-day we have had absolutely no chance to talk over old times. And remember that I want especially to hear the details of your mother's case.»

It was not Josephine, but Josephine's mistress, who stood, fully dressed in a stylish tailor-made costume, wearing her bonnet, and holding an open telegram in her hand, by Miss Smith's bed at her waking hour next day.

«So sorry, dear Selina,» said the lady, breathlessly; «but I know I can count upon your amiability. Last evening we had letters urging us to reconsider our refusal to go on to Washington for the Claymores' ball to-night, and now this telegram saying they will not let us off. The dear girls have set their hearts upon the little jaunt, and so we are all ready to leave on the ten-o'clock train. But we'll be back to-morrow, of course, as it's my day at home, and some artists from the opera are engaged to sing for me. I can depend on you to take good care of yourself till we return, can't I? So good of you not to mind, but you see how it is.»

There was no opportunity allowed Selina to explain her own purpose of setting off for North Colchester before her hostess could resume her place as entertainer; for Mrs. Stapleton, for whom the carriage was waiting, her daughters already installed in it,—and not in the best of humors, be it said,—while a cab to follow held the two lady's-maids, hurried from the room.

Bright and early next morning Miss Smith was on her homeward way. Even as her train ran out of the unromantic gloom of the Grand Central Station a sense of peace and rest stole over her. By the time the familiar surroundings of her native town came into view she felt happier than in years. Whatever else had happened, Eve had tasted the apple, and she *knew*.

A LETTER left by the departing relative upon her cousin's table was read by Mrs. Stapleton with a few natural pangs of regret and mortification; but she resolved to send Selina a lovely present at Christmas, and the pile of correspondence with which Miss Smith's misfortune accompanied soon drove the unfortunate occurrence out of her head. In a week's time she was enabled to think complacently of the pleasant little peep into gay society Miss Smith had enjoyed through her.

It is said to have to put on record the fact that the Christmas token never went; but

poor Mrs. Stapleton's own Christmas gift was the announcement of her eldest son's marriage with a variety actress who had achieved renown; and a little later everybody was talking about the misfortune of the prettier of the Stapleton girls engaging herself to an impossible foreigner, against whom Mr. Stapleton had arisen in wrath with an order turning him out of the house. With these additions to her stock of cares, no wonder the good woman forgot what she had meant to do for that dear Selina Smith, «who had certainly the sweetest temper in the world.»

«Poor Elizabeth!» Selina had remarked with real feeling, at the end of a somewhat humor-

ous description of her visit, given for her mother's benefit—a description the details of which had been done with discretion.

«Ah, yes, poor thing!» sighed the dear old lady, comfortably.

Selina's mother never knew what her actual experience had been, and North Colchester in general congratulated itself upon the escape of its favorite daughter unscathed from the fiery ordeal of New York fashionable life.

«Don't know, but it seems to have kinder settled Selina Smith,» observed old Mrs. Clancy at a sewing-bee; and the voice of the public affirmed the judgment of their sage.

Constance Cary Harrison.

ALCESTIS.

I.

I TELL you that the gods give not, they sell!
 Their penalty for every golden boon,
 Pitiful hucksters, they demand full soon;
 And every counter grudging down they tell;
 Yea, cheat us with base metal unless well
 We watch them; strain the quality of our joy.
 And hardest bargainer is Venus' boy:
 «For so much heaven, so many hours of hell.»
 Yet when I come unto that shadowy place
 Of doom, and the gods taunt me with my pains,
 Shall I not answer them, though with set face
 And anguished eyes: «All depths of bliss I proved;
 Cast from my heaven, its memory yet remains.
 Yea, for I loved, and I have been beloved!

II.

«Therefore of Lethe's flood I will not drink,
 O cruel gods, though it should quench for aye
 This torment of fierce thirst! I thrust away
 The brimming beaker. Backward from the brink
 Of the dark flood wherein no star may blink
 I pass with hurrying feet; I will not slay
 Mine only joy! Let memory with me stay,
 And from your keenest torture I'll not shrink.
 Not like yon inky waters is my soul;
 The Star of Love is mirrored in my breast.
 I dare your fury; on me spend the whole.
 Tossed, tortured, stung to agonies of unrest,
 My heart burns through my bosom like a coal—
 I think on love, ye gods, and I am blessed!»

Alice Williams Brotherton.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

A TROPIC CLIMB.

WITH PICTURES BY GILBERT GAUL.

OUR «pen»—for that is what country dwelling-houses are called in the island of Jamaica—stands at the foot of a group of mountains near the eastern end of the island, and overlooks the broad plain which slopes to the town of Kingston, six or seven miles distant, and six or seven hundred feet below us. Beyond Kingston, with its bay and natural breakwater, extend the blue and hazy reaches of the Caribbean Sea southward toward Central America and the equator. The view to the east and west is inclosed by the spurs of the mountain-range plunging down to the shore.

All day long great surges of white and gray cloud break on the summits three or four thousand feet above us, and pour down in vaporous spray into the upper valleys. Often they drift overhead and drop showers upon us, though Kingston just below remains dry. There is seldom a time when the sun is not shining in some part of the land-

scape, even when the rain-drops are pattering sharply on our red-tiled roof; and therefore, if we look northward, we see splendid arcs of rainbow spanning the ravines and resting on the acclivities in that direction. The mountains are for the most part wooded to the top with tropical forest, though here and there are peaks denuded of timber and covered with grass, concerning which I shall have more to say presently.

For every two white persons on the island there are sixty negroes. Many of the latter live in tiny cabins high upon the mountains. Perhaps they choose these sites for their dwellings because land costs next to nothing there; perhaps because the tax-collector seldom cares to climb so high to get so little; or possibly they are attracted thither because the air is fresh and the temperature always comfortably cool at such altitudes, and frequent showers give vigor to their crops. They cultivate little patches of yams,

bananas, and coco (not cocoa nor coca, which are different plants entirely), and on market-days the women put in a basket whatever surplus is not needed for the family consumption, and walk down to Kingston with their baskets on their heads, sell their produce, and walk back again at night with the same springy, tireless step. The few sixpences that they get easily pay their weekly expenses, and leave a good surplus. It is a primitive and healthy life, and superb specimens of smiling ebony womanhood most of these mountain nymphs appear.

After speculating as to their domestic habits and environment for two or three weeks, I resolved to make a journey to the clouds, and see them with my own eyes. So one morning I put on a pair of buckskin moccasins and leather leggings, a flannel shirt, and a straw hat, took a bamboo staff which I had cut in the woods a few days before, and set forth. It happened to be the first day of January, 1894.

At ten o'clock A. M. the sky was cloudless, and the thermometer marked eighty degrees. Crossing the pasture above the house, I entered the forest, and followed a cow-path which presently brought me to a brook.

Already I was beyond sight and sound of civilization. The trees spread their branches overhead and shut out the sun better than any umbrella would have done it. But for the brook I should have been lost at once; for it served both as companion and guide, since it could not help leading me upward and to the neighborhood of whatever habitations the mountain might contain. Along its babbling course, therefore, I pursued my way.

Seen from a distance, these tropic woods look very like our own, save for the peculiar forms of the palms and bananas, and except that the masses of foliage are denser than in the North. As soon as you come to close quarters, however, you find that not a plant, from the gigantic silk-cottonwood to the smallest blade of grass, is identical with those at home.

Parasites of all kinds infest the tropic woods like the twisted cordage of wrecked vessels. There is a sort of silent fierceness about them that is appalling. Often you mistake them for the tree itself which they are devouring, so close and intimate is their fatal embrace. Once I saw a tree dying thus, and a second parasite upon the back of the first, which it was slowly destroying. A common sight is the liana, a vegetable rope, some no thicker than whip-cord, others inches in diameter. They hang straight down from

unknown heights of tall trees, the same size from top to bottom, and of considerable strength. I was climbing down a perpendicular cliff, and had got to a point where there seemed no possibility of descending farther and still less of returning, and was wondering how it would feel to drop forty feet to the bottom of the cliff, when I saw a two-inch rope hanging down at my left hand. It was a liana. I laid hold of it and gave it a tug; it was apparently anchored fast somewhere above, and it certainly reached to the foot of the rock. It was so preternaturally convenient that I felt some suspicion of it; but there was no alternative, and I finally went down it hand under hand like a sailor, and got off safe.

Smaller parasites grow in tufts on the boughs of trees, and are no doubt species of orchid; others, again, are like bunches of grass. Ferns grow in the notches of trunks, and there is a background of lovely mosses everywhere. Upon whatever point you fix your eye, beauty reveals itself beneath beauty, and there is no end of it. There are ferns as large as ordinary trees, and others as tiny and delicate as those which the winter frost draws on our Northern panes. In several places big boles of trees had fallen across the brook, and had in the course of years become the nucleus and nourishment of an exquisite riot of emerald-hued and velvety moss and fern growth; and there were great semicircular fungi as white as milk standing out from the stem, and others hanging from delicate stalks like little silken bags. The patterns and colors of the underlying lichens would make a study for a designer of diaper patterns. Whichever way you look, and in little as well as in large, you are impressed with the evidence of a ceaseless and immeasurable energy of life, never letting go or intermitting, always encroaching and increasing. There is no winter to give pause to the endless development and multiplication; day and night, year in and year out, they go on. Ages ago, centuries hence, it has been, and will be, the same. Mortal existence seems like a shadow amidst vitality such as this.

The brook makes the loudest and the only continuous sound in the forest. Throughout these shadowy regions insects seldom hum, nor do birds sing. The great jack buzzards float overhead in silence. There are no mosquitos at this season to pipe their infinitesimal treble in your ear. The leaves of the trees stand motionless as if in a hothouse. This absence of a breeze is one of the most



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A NATURAL LADDER.

striking characteristics of the tropics. Puffs of wind do pass over us, it is true, during each day; now it is the Southern wind coming up from the Caribbean, now the norther descending from the mountain heights. But neither of them lasts more than a few minutes at a time, and then once more all things stand immobile in the limpid atmosphere. It is no wonder that these months of calm now and again alternate with the mad fury and screaming of the hurricane.

No forests in the world are freer from all forms of animal and vegetable peril than those of Jamaica. The mongoos has long

since utterly exterminated every species of serpent; and though you may occasionally discover a miniature scorpion under a stone, its only desire will be to scuttle away, and if you force it to sting you, the pain and the danger are no greater than from a New England wasp or hornet. On the other hand, there are swarms of fireflies as big as bees, and more beautiful after dusk than anything outside of fairy-land. They come into the rooms, and float about, throwing lovely phosphorescent gleams along the walls and ceilings; or if you stand on the balcony and look out across the lawn, it is lighted all over with their soft elfin fires. But this is a digression.

The bed of the brook zigzagged upward through the ravine, keeping, however, a general direction east and west. It was not so dark in color as our brooks, nor were there weeds in its bed; its hue was a light brown, and it flowed over stones coated with a fine sediment, or in swifter reaches over coarse sand. The water was perfectly transparent, and of an agreeable coolness. It seemed as if there ought to be mountain trout in the deep pools, but I saw none; indeed, the only sign of life was a small dark crab, exactly like those that scuttle over our beaches at low tide, except that the claws of these little creatures were very small. I was surprised to find crabs in fresh water, and picked one out; he was as soft as jelly, though whether this is their normal state I know not.

The crest of the mountain on my right, ascending almost perpendicularly, hid the sun, so that the shade was even deeper than the trees alone could make it. I was in a perspiration, of course,—that is the proper condition of man in this latitude,—but I was not hot. By this time I had reached an altitude where the path threatened to abandon me. The path was a good deal of a phantom at best; if you looked away from it for a moment, you had to look twice before finding it again. It professed to follow the margins of the brook; but every few minutes it crossed the slender stream, resuming its identity at an indeterminate distance up the other side. Occasionally it would proceed directly up the bed of the brook itself, leaping from stone to stone, clambering over fallen tree-trunks or crawling underneath them, edging along an inch of strand on this side or circumventing a pool on that. Then you would arrive at an impossible ascent up a cataract or hopeless chevaux-de-frise of fallen timber. The path had vanished altogether. But just as you were about to retrace your steps and

through the day. The sun was shining brightly
and the air was warm and pleasant. The
people were all dressed in their best
clothing and the music was very
loud and clear. The people were all
very happy and the day was very
pleasant.

There was a large crowd of people
gathered in the square. The people were
all dressed in their best clothing and
the music was very loud and clear.
The people were all very happy and
the day was very pleasant.



THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH

The church was a large, old, stone building
with a thatched roof. It was surrounded
by trees and a fence. The people were
all dressed in their best clothing and
the music was very loud and clear.
The people were all very happy and
the day was very pleasant.

The church was a large, old, stone building
with a thatched roof. It was surrounded
by trees and a fence. The people were
all dressed in their best clothing and
the music was very loud and clear.
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company. Had the family perhaps seen me coming, and, fancying I was the tax-collector, concealed themselves in the surrounding shrubbery? I peered this way and that, but nothing was to be seen. It was odd; but there must be other cabins in the neighborhood, and I set forth to explore them.

A short scramble brought me back to the main road, so to call it, and I continued to ascend. At every hundred yards or so a path would branch out to the right or left, following which I would come to a cabin in all respects similar to the one I had first investigated; but to my great perplexity, every one of them was also absolutely empty. Out of all the dozen or fifteen that I stumbled over, not one had a sign of life about it. What could have happened? Had some secret signal to disappear been passed around, and were my movements being watched by eyes to me invisible? I began to feel embarrassed, if not uneasy. There had been a good deal of talk in the local papers lately about obi. Were these vanished people working up a spell with a view to my destruction? The absence of one or two families from the community might have been explained; but that all of them should desert their dwellings at the same time seemed strange, if not ominous. I had ascended an enchanted mountain, whence I should be spirited away, and see home and friends no more.

After all, thought I, these negroes are at bottom an uncivilized race. Christianity and association with the whites have changed their outward aspect only. In their hearts they are still African savages. Their ways are not ours, and we really know nothing about them. In these mountain villages, almost utterly secluded as they are, who can tell what things are done, what religion followed, what purposes formed? The colored folk seem very childlike and amiable; but cannot one smile and smile, and be an obi-man? Suppose, now, continued I to myself, that while you are innocently scrambling about here, lost in the clouds, and out of reach and knowledge of your friends, the inhabitants of these villages should be gathered together in some savage and ominous place, with skulls and toads and caldrons of hell-broth, performing a dire incantation, the object of which is to smite you with an incurable disease or cause you to fall down a precipice and break your neck. Is not such a thing conceivable? Is it not probable? Nay, can there be any other explanation of the emptiness of this entire village of cabins?

It would be clever of you, I added, to make the best of your way out of this neighborhood, and before you venture hither again to cause it to be understood by these people that your object in visiting their fastnesses is in all respects Christian and friendly.

However, I was now apparently so near the top of the mountain that I was loath to retire without having had one glimpse of the magnificent prospect which, in the nature of things, could not but be immediately at hand; besides, I hoped to find a way down shorter than that by which I had ascended, and to do that it was indispensable to see how the land lay. Accordingly I turned to the right, climbed a crooked path like a staircase, and all of a sudden I did discover an outlook over the island of Jamaica such as it was almost worth while to be the object of the wrath of the obi people to see.

I was so high up that almost the whole breadth of the great Liguanea plain was hidden from me, and the nearest object I could see was a large pen about two miles this side of Kingston. That town itself, therefore, seemed to lie almost at my feet; the harbor, capable of containing the fleets of several European powers of the first class, looked like a little pond encircled by a break-water no thicker than a pencil stroke; the keys outside it were little dots; and beyond uprose to an immense height the horizon of the Caribbean, level beyond level melting away from blue to gray, and from gray to aerial mist, finally uniting with the sky in imperceptible gradations of delicious color. Meanwhile, to the right and left the island lay displayed, descending out of heaven into the sea with profiles bold and headlong or undulating and sweet, one exquisite hue after another changing chameleon-like in the limpid distances, steeped in glorious sunshine, enriched with the dreamy shadows of slumbering clouds. The outlines tapered away, headland after headland, point after point, refined to indescribable delicacies of form and color, until solid earth became air, and angels might become men. In the nearer reaches white villas sparkled amidst the greeny purples of the foliage, and brighter spaces showed where sugar-cane grew, while everywhere the pile-work plumes of palm defined themselves. With the softly gleaming background, miniature the zenith was pure blue with a purplish tinge, in it, felt rather than discerned; wooden down, clouds in all imaginable shroud, shades of beauty formed a wondrous tasmagoria of various light and d to look

ing to outdo the splendor which lay beneath their brooding wings. A thousand feet below me a great bird soared majestic above the sunny slopes of the declivity, and, looking upward, still higher above me floated serene and inapproachable another king of the air, so far immersed in the remoter gulfs of the sky that he was more likely, I thought, to lose the earth altogether than to traverse again the awful spaces that separated him from it.

Could anything human or divine enhance the delight of such a scene as this? Sun-shine, shadow, color, lay in silence, tropically calm—the silence of height and space. Hark! what sound was that?

Incredible as it may seem, I fancied I had caught a strain of music. It had rolled forth stately and triumphant, apparently out of the bosom of the very atmosphere about me, bringing with it unaccountable memories of boyhood and of associations immeasurably far from these, and yet uniting in harmony with them. Was it imagination—the glory of things seen seeming to utter itself to the ear? For by what means could mortal music become audible on this breathless summit unless by some miracle of the inner sense? Or had I climbed within range of choirs not of earth, and been visited by the voices of the seraphim and cherubim singing the praises of God, who made this lovely earth and us and them?

No; it was not mortal imagination nor celestial miracle; for now the strain came once more, strong, rich, and joyful, the musical harmony of many voices of men and women uniting in a hearty pæan of worship and thanksgiving. It rose and swelled and sank again, and then, in the succeeding pause, I heard a voice mellow and homely repeating words that seemed familiar, and then the song burst forth anew. Surely I knew that hymn. What son of Christendom knows it not? What reader of the book of life has not, at some period of his career, stood in the midst of the congregation on a Sunday morning, and joined with what fervor was in him in that noble human chant which bids the mortal creature of his hand «praise a Father from whom all blessings flow»? Yea, not less and now I stood here in the tropics, on huge le: poles li' curling a of course the groun a few feet garden w

the Mount of Vision, and heard Old Hundred sung again, not by angels, but by a score or two of humble, dark-skinned fellow-creatures who had left their little cabins in the ravines and on the hillsides on this New Year's morning, and were gathered together in the Lord's name, and—who shall doubt it?—with his presence in the midst of them. It was a commonplace solution of the mystery of the deserted village and all the rest of it; but somehow or other, it touched a deep and tender place in me, and standing so high above the earth as I did, I felt abashed and humbled. I had been jesting about the obi, and this was the interpretation!

A few more steps brought me within sight of the roof and windows of a neat little church perched upon the very topmost summit of the mountain overlooking the world, and, as I venture to believe, in the near neighborhood of heaven. I stayed awhile, and then turned and clambered hastily down whence I had come; for I did not feel that I could honestly look that little congregation in the face. I had forgotten that New Year's day was Sunday to them, and I had speculated idly and injuriously as to the causes of their abandonment of home and business. I went down, down, through the shadowy ravines and narrow gorges, through the silent congregation of trees and plants, stumbling over fantastic roots and clutched by serpentine creepers. I did not notice them; my mind was on other things. But the murmur of the brook, after long singing unnoticed in my ears, at length penetrated to the channel of my thought, and the discords flowed away on its current. The steepness of the descent abated; I slackened my pace, and strolled at my ease beneath the green corridors and fretted roofs. A bird sang in a bush, a green lizard glanced across a stone, the forest lightened and broke away; and I entered the broad pasture, dotted here and there with sober mangos, and hedged with the prickly leaves of the penguin, from which I had set forth on my journey. It was the first day of the new year, and, thanks to the divinity which shapes our ends and out of idle curiosity brings forth fruits of beneficence, I doubt whether I could have spent the day to better advantage than I did.

Julian Hawthorne.



DRAWN BY FREDRICK BENNINGTON.

“HELLO, JOSÉ!”

A MAN AND SOME OTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE," ETC.

I.

DARK mesquit spread from horizon to horizon. There was no house or horseman from which a mind could evolve a city or a crowd. The world was declared to be a desert and unpeopled. Sometimes, however, on days when no heat-mist arose, a blue shape, dim, of the substance of a specter's veil, appeared in the southwest, and a pondering sheep-herder might remember that there were mountains.

In the silence of these plains the sudden and childish banging of a tin pan could have made an iron-nerved man leap into the air. The sky was ever flawless; the manœuvring of clouds was an unknown pageant; but at times a sheep-herder could see, miles away, the long, white streamers of dust rising from the feet of another's flock, and the interest became intense.

Bill was arduously cooking his dinner, bending over the fire, and toiling like a blacksmith. A movement, a flash of strange color, perhaps, off in the bushes, caused him suddenly to turn his head. Presently he arose, and, shading his eyes with his hand, stood motionless and gazing. He perceived at last a Mexican sheep-herder winding through the brush toward his camp.

"Hello!" shouted Bill.

The Mexican made no answer, but came steadily forward until he was within some twenty yards. There he paused, and, folding his arms, drew himself up in the manner affected by the villain in the play. His serape muffled the lower part of his face, and his great sombrero shaded his brow. Being unexpected and also silent, he had something of the quality of an apparition; moreover, it was clearly his intention to be mystic and sinister.

The American's pipe, sticking carelessly in the corner of his mouth, was twisted until the wrong side was uppermost, and he held his frying-pan poised in the air. He surveyed with evident surprise this apparition in the mesquit. "Hello, José!" he said; "what's the matter?"

The Mexican spoke with the solemnity of funeral tollings: "Beel, you mus' geet off range. We want you geet off range. We no like. Un'erstan'? We no like."

"What you talking about?" said Bill. "No like what?"

"We no like you here. Un'erstan'? Too mooch. You mus' geet out. We no like. Un'erstan'?"

"Understand? No; I don't know what the blazes you're gittin' at." Bill's eyes wavered in bewilderment, and his jaw fell. "I must git out? I must git off the range? What you givin' us?"

The Mexican unfolded his serape with his small yellow hand. Upon his face was then to be seen a smile that was gently, almost caressingly murderous. "Beel," he said, "git out!"

Bill's arm dropped until the frying-pan was at his knee. Finally he turned again toward the fire. "Go on, you dog-gone little yaller rat!" he said over his shoulder. "You fellers can't chase me off this range. I got as much right here as anybody."

"Beel," answered the other in a vibrant tone, thrusting his head forward and moving one foot, "you geet out or we keel you."

"Who will?" said Bill.

"I—and the others." The Mexican tapped his breast gracefully.

Bill reflected for a time, and then he said: "You ain't got no manner of license to warn me off'n this range, and I won't move a rod. Understand? I've got rights, and I suppose if I don't see 'em through, no one is likely to give me a good hand and help me lick you fellers, since I'm the only white man in half a day's ride. Now, look; if you fellers try to rush this camp, I'm goin' to plug about fifty per cent. of the gentlemen present, sure. I'm goin' in for trouble, an' I'll git a lot of you. 'Nuther thing: if I was a fine valuable cabalero like you, I'd stay in the rear till the shootin' was done, because I'm goin' to make a particular p'int of shootin' you through the chest." He grinned affably, and made a gesture of dismissal.

As for the Mexican, he waved his hands in a consummate expression of indifference. "Oh, all right," he said. Then, in a tone of deep menace and glee, he added: "We will keel you eef you no geet. They have decide'."

"They have, have they?" said Bill. "Well, you tell them to go to the devil!"

II.

BILL had been a mine-owner in Wyoming, a great man, an aristocrat, one who possessed unlimited credit in the saloons down the gulch. He had the social weight that could interrupt a lynching or advise a bad man of the particular merits of a remote geographical point. However, the fates exploded the toy balloon with which they had amused Bill, and on the evening of the same day he was a professional gambler with ill fortune dealing him unspeakable irritation in the shape of three big cards whenever another fellow stood pat. It is well here to inform the world that Bill considered his calamities of life all dwarfs in comparison with the excitement of one particular evening, when three kings came to him with criminal regularity against a man who always filled a straight. Later he became a cow-boy, more weirdly abandoned than if he had never been an aristocrat. By this time all that remained of his former splendor was his pride, or his vanity, which was one thing which need not have remained. He killed the foreman of the ranch over an inconsequent matter as to which of them was a liar, and the midnight train carried him eastward. He became a brakeman on the Union Pacific, and really gained high honors in the hobo war that for many years has devastated the beautiful railroads of our country. A creature of ill fortune himself, he practised all the ordinary cruelties upon these other creatures of ill fortune. He was of so fierce a mien that tramps usually surrendered at once whatever coin or tobacco they had in their possession; and if afterward he kicked them from the train, it was only because this was a recognized treachery of the war upon the hoboes. In a famous battle fought in Nebraska in 1879, he would have achieved a lasting distinction if it had not been for a deserter from the United States army. He was at the head of a heroic and sweeping charge, which really broke the power of the hoboes in that county for three months; he had already worsted four tramps with his own coupling-stick, when a stone thrown by the ex-third baseman of F Troop's nine laid him flat on the prairie, and later enforced a stay in the hospital in Omaha. After his recovery he engaged with other railroads, and shuffled cars in countless yards. An order to strike came upon him in Michigan, and afterward the vengeance of the railroad pursued him until he assumed a name. This mask is like the darkness in which the burglar chooses to move. It destroys many

of the healthy fears. It is a small thing, but it eats that which we call our conscience. The conductor of No. 419 stood in the caboose within two feet of Bill's nose, and called him a liar. Bill requested him to use a milder term. He had not bored the foreman of Tin Can Ranch with any such request, but had killed him with expedition. The conductor seemed to insist, and so Bill let the matter drop.

He became the bouncer of a saloon on the Bowery in New York. Here most of his fights were as successful as had been his brushes with the hoboes in the West. He gained the complete admiration of the four clean bartenders who stood behind the great and glittering bar. He was an honored man. He nearly killed Bad Hennessy, who, as a matter of fact, had more reputation than ability, and his fame moved up the Bowery and down the Bowery.

But let a man adopt fighting as his business, and the thought grows constantly within him that it is his business to fight. These phrases became mixed in Bill's mind precisely as they are here mixed; and let a man get this idea in his mind, and defeat begins to move toward him over the unknown ways of circumstances. One summer night three sailors from the U. S. S. *Seattle* sat in the saloon drinking and attending to other people's affairs in an amiable fashion. Bill was a proud man since he had thrashed so many citizens, and it suddenly occurred to him that the loud talk of the sailors was very offensive. So he swaggered upon their attention, and warned them that the saloon was the flowery abode of peace and gentle silence. They glanced at him in surprise, and without a moment's pause consigned him to a worse place than any stoker of them knew. Whereupon he flung one of them through the side door before the others could prevent it. On the sidewalk there was a short struggle, with many hoarse epithets in the air, and then Bill slid into the saloon again. A frown of false rage was upon his brow, and he strutted like a savage king. He took a long yellow night-stick from behind the lunch-counter, and started importantly toward the main doors to see that the incensed seamen did not again enter.

The ways of sailormen are without speech, and, together in the street, the three sailors exchanged no word, but they moved at once. Landsmen would have required three years of discussion to gain such unanimity. In silence, and immediately, they seized a long piece of scantling that lay handily. With one

forward to guide the battering-ram, and with two behind him to furnish the power, they made a beautiful curve, and came down like the Assyrians on the front door of that saloon.

Mystic and still mystic are the laws of fate. Bill, with his kingly frown and his long night-stick, appeared at precisely that moment in the doorway. He stood like a statue of victory; his pride was at its zenith; and in the same second this atrocious piece of scantling punched him in the bulwarks of his stomach, and he vanished like a mist. Opinions differed as to where the end of the scantling landed him, but it was ultimately clear that it landed him in southwestern Texas, where he became a sheep-herder.

The sailors charged three times upon the plate-glass front of the saloon, and when they had finished, it looked as if it had been the victim of a rural fire company's success in saving it from the flames. As the proprietor of the place surveyed the ruins, he remarked that Bill was a very zealous guardian of property. As the ambulance surgeon surveyed Bill, he remarked that the wound was really an excavation.

III.

As his Mexican friend tripped blithely away, Bill turned with a thoughtful face to his frying-pan and his fire. After dinner he drew his revolver from its scarred old holster, and examined every part of it. It was the revolver that had dealt death to the foreman, and it had also been in free fights in which it had dealt death to several or none. Bill loved it because its allegiance was more than that of man, horse, or dog. It questioned neither social nor moral position; it obeyed alike the saint and the assassin. It was the claw of the eagle, the tooth of the lion, the poison of the snake; and when he swept it from its holster, this minion smote where he listed, even to the battering of a far penny. Wherefore it was his dearest possession, and was not to be exchanged in southwestern Texas for a handful of rubies, nor even the shame and homage of the conductor of No. 419.

During the afternoon he moved through his monotony of work and leisure with the same air of deep meditation. The smoke of his supper-time fire was curling across the shadowy sea of mesquit when the instinct of the plainsman warned him that the stillness, the desolation, was again invaded. He saw a motionless horseman in black outline against the pallid sky. The silhouette displayed serape and sombrero, and even the Mexican spurs as

large as pies. When this black figure began to move toward the camp, Bill's hand dropped to his revolver.

The horseman approached until Bill was enabled to see pronounced American features, and a skin too red to grow on a Mexican face. Bill released his grip on his revolver.

«Hello!» called the horseman.

«Hello!» answered Bill.

The horseman cantered forward. «Good evening,» he said, as he again drew rein.

«Good evenin',» answered Bill, without committing himself by too much courtesy.

For a moment the two men scanned each other in a way that is not ill-mannered on the plains, where one is in danger of meeting horse-thieves or tourists.

Bill saw a type which did not belong in the mesquit. The young fellow had invested in some Mexican trappings of an expensive kind. Bill's eyes searched the outfit for some sign of craft, but there was none. Even with his local regalia, it was clear that the young man was of a far, black Northern city. He had discarded the enormous stirrups of his Mexican saddle; he used the small English stirrup, and his feet were thrust forward until the steel tightly gripped his ankles. As Bill's eyes traveled over the stranger, they lighted suddenly upon the stirrups and the thrust feet, and immediately he smiled in a friendly way. No dark purpose could dwell in the innocent heart of a man who rode thus on the plains.

As for the stranger, he saw a tattered individual with a tangle of hair and beard, and with a complexion turned brick-color from the sun and whisky. He saw a pair of eyes that at first looked at him as the wolf looks at the wolf, and then became childlike, almost timid, in their glance. Here was evidently a man who had often stormed the iron walls of the city of success, and who now sometimes valued himself as the rabbit values his prowess.

The stranger smiled genially, and sprang from his horse. «Well, sir, I suppose you will let me camp here with you to-night?»

«Eh?» said Bill.

«I suppose you will let me camp here with you to-night?»

Bill for a time seemed too astonished for words. «Well,»—he answered, scowling in inhospitable annoyance—«well, I don't believe this here is a good place to camp to-night, mister.»

The stranger turned quickly from his saddle-girth.

«What?» he said in surprise. «You don't

want me here? You don't want me to camp here?"

Bill's feet scuffled awkwardly, and he looked steadily at a cactus-plant. "Well, you see, mister," he said, "I'd like your company well enough, but—you see, some of these here greasers are goin' to chase me off the range to-night; and while I might like a man's company all right, I could n't let him in for no such game when he ain't got nothin' to do with the trouble."

"Going to chase you off the range?" cried the stranger.

"Well, they said they were goin' to do it," said Bill.

"And—great heavens! will they kill you, do you think?"

"Don't know. Can't tell till afterwards. You see, they take some feller that's alone like me, and then they rush his camp when he ain't quite ready for 'em, and generally plug 'im with a sawed-off shot-gun load before he has a chance to git at 'em. They lay around and wait for their chance, and it comes soon enough. Of course a feller alone like me has got to let up watching some time. Maybe they ketch 'im asleep. Maybe the feller gits tired waiting, and goes out in broad day, and kills two or three just to make the whole crowd pile on him and settle the thing. I heard of a case like that once. It's awful hard on a man's mind—to git a gang after him."

"And so they're going to rush your camp to-night?" cried the stranger. "How do you know? Who told you?"

"Feller come and told me."

"And what are you going to do? Fight?"

"Don't see nothin' else to do," answered Bill, gloomily, still staring at the cactus-plant.

There was a silence. Finally the stranger burst out in an amazed cry. "Well, I never heard of such a thing in my life! How many of them are there?"

"Eight," answered Bill. "And now look-a-here; you ain't got no manner of business foolin' around here just now, and you might better lope off before dark. I don't ask no help in this here row. I know your happenin' along here just now don't give me no call on you, and you better hit the trail."

"Well, why in the name of wonder don't you go get the sheriff?" cried the stranger.

"Oh, h——!" said Bill.

IV.

LONG, smoldering clouds spread in the western sky, and to the east silver mists lay on the purple gloom of the wilderness.

Finally, when the great moon climbed the heavens and cast its ghastly radiance upon the bushes, it made a new and more brilliant crimson of the camp-fire, where the flames capered merrily through its mesquit branches, filling the silence with the fire chorus, an ancient melody which surely bears a message of the inconsequence of individual tragedy—a message that is in the boom of the sea, the siver of the wind through the grass-blades, the silken clash of hemlock boughs.

No figures moved in the rosy space of the camp, and the search of the moonbeams failed to disclose a living thing in the bushes. There was no owl-faced clock to chant the weariness of the long silence that brooded upon the plain.

The dew gave the darkness under the mesquit a velvet quality that made air seem nearer to water, and no eye could have seen through it the black things that moved like monster lizards toward the camp. The branches, the leaves, that are fain to cry out when death approaches in the wilds, were frustrated by these mystic bodies gliding with the finesse of the escaping serpent. They crept forward to the last point where assuredly no frantic attempt of the fire could discover them, and there they paused to locate the prey. A romance relates the tale of the black cell hidden deep in the earth, where, upon entering, one sees only the little eyes of snakes fixing him in menaces. If a man could have approached a certain spot in the bushes, he would not have found it romantically necessary to have his hair rise. There would have been a sufficient expression of horror in the feeling of the death-hand at the nape of his neck and in his rubber knee-joints.

Two of these bodies finally moved toward each other until for each there grew out of the darkness a face placidly smiling with tender dreams of assassination. "The fool is asleep by the fire, God be praised!" The lips of the other widened in a grin of affectionate appreciation of the fool and his plight. There was some signaling in the gloom, and then began a series of subtle rustlings, interjected often with pauses, during which no sound arose but the sound of faint breathing.

A bush stood like a rock in the stream of firelight, sending its long shadow backward. With painful caution the little company traveled along this shadow, and finally arrived at the rear of the bush. Through its branches they surveyed for a moment of comfortable satisfaction a form in a gray blanket extended on the ground near the fire.

The smile of joyful anticipation fled quickly, to give place to a quiet air of business. Two men lifted shot-guns with much of the barrels gone, and sighting these weapons through the branches, pulled trigger together.

The noise of the explosions roared over the lonely mesquit as if these guns wished to inform the entire world; and as the gray smoke fled, the dodging company back of the bush saw the blanketed form twitching. Whereupon they burst out in chorus in a laugh, and arose as merry as a lot of banqueters. They gleefully gestured congratulations, and strode bravely into the light of the fire.

Then suddenly a new laugh rang from some unknown spot in the darkness. It was a fearsome laugh of ridicule, hatred, ferocity. It might have been demoniac. It smote them motionless in their gleeful prowl, as the stern voice from the sky smites the legendary malefactor. They might have been a weird group in wax, the light of the dying fire on their yellow faces, and shining athwart their eyes turned toward the darkness whence might come the unknown and the terrible.

The thing in the gray blanket no longer twitched; but if the knives in their hands had been thrust toward it, each knife was now drawn back, and its owner's elbow was thrown upward, as if he expected death from the clouds.

This laugh had so chained their reason that for a moment they had no wit to flee. They were prisoners to their terror. Then suddenly the belated decision arrived, and with bubbling cries they turned to run; but at that instant there was a long flash of red in the darkness, and with the report one of the men shouted a bitter shout, spun once, and tumbled headlong. The thick bushes failed to impede the rout of the others.

The silence returned to the wilderness. The tired flames faintly illumined the blanketed thing and the flung corse of the marauder, and sang the fire chorus, the ancient melody which bears the message of the inconsequence of human tragedy.

v.

"Now you are worse off than ever," said the young man, dry-voiced and awed.

"No, I ain't," said Bill, rebelliously. "I'm one ahead."

After reflection, the stranger remarked, "Well, there's seven more."

They were cautiously and slowly approaching the camp. The sun was flaring its first warming rays over the gray wilderness.

Upreared twigs, prominent branches, shone with golden light, while the shadows under the mesquit were heavily blue.

Suddenly the stranger uttered a frightened cry. He had arrived at a point whence he had, through openings in the thicket, a clear view of a dead face.

"Gosh!" said Bill, who at the next instant had seen the thing; "I thought at first it was that there José. That would have been queer, after what I told 'im yesterday."

They continued their way, the stranger wincing in his walk, and Bill exhibiting considerable curiosity.

The yellow beams of the new sun were touching the grim hues of the dead Mexican's face, and creating there an inhuman effect, which made his countenance more like a mask of dulled brass. One hand, grown curiously thinner, had been flung out regardlessly to a cactus bush.

Bill walked forward and stood looking respectfully at the body. "I know that feller; his name is Miguel. He—"

The stranger's nerves might have been in that condition when there is no backbone to the body, only a long groove. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, much agitated; "don't speak that way!"

"What way?" said Bill. "I only said his name was Miguel."

After a pause the stranger said:

"Oh, I know; but—" He waved his hand. "Lower your voice, or something. I don't know. This part of the business rattles me, don't you see?"

"Oh, all right," replied Bill, bowing to the other's mysterious mood. But in a moment he burst out violently and loud in the most extraordinary profanity, the oaths winging from him as the sparks go from the funnel.

He had been examining the contents of the bundled gray blanket, and he had brought forth, among other things, his frying-pan. It was now only a rim with a handle; the Mexican volley had centered upon it. A Mexican shot-gun of the abbreviated description is ordinarily loaded with flat-irons, stove-lids, lead pipe, old horseshoes, sections of chain, window weights, railroad sleepers and spikes, dumb-bells, and any other junk which may be at hand. When one of these loads encounters a man vitally, it is likely to make an impression upon him, and a cooking-utensil may be supposed to subside before such an assault of curiosities.

Bill held high his desecrated frying-pan, turning it this way and that way. He swore until he happened to note the absence of the

stranger. A moment later he saw him leading his horse from the bushes. In silence and sullenly the young man went about saddling the animal. Bill said, «Well, goin' to pull out?»

The stranger's hands fumbled uncertainly at the throat-latch. Once he exclaimed irritably, blaming the buckle for the trembling of his fingers. Once he turned to look at the dead face with the light of the morning sun upon it. At last he cried, «Oh, I know the whole thing was all square enough—could n't be squarer—but—somehow or other, that man there takes the heart out of me.» He turned his troubled face for another look. «He seems to be all the time calling me a—he makes me feel like a murderer.»

«But,» said Bill, puzzling, «you did n't shoot him, mister; I shot him.»

«I know; but I feel that way, somehow. I can't get rid of it.»

Bill considered for a time; then he said diffidently, «Mister, you're a' eddycated man, ain't you?»

«What?»

«You're what they call a'—a' eddycated man, ain't you?»

The young man, perplexed, evidently had a question upon his lips, when there was a roar of guns, bright flashes, and in the air such hooting and whistling as would come from a swift flock of steam-boilers. The stranger's horse gave a mighty, convulsive spring, snorting wildly in its sudden anguish, fell upon its knees, scrambled afoot again, and was away in the uncanny death run known to men who have seen the finish of brave horses.

«This comes from discussin' things,» cried Bill, angrily.

He had thrown himself flat on the ground facing the thicket whence had come the firing. He could see the smoke winding over the bush-tops. He lifted his revolver, and the weapon came slowly up from the ground and poised like the glittering crest of a snake. Somewhere on his face there was a kind of smile, cynical, wicked, deadly, of a ferocity which at the same time had brought a deep flush to his face, and had caused two upright lines to glow in his eyes.

«Hello, José!» he called, amiable for satire's sake. «Got your old blunderbusses loaded up again yet?»

The stillness had returned to the plain. The sun's brilliant rays swept over the sea of mesquit, painting the far mists of the west with faint rosy light, and high in the air some great bird fled toward the south.

«You come out here,» called Bill, again

addressing the landscape, «and I'll give you some shootin' lessons. That ain't the way to shoot.» Receiving no reply, he began to invent epithets and yell them at the thicket. He was something of a master of insult, and, moreover, he dived into his memory to bring forth imprecations tarnished with age, unused since fluent Bowery days. The occupation amused him, and sometimes he laughed so that it was uncomfortable for his chest to be against the ground.

Finally the stranger, prostrate near him, said wearily, «Oh, they've gone.»

«Don't you believe it,» replied Bill, sobering swiftly. «They're there yet—every man of 'em.»

«How do you know?»

«Because I do. They won't shake us so soon. Don't put your head up, or they'll get you, sure.»

Bill's eyes, meanwhile, had not wavered from their scrutiny of the thicket in front. «They're there, all right; don't you forget it. Now you listen.» So he called out: «José! Ojo, José! Speak up, *hombre!* I want have talk. Speak up, you yaller cuss, you!»

Whereupon a mocking voice from off in the bushes said, «Señor?»

«There,» said Bill to his ally; «did n't I tell you? The whole batch.» Again he lifted his voice. «José—look—ain't you gittin' kinder tired? You better go home, you fellers, and git some rest.»

The answer was a sudden furious chatter of Spanish, eloquent with hatred, calling down upon Bill all the calamities which life holds. It was as if some one had suddenly enraged a cageful of wildcats. The spirits of all the revenges which they had imagined were loosened at this time, and filled the air.

«They're in a holler,» said Bill, chuckling, «or there'd be shootin'!»

Presently he began to grow angry. His hidden enemies called him nine kinds of coward, a man who could fight only in the dark, a baby who would run from the shadows of such noble Mexican gentlemen, a dog that sneaked. They described the affair of the previous night, and informed him of the base advantage he had taken of their friend. In fact, they in all sincerity endowed him with every quality which he no less earnestly believed them to possess. One could have seen the phrases bite him as he lay there on the ground fingering his revolver.

VI.

It is sometimes taught that men do the furious and desperate thing from an emotion

that is as even and placid as the thoughts of a village clergyman on Sunday afternoon. Usually, however, it is to be believed that a panther is at the time born in the heart, and that the subject does not resemble a man picking mulberries.

«B' G——!» said Bill, speaking as from a throat filled with dust, «I'll go after 'em in a minute.»

«Don't you budge an inch!» cried the stranger, sternly. «Don't you budge!»

«Well,» said Bill, glaring at the bushes—«well—»

«Put your head down!» suddenly screamed the stranger, in white alarm. As the guns roared, Bill uttered a loud grunt, and for a moment leaned panting on his elbow, while his arm shook like a twig. Then he upreared like a great and bloody spirit of vengeance, his face lighted with the blaze of his last passion. The Mexicans came swiftly and in silence.

The lightning action of the next few moments was of the fabric of dreams to the stranger. The muscular struggle may not be real to the drowning man. His mind may be fixed on the far, straight shadows back of the stars, and the terror of them. And so the fight, and his part in it, had to the stranger only the quality of a picture half drawn. The rush of feet, the spatter of shots, the cries, the swollen faces seen like masks on the smoke, resembled a happening of the night.

And yet afterward certain lines, forms, lived out so strongly from the incoherence that they were always in his memory.

He killed a man, and the thought went swiftly by him, like the feather on the gale, that that was easy to kill a man.

Moreover, he suddenly felt for Bill, this grimy sheep-herder, some deep form of idola-

try. Bill was dying, and the dignity of last defeat, the superiority of him who stands in his grave, was in the pose of the lost sheep-herder.

THE stranger sat on the ground idly mopping the sweat and powder-stain from his brow. He wore the gentle idiot smile of an aged beggar as he watched three Mexicans limping and staggering in the distance. He noted at this time that one who still possessed a serape had from it none of the grandeur of the cloaked Spaniard, but that against the sky the silhouette resembled a cornucopia of childhood's Christmas.

They turned to look at him, and he lifted his weary arm to menace them with his revolver. They stood for a moment banded together, and hooted curses at him.

Finally he arose, and, walking some paces, stooped to loosen Bill's gray hands from a throat. Swaying as if slightly drunk, he stood looking down into the still face.

Struck suddenly with a thought, he went about with dulled eyes on the ground, until he plucked his gaudy blanket from where it lay dirty from trampling feet. He dusted it carefully, and then returned and laid it over Bill's form. There he again stood motionless, his mouth just agape and the same stupid glance in his eyes, when all at once he made a gesture of fright and looked wildly about him.

He had almost reached the thicket when he stopped, smitten with alarm. A body contorted, with one arm stiff in the air, lay in his path. Slowly and warily he moved around it, and in a moment the bushes, nodding and whispering, their leaf-faces turned toward the scene behind him, swung and swung again into stillness and the peace of the wilderness.

Stephen Crane.

SURPASSED.

THE strenuous gull beats down the sweeping wind;
The lark, aspiring, sings in viewless sky:
But I, who have so hoped and dreamed and loved—
How less than these am I!

O silver gull, thy calm of tireless flight,
Unresting peace, be mine;
And thou, familiar of the skies, teach me
An ecstasy like thine.

Grace Duffield Goodwin.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.¹

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of «Mr. Isaacs,» «Saracinesca,» «Casa Braccio,» etc.

IX.



LYNEL WIMPOLLE looked positively old that evening when he went down to dinner with his sister and Sylvia. His face was drawn and weary, and the fine lines a little in small wrinkles, but

down in his gray eyes there was a far-off gleam of danger-light.

Sylvia looked down when she met him, and she was very silent and grave at first. At dinner she sat between him and Miss Wimpolle, and for some time she scarcely dared to breathe at him. He, on his part, was too much preoccupied to speak much, and she thought he was displeased. Nevertheless, he was more than usually thoughtful for her. She understood by the way he sat, and even by the half-consciousness shrinking of the elbow next to her, that he was sorry for her. At table, seated close together, there is a whole language in one's neighbor's elbow, and an unlimited power of expression in its way of smiling caresses. Very perceptive people understand that. Primarily, in savage life, the weak man turns his elbow out, while the timid one presses them to his sides as though not to give offense with them. Society teaches us to put on some little airs of simpering as a substitute for the modesty that few feel, and we accordingly draw in our elbows when we are near any one. It is ridiculous enough, but there are a hundred ways of doing it, a hundred degrees of readiness, unwillingness, pride, and consideration for others, as well as sympathy for their troubles or in their successes, all of which are perfectly natural to refined people, and almost perfectly unconscious. The movement of a man's jaws at dinner shows much of his real character, but the movement of the elbows shows with fair accuracy the degree of refinement in which he has been brought up.

Sylvia was sure that the colonel was sorry for her, and the certainty irritated her; for

she hated to be pitied, and most of all for having done something foolish. She glanced at Wimpolle's tired face just when he was looking a little away from her, and she was startled by the change in his features since the early afternoon. It needed no very keen perception to see that he was in profound anxiety of some kind, and she knew of nothing which could have disturbed him deeply but her own conduct.

Under the vivid light of the public dining-table he looked old; that was undeniable, and it was really the first time that Sylvia had ever connected the idea of age with him. Just beyond him sat a man in the very prime of strength, one of those magnificent specimens of humanity seen as one sees waterfalls in traveling, but worn out very rarely known in acquaintance. He could not have been more than twenty-eight years old, straight in his seat, broad-shouldered, with thick, close golden hair and spread golden beard, white forehead and sunburned cheeks, broad, well-modelled brows and fearless nose, and altogether manly in spite of his youth. As he leaned forward a little, his fresh young face appeared beside the colonel's tired profile in vivid contrast.

For the first time Sylvia realized the meaning of Wimpolle's words spoken that afternoon. He might almost have been her grandfather, and he was in reality of precisely the same age as her father. Sylvia looked down again, and reflected that she must have made a mistake with herself. Youth can sometimes close its eyes to gray hair, but it can never associate the idea of love with old age when clearly brought to the perception.

For at least five minutes the world seemed utterly hollow to Sylvia as she sat there. She did not even wonder why she had thought the colonel young until then. The sudden dropping out of her first great illusion left a void as big and as hollow as itself.

She turned her head and looked once more, and there again was the gloomy, unsmiling mouth of the stranger, almost staring her.

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and making the poor colonel look more than ever old, with his pale, furrowed cheeks and wrinkled eyelids. She thought a moment, and then she was sure that she could never like such a terribly handsome young man, and at the same instant, for the first time in her life, she felt that natural, foolish, human pity which only extreme youth feels for old age, and she wondered why she had not always felt it; for it seemed quite natural, and was altogether in accordance with the rest of her feelings for the colonel, with her reverence for his perfect character, her admiration for his past deeds, her attachment to his quiet, protective, wise, and all-gentle manliness. That was her view of his qualities, and she had to admit that, though he had them all, he was what she called old. She had taken for love what was only a combination of reverence and attachment and admiration. She realized her mistake in a flash, and it seemed to her that the core had withered in the fruit of the universe.

Just then the colonel turned to her, holding his glass in his hand.

"We must not forget that it is your birthday, my dear," he said, and his natural smile came back. "Rachel," he added, speaking to his sister across the young girl, "let us drink Sylvia's health on her eighteenth birthday."

Miss Wimpole usually took a little thin Moselle with the cold water she drank. She solemnly raised the glass, and inclined her head as she looked first at Sylvia and then at the colonel.

"Thank you," said Sylvia, rather meekly.

Then they all relapsed into silence. The people at the big table talked fast in low tones, and the clattering of dishes and plates and knives and forks went on steadily and untunefully all around. Sylvia felt lonely in the unindividual atmosphere of the Swiss hotel. She hated the terribly handsome young man with a mortal hatred because he made the colonel look old. She could not help seeing him whenever she turned toward Wimpole. At last she spoke softly, looking down at her plate.

"Uncle Richard," she said, to call his attention.

He was not really her uncle, and she almost always called him "colonel" half playfully, and because she had hated the suggestion of age that is conveyed by the word "uncle." Wimpole turned to her quietly.

"Yes, my dear," he said; "what is it?"

"I suppose I was very foolish to-day, was n't I?" asked Sylvia, very low indeed, and a bright blush played upon her pretty face.

The colonel was a courteous man, and was also very fond of her.

"A woman need never be wise when she is lovely," he said in his rather old-fashioned way, and he smiled affectionately at the young girl. "It is quite enough if she is good."

But she did not smile; on the contrary, her face became very grave.

"I am in earnest," she said; and she waited a moment before saying more. "I was very foolish," she continued thoughtfully. "I did not understand—or I did not realize—I don't know. You have been so much to me all my life, and there is nobody like you, of course. It seemed to me—I mean, it seems to me—that is very much like really caring for some one, is n't it? You know what I mean; I can't express it."

"You mean that it is a good deal like love, I suppose," answered the colonel, speaking gravely now. "Yes, I suppose that love is better when people believe each other to be angels; but it is not that sort of thing which makes love what it is."

"What is it, then?" Sylvia was glad to ask any question that helped to break through the awkwardness and embarrassment she felt toward him.

"There are a great many kinds of love," he said; "but I think there is only one kind worth having. It is the kind that begins when one is young and lasts all one's life."

"Is that all?" asked Sylvia, innocently, and in a disappointed tone.

"All!" The colonel laughed softly, and a momentary light of happiness came into his face, for that all was all he had ever had. "Is not that enough, my dear?" he asked. "To love one woman or man with all one's heart for thirty or forty years? Never to be disappointed? Never to feel that one has made a mistake? Never to fear that love may grow old because one grows old one's self? Is not that enough?"

"Ah, yes! That would be, indeed. But you did not say all those other things at first."

"They are just what make a lifelong love," answered the colonel. "But then," he added, "there are a great many degrees far below that. I am sure I have seen people quite really in love with each other for a week."

Sylvia suddenly looked almost angry as she glanced at him.

"That sort of thing ought not to be called love at all!" she answered energetically. "It is nothing but a miserable flirtation—a miserable, wretched, unworthy flirtation."

"I quite agree with you," said Wimpole, smiling at her vehemence.

"Why do you laugh?" she asked, almost offended by his look. His smile disappeared instantly.

"You hit the world very hard, my dear," he answered.

"I hate the world!" cried Sylvia.

She was just eighteen. Wimpole knew that she felt an innocent and instinctive repulsion for what the world meant to him, and for all the great, sinful unknown. He disliked it himself, with the steady, subdued dislike which is hatred in such natures as his, both because it was contrary to his character and for Sylvia's sake, who must surely one day know something of it. So he did not laugh at her sweeping declaration. She hated the world before knowing it, but he hated it in full knowledge. That was a bond of sympathy like any other. To each of us the world means both what we know and what we suspect, both what we see and the completion of it in the unseen, both the outward lives of our companions, which we can judge, and their inward motives, which we dimly guess.

But on this evening Sylvia felt that the world was particularly odious, for she had suffered a first humiliation in her own eyes. She thought that she had lowered herself in the colonel's estimation, and she had discovered that she had made a great mistake with herself about him.

"I hate the world!" she repeated in a lower tone, almost to herself; and her eyes gleamed with young anger, while her delicate, curling lips just showed her small white teeth.

Wimpole watched her face.

"That is no reason for hating yourself," he said gently.

She started, and turned her eyes to him; then she blushed and looked away.

"You must not guess my thoughts," she answered; "it is not kind."

"I did not mean to. I am sorry."

"Oh, you could not help it, of course. I was so foolish to-day."

The blush deepened, and she said nothing more. The colonel returned to his own secret trouble, and on Sylvia's other side Miss Wimpole was silently planning a charitable institution of unusual severity, while she peeled an orange with the most scrupulous neatness and precision.

X.

HELEN HARMON went out alone to mail her letter. She would not have done such a thing in any great city of Europe, but there is a sense of safety in the dull, impersonal atmosphere of Lucerne, and it was a relief to her

to be out in the open air alone; it would be a still greater relief to have dropped the letter into the mysterious slit which is the first stage on the road to everywhere.

No one ever thinks of the straight little cut with its metal cover as being at all tragical; and yet it is as tragic as the jaws of death, in its way. Many a man and woman has stood before it with a letter, and hesitated; and every one has, at some time or other, felt the sharp twist at the heart, which is the wrench of the irrevocable, when the envelop has just slipped away into darkness. The words cannot be unwritten any more after that, nor burned, nor taken back. A telegram may contradict them, or explain them, or ask pardon for them; but the message will inevitably be read, and do its work of peace or war, of challenge or forgiveness, of cruelty or kindness or indifference.

Helen did not mean to hesitate, for she hastened toward the moment of looking back upon a deed now hard to do. It was not far to the post-office, either, and the thing could soon be done. Yet in her brain there was a surging of uncertainties and a whirling of purposes, in the midst of which she clung hard to her determination, though it should cost ever so dear to carry it out. She had not half thought over all the consequences yet, nor all it must mean to her to be separated from her son. The results of her action sprang up now like sudden dangers, and tried to frighten her from her purpose, tried to gain time against her to show themselves, tried to terrify her back to inaction and doubt. Something asked her roughly whence she had got the conviction that she was doing right at all. Another something, more subtle, whispered that she was sacrificing Archie for the sake of her own morbid conscience, and making herself a martyr's crown, not of her own sufferings only, but of her son's loss in losing her. It told her that the letter she held in her hand was a mistake, but not irrevocable until it should have slipped into the dark entrance of the road to everywhere.

She had still a dozen steps to make before reaching the big white building that stands across the corner of the street, and she was hurrying on lest she should not reach the door in time. Then she almost ran against Colonel Wimpole, walking slowly along the pavement, where there was a half-shadow. Both stopped short and looked at each other in surprise. He saw the letter in her hand, and guessed that she had written to her husband.

«I was only going to the post-office,» she said half apologetically; for she thought that he must wonder why she had come out alone at such an hour.

«Will you let me walk with you?» he asked.

«Yes.»

He made a step forward, as though expecting her to turn back from her errand and go with him.

«Not that way,» she said. «I must go to the post-office first.»

«No; please don't.» He placed himself in her way.

«I must.»

She spoke emphatically, and stood still, facing him; while their eyes met again, and neither spoke for a few seconds.

«You are ruining your life,» he said after the pause. «When that letter is gone you will never be able to get it back.»

«I know; I shall not wish to.»

«You will.» His lips set themselves rather firmly as he opposed her, but her face darkened.

«Is this a trial of strength between us?» she asked.

«Yes; I mean to keep you from going back to Henry Harmon.»

«I have made up my mind,» Helen answered.

«So have I,» said Wimpole.

«How can you hinder me? You cannot prevent me from sending this letter, nor from going to him if I choose. And I have chosen to go; that ends it.»

«You are mistaken. You are reckoning without me, and I will make it impossible.»

«You? How? Even if I send this letter?»

«Yes. Come and walk a little, and we can talk. If you insist upon it, drop your letter into the box. But it will only complicate matters, for you shall not go back to Harmon.»

Again she looked at him. He had never spoken in this way during all the years of their acknowledged friendship and unspoken love. She felt that she resented his words and manner, but at the same time that she loved him better and admired him more. He was stronger and more dominant than she had guessed.

«You have no right to say such things to me,» she answered; «but I will walk with you for a few minutes. Of course you can prevent me from sending my letter now. I can take it to the post-office by and by.»

«You cannot suppose that I mean to prevent you by force,» said Wimpole, and he stood aside to let her pass if she would.

«You said that it was a trial of strength,» she answered.

She hesitated one moment, and then turned and began to walk with him. They crossed the street to the side by which the river runs, away from the hotels and the houses. It was darker there and more quiet, and they felt more alone. It would seem easier, too, to talk in the open air, with the sound of the rushing water in their ears. He was the first to speak then.

«I want to explain,» he said quietly.

«Yes.» She waited for him to go on.

«I suppose that there are times in life when it is better to throw over one's own scruples, if one has any,» he began. «I have never done anything to be very proud of, perhaps; but I never did anything to be ashamed of, either. Perhaps I shall be ashamed of what I am going to say now. I don't care. I would rather commit a crime than let you wreck your whole existence; but I hope you will not make me do that.»

They had stopped in their walk, and were leaning against the railing that runs along the bank.

«You are talking rather desperately,» said Helen, in a low voice.

«It is rather a desperate case,» Wimpole answered. «I talk as well as I can, and there are things which I must tell you, whatever you think of me—things I never meant to say, but which have made up most of my life. I never meant to tell you—»

«What?»

«That I love you. That is the chief thing.»

The words did not sound at all like a lover's speech as he spoke them. He had drawn himself up, and stood quite straight, holding the rail with his hands. He spoke coolly, with a sort of military precision, as though he were facing an enemy's fire. There was not exactly an effort in his voice, but the tone showed that he was doing a hard thing at that moment. Then he was silent, and Helen said nothing for a long time. She was leaning over the rail, trying to see the running water in the dark.

«Thank you,» she said at last, very simply, and there was another pause.

«I did not expect you to say that,» he answered presently.

«Why not? We are not children, you and I. Besides, I knew it.»

«Not from me!» Wimpole turned almost sharply upon her.

«No; not from you. You wrote Henry a letter many years ago; do you remember? I had to read everything when he went to the

asylum, so I read that too. He had kept it all those years."

"I am sorry; I never meant you to know. But it does not matter now, since I have told you myself."

He spoke coldly again, almost indifferently, looking straight before him into the night.

"It matters a great deal," said Helen, almost to herself, and he did not hear her.

She kept her head bent down, though he could not have seen her face clearly if she had looked up at him. Her letter burned her, and she hated herself and loved him. She despised herself because, in the midst of the greatest sacrifice of her life, she had felt the breath of far delight in words that cost him so much. Yet she would have suffered much, even in her good pride, rather than have had them unspoken, for she had unknowingly waited for them half a lifetime. Being a good woman, she was too much a woman to speak one word in return beyond the simple thanks that sounded so strangely to him; for women exaggerate both good and evil as no man can.

"I know, I know!" he said, suddenly continuing. "You are married, and I should not speak. I believe in those things as much as you do, though I am a man, and most men would laugh at me for being so scrupulous. You ought never to have known, and I meant that you never should. But then you are married to Harmon still because you choose to be and because you will not be free. Does not that make a difference?"

"No, not that; that makes no difference." She raised her head a little.

"But it does now," answered Wimpole. "It is because I do love you just as I do, with all my heart, that I mean to keep you from him, whether it is right or wrong. Don't you see that right and wrong only matter to one's own miserable self? I shall not care what becomes of my soul if I can keep you from all that unhappiness—from that real danger. It does not matter what becomes of me afterward; even if I were to go straight to New York, and kill Harmon, and be hanged for the murder, it would not matter so long as you were free and safe."

The man had fought in honorable battles, and had killed, and knew what it meant.

"Is that what you intend to do?" asked Helen, and her voice shook.

"It would mean a great deal if I had to do it," he answered quietly enough. "It would show that I loved you very much. For I have been an honorable man all my life, and have never done anything to be ashamed of. I

should be killing a good deal besides Henry Harmon, but I would give it to make you happy, Helen. I am in earnest."

"You could not make me happy in that way."

"No; I suppose not. I shall find some other way. In the first place, I shall see Harmon and talk to him—"

"How? When?" Helen turned up her face in surprise.

"If you send that letter I shall leave to-night," said the colonel. "I shall reach New York as soon as your letter, and see Harmon before he reads it, and tell him what I think."

"You will not do that?" She did not know whether she was frightened or not by the idea.

"I will," he answered; "I will not stay here tamely and let you wreck your life. If you mail your letter I shall take the midnight train to Paris. I told you that I was in earnest."

Helen was silent, for she saw a new difficulty and more trouble before her, as though the last few hours had not brought her enough.

"I think," said Wimpole, "that I could persuade Harmon not to accept your generosity."

"I am not doing anything generous. You are making it hard for me to do what is right. You are almost threatening to do something violent to hinder me."

"No; I know perfectly well that I should never do anything of that sort, and I think you know it too. To treat Harmon as he deserves would certainly make a scandal which must reflect upon you."

"Please remember that he is still my husband;—"

"Yes," interrupted Wimpole, bitterly; "and that is his only title to consideration."

Helen was on the point of rebuking him, but reflected that what he said was probably true.

"Please respect it then, if you think so," she said quietly enough. "You say that you care for me—no, I won't put it so—you do care for me. You love me, and I know you do. Let us be perfectly honest with each other. As long as you help me to do right, it is not wrong to love me as you do, though I am another man's wife. But as soon as you stand between me and my husband, it is wrong—wicked! It is wicked, no matter what he may have been to me. That has nothing to do with it. It is coming between man and wife—"

"Oh, really, that is going rather far!"

Wimpole raised his head a little higher, and seemed to breathe the night air angrily through his nostrils.

«No,» answered Helen, persistently, for she was arguing against her heart, if not against her head; «it is not going at all too far. Such things should be taken for granted, or at least they should be left to the man and wife in question to decide. No one has any right to interfere, and no one shall. If I can forgive, you can have nothing to resent; for the mere fact of your liking me very much does not give you any sort of right to direct my life, does it? I am glad that you are so fond of me, for I trust you and respect you in every way, and even now I know that you are interfering only because you care for me. But you have not the right to interfere, not the slightest; and although you may be able to, yet if I beg you not to, it will not be honorable of you to come between us.»

Colonel Wimpole moved a little impatiently.

«I will take my honor into my own hands,» he said.

«But not mine,» answered Helen.

They looked at each other in the gloom as they leaned upon the railing.

«Yours shall be quite safe,» said the colonel, slowly. «But if you will drop that letter into the river you will make things easier in every way.»

«I should write it over again. Besides, I have telegraphed to him already.»

«What? Cabled?»

«Yes; you see that you can do nothing to hinder me. He has my message already; the matter is decided.»

She bent her head again, looking down into the rushing water as though tired of arguing.

«You are a saint,» said the colonel; «I could not have done that.»

«Perhaps I could not if I had waited,» answered Helen, in a voice so low that he could hardly hear the words. «But it is done now,» she added still lower, so that he could not hear at all.

Wimpole had been a man of quick decisions so long as he had been a soldier, but since then he had cultivated the luxury of thinking slowly. He began to go over the situation, trying to see what he could do, not losing courage yet, but understanding how very hard it would be to keep Helen from sacrificing herself.

And she peered down at the black river, that rushed past with a cruel sound, as though it were tearing away the time of freedom second by second. It was done now,

as she had said. She knew herself too well to believe that, even if she should toss the letter into the stream, she would not write another in just such words. But the regret was deep, and thrilled with a secret aching pulse of its own all through her; and she thought of what life might have been if she had not made the great mistake, and of what it still might be if she did not go back to her husband. The man who stood beside her loved her, and was ready to give everything, perhaps even to his honor, to save her from unhappiness. And she loved him, too, next to honor. In the tranquil life she was leading there could be a great friendship between them, such as few people can even dream of. She knew him, and she knew herself, and she believed it possible, for once, in the history of man and woman. In a measure it might subsist even after she had gone back to Harmon, but not in the same degree; for between the two men there would be herself. Wimpole would perhaps refuse altogether to enter Harmon's door or to touch Harmon's hand. And then, in her over-scrupulousness, during the time she was to spend with Archie she knew that she should hesitate to receive freely a man who would not be on speaking terms with the husband whom she had taken back, no matter how she felt toward Wimpole.

Besides, he had told her that he loved her, and that made a difference too. So long as the word had never been spoken there had been the reasonable doubt to shield her conscience. His old love might, after all, have turned to friendship, which is like the soft, warm ashes of wood when the fire is quite burned out. But he had spoken at last, and there was no more doubt, and his quiet words had stirred her own heart. He had begun by telling her that he had many things to say; but, after all, the one and only thing he had said which he had never said before was that he loved her.

It was enough, and too much, and it made everything harder for her. We speak of struggles with ourselves. It would really be far more true to talk of battles between our two selves, or even sometimes among our threefold natures—our good, our bad, and our indifferent personalities.

To Helen, the woman who loved Richard Wimpole was not the woman who meant to go back to Henry Harmon; and neither, perhaps, was quite the same person as the mother of poor Archie. The three were at strife with one another, though they were one being in suffering. For it is true that

we may be happy in part, and be in part indifferent; but no real pain of the soul leaves room for any happiness at all, or indifference, while it lasts. So soon as we can be happy again, even for a moment, the reality of the pain is over, though the memory of it may come back clearly in cruel little day-dreams after years. Happiness is composite; pain is simple. It may take a hundred things to make a man happy, but it never needs more than one to make him suffer. Happiness is in part elementary of the body; but pain is only of the soul, and its strength is in its singleness. Bodily suffering is the opposite of bodily pleasure; but true pain has no true opposite, nor reversed counterpart, of one unmixed composition, and the dignity of a great agony is higher than all the glories of joy.

"Promise me that you will not do anything to hinder me," said Helen, at last.

"I cannot." There was no hesitation in the answer.

"But if I ask you," she said; "if I beg you, if I entreat you—"

"It is of no use, Helen. I should do my best to keep you away from Harmon, even if I were sure that you would never speak to me nor see me again. I have said almost all I can, and so have you. You are half a saint or altogether one, or you could not do what you are doing. But I am not; I am only a man. I don't like to talk about myself much, but I would not have you think that I care a straw for my own happiness compared with yours. I would rather know that you were never to see Harmon again than—" He stopped short.

"Than what?" asked Helen, after a pause.

He did not answer at once, but stood upright again beside her, grasping the rail.

"No matter if you do not understand," he said at last. "Can I give you any proof that it is not for myself, because I love you, that I want to keep you from Harmon? Shall I promise you that when I have succeeded I will not see you again as long as I live?"

"Oh, no! no!" The cry was sudden, low, and heartfelt.

Wimpole grasped the cold railing a little harder in his hands, but did not move.

"Is there any proof at all that I could give you? Try and think."

"Why should I need proof?" asked Helen. "I believe you, as I always have."

"Well, then—" he began, but she interrupted him.

"That does not change matters," she continued. "You are right merely because you

are perfectly disinterested for yourself, and altogether interested for me alone. I am not the only person to be considered."

"I think you are; and if any one else has any right to consideration, it is Archie."

"I know," Helen answered; "and you hurt me again when you say it. But, besides all of us, there is Henry."

"And what right has he?" asked Wimpole, almost fiercely. "What right has he to any sort of consideration from you or from any one? If you had a brother he would have wrung Harmon's neck long ago! I wish I had the right!"

"I never heard you say anything brutal before," said Helen.

"I never had such good cause," retorted Wimpole, a little more quietly. "Put yourself in my position. I have loved you all my life,—God knows I have loved you honestly, too,—and held my tongue. And Harmon has spent his life in ruining yours in every way—in ways I know and in ways I don't know, but can more than half guess. He neglected you, he was unfaithful to you, he insulted you, and at last he struck you. I have found that out to-day, and that blow must have nearly killed you. I know about those things. Do you expect me to have any consideration for the brute who has half killed the woman I love? Do you expect me to keep my hands off the man whose hands have struck you and wounded you? By the Lord, Helen, you are expecting too much of human nature! Or too little—I don't know which!"

He had controlled his temper long, keeping down the white heat of it in his heart, but he could not be calm forever. The fighting instinct was not lost yet, and must have its way at last.

"He did not know what he was doing," said Helen, shrinking a little.

"You have a right to say that," answered the colonel, "if you can be forgiving enough. But only a coward could say it for you, and only a coward would stand by and see you go back to your husband. I am not a coward, and I won't." Since you have cabled to him, I shall leave to-night, whether you send that letter or not. Can't you understand?"

"But what can you do? What can you say to him? How can you influence him? Even if I admit that I have no power to keep you from going to him, what can you do when you see him?"

"I can think of that on the way," said Wimpole. "There will be more than enough time. I don't know what I shall say or do yet.

It does not matter, for I have made up my mind."

"Will nothing induce you to stay here?" asked Helen, desperately.

"Nothing," answered Wimpole, and his lips shut upon the word.

"Then I will go too," answered Helen.

"You!" Wimpole had not thought of such a possibility, and he started.

"Yes. My mind is made up too. If you go, I go. I shall get there as soon as you, and I will prevent you from seeing him at all. If you force me to it, I will defend him from you. I will tell the doctors that you will drive him mad again, and they will help me to protect him. You cannot get there before me, you know, for we shall cross in the same steamer and land at the same moment."

"What a woman you are!" Wimpole bent his head as he spoke the words, leaning against the railing. "But I might have known it," he added; "I might have known you would do that; it is like you."

Helen felt a bitter sort of triumph over herself in having destroyed the last chance of his interference.

"In any case," she said, "I should go at once. It could be a matter of only a few days at the utmost. Why should I wait, since I have made up my mind?"

"Why indeed?" The colonel's voice was sad. "I suppose the martyrs were glad when the waiting was over, and their turn came to be torn to pieces."

He felt that he was annihilated, and he suffered keenly in his defeat, for he had been determined to save her at all risks. She was making even risk impossible. If she went straight to her husband, and took him back, and protected him, as she called it, what could any one do? It was a hopeless case. Wimpole's anger against Harmon slowly subsided, and above it rose his pity for the woman who was giving all of life she had left for the sake of her marriage vow, who was ready, and almost eager, to go back to a state full of horror in the past and of danger in the future, because she had once solemnly promised to be Henry Harmon's wife, and could not find in all the cruel years a reason for taking back her word. He bowed his head, and he knew that there was something higher in her than he had ever dreamed in his own honorable life; for it was something that clung to its belief, against all suggestion of right or justice for itself.

It was not only pity: a despair for her crept nearer, and grew upon him every moment. Though he had seen her rarely, he

had felt nearer to her since Harmon had been mad, and now he was to be further from her than ever before. He would probably not go so far as she feared, and would be willing to enter her husband's house for her sake, and in the hope of being useful to her. But he could never be so near to her again as he was now, and his last chance of protecting her had vanished before her unchangeable resolution. He would almost rather have known that she was going to her death than see her return to Harmon. He made one more attempt to influence her; he did it roughly, but his voice shook a little.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if I were a woman, I should be too proud to go back to a man who had struck me."

Helen moved and stood upright, trying to look into his face clearly in the dimness as she spoke.

"Then you think I am not proud?"

He could see her white features and dark eyes, and he guessed her expression.

"You are not proud for yourself," he answered rather stubbornly. "If you were you could not do this."

She turned from him again, and looked down at the black water.

"I am prouder than you think," she said.

"That does not make it easier."

"In one way, yes. When you have determined to do a thing, you are ashamed to change your mind, no matter what your decision may cost yourself and others."

"Yes, when I am right. At least, I hope I should be ashamed to break down now."

"I wish you would!"

It was a helpless exclamation, and Wimpole knew it; for he was at the end of all argument and hope, and his despair for her rose in his eyes in the dark. He could neither do nor say anything more, and presently, when he had left her at the door of her hotel, she would do what she meant to do to the letter. For the second time on that day he wished that he had acted instead of speaking, and that he had started upon his journey without warning her. But in the first place, he had believed that she would take more time to consider her action, and again, he had a vague sense that it would not have been loyal and fair to oppose her intention without warning her. And now she had utterly defeated him, and upheld her will against him in spite of all he could do. He loved her the better for her strength, but he despaired the more. He felt that he was going to say good-bye to her as if she were about to die.

He put out his hand to take hers, and she met it readily. In her haste to come out with her letter she had not even taken the time to put on gloves, and her warm, firm fingers closed upon his thin hand as though they were the stronger.

"I must go," she said; "it is very late."

"Is it?"

"Yes; I want to thank you for wishing to help me—and for everything. I know that you would do anything for me, and I like to feel that you would; but there is nothing to be done. Henry will answer my cable, and then I shall go to him."

"It is as though you were dying, and I were saying good-by to you, Helen."

"That would be easier," she answered, "for you and for me."

She pressed his hand with a frank, unaffected pressure, and then withdrew her own. He sighed as he turned from the dark water to cross the quiet street with her. The people who had been walking about had gone home suddenly, as they do in provincial places, and the electric light glared and blinked upon the deserted macadamized road. There was something unwontedly desolate, even the air, for the sky was cloudy, and a damp wind came up from the lake.

Without a word the two walked to the post-office, and as Wimpole saw the irrevocable message dropped into the slit his heart almost stopped beating. A faint smile that was cruelly sad to see crossed Helen's white face—a reflection of the bitter victory she had won over herself against such great odds.

XI.

THE two walked slowly and silently along the pavement to the hotel, the damp wind following them in fitful gusts, and chilling them as they went. They had no words, for they had said all to each other; each knew that the other was suffering, and both knew that their lives had led them into a path of sadness from which they could not turn back. They walked wearily and unwillingly side by side, and the way seemed long, and yet too short, as it shortened before them.

At the lighted porch of the hotel they paused, reluctant to part.

"May I see you to-morrow?" asked Wimpole, in a dull voice.

"Yes; I must see you before I go," Helen answered.

In the light of the lamps he saw how pale she was, and how very tired; and she looked at him, and knew from his face how he was

suffering for her. They joined hands, and forgot to part them when their eyes had met. But they had nothing to say, for all had been said, and they had only to bid each other a good night which meant good-by to both, though they should meet ever so often again.

The porter of the hotel stood in the doorway a few steps above them, and watched them with a sort of stolid interest. The lamplight gleamed upon his gilt buttons, and the reflection of them made Helen aware of his presence. Then he went into the entrance, and there was nobody else about. Voices came with broken laughter from the small garden adjacent to the hotel, where there was a café, and far away, at the end of the entrance-hall, the clerk pored over his books.

Still Wimpole held Helen's hand.

"It is very hard," he said.

"It is harder than you know," she answered.

For she loved him, though he did not know it, and she felt as well as he did that she was losing him. But because she was Harmon's wife, and meant to stand by her husband, she would not call it love in her heart, though she knew her own secret. She would hardly let herself think that it was much harder for her than for Wimpole, though she knew it. Temptation is not sin. She had killed her temptations that day, and in their death had almost killed herself.

The sacrifice was perfect and wholehearted, brave as true faith, and final as death itself.

"Good night," said Wimpole, and his voice broke.

Helen still had strength to speak.

"Neither you nor I shall ever regret this," she answered; but she looked long at him, as though she were not to see him again.

He pressed her hand hard, and dropped it. Once more she looked at him, and then turned slowly and left him standing there.

The porter of the hotel was facing her on the steps. Neither she nor Wimpole had noticed that he had come back, and was waiting for them to part. He held a telegram in his hand, and Helen started slightly as she saw it, for she knew that it must be Harmon's answer to her word of forgiveness.

"Already!" she exclaimed faintly, as she took it.

She turned back to Wimpole, and met his eyes again, for he had not moved.

"It is Henry's answer," she said.

She opened the envelop, standing with her

back to the light and to the porter. Wimpole breathed hard, and watched her face, and knew that nothing was to be spared to either of them on that day. As she read the words, he thought she swayed a little on her feet, and her eyes opened very wide, and her lips were white. Wimpole watched them, and saw how strangely they moved, as if she were trying to speak and could not. He set his teeth, for he believed that even the short message had in it some fresh insult or injury for her.

She reeled visibly, and steadied herself against one of the pillars of the porch; but she was able to hold out the thin scrap of paper to Wimpole as he moved forward to catch her. He read it. It was a cable notice through the telegraph office, from Brest:

Your message number 731 Henry Harmon New York not delivered owing to death of person addressed.

Wimpole read the words twice before their meaning stunned him. When he knew where he was, his eyes were still on the paper, and he was grasping Helen's wrist, while she stood stark and straight against the pillar of the porch. She lifted her free hand and passed it slowly across her forehead, opening and shutting her eyes as if waking. The porter stared at her from the steps.

"Come," said Wimpole, drawing her; "let us go out again. We can't stay here."

Helen looked at him, only half comprehending. Even in the uncertain light he could see the color returning to her face, and he felt it in his own. Then her senses came back all at once, with her own clear judgment and decision, and the longing to be alone which he could not understand as he tried to draw her away with him.

"No, no!" she cried, resisting. "Let me go; please let me go! Please!"

He had already dropped her wrist.

"Come to-morrow," she added quickly.

And all her lost youth was in her as she lightly turned and went from him up the steps. Again he stood still, following her with his eyes; but an age had passed, with Harmon's life, between that time and this.

He understood better when he himself was alone, walking far on through the damp wind by the shore of the lake, past the big railway-station, just then in one of its fits of silence, past the wooden piers built out into the lake for the steamers, and out beyond, not counting his steps, nor seeing things, with bent head, and one hand catching nervously at the breast of his coat.

He understood Helen, for he also had need

of being alone to face the tremendous contrast of the hour, and to digest in secret the huge joy he was ashamed to show to himself because it was for the death of a man whose existence had darkened his own. Because Harmon was suddenly dead the sleeping hope of twenty years had waked with deep life and strength. Time and age were rolled away like a mist before the morning breeze, the world was young again, and the rose of yesterday was once more the lovely flower of to-day.

Yet he was too brave a man and too good to let himself rejoice cruelly in Harmon's death, any more than he would have gloried in his younger days over an enemy fallen in fight. But it was hard to struggle against the instinct, deep-rooted and strong in humanity ages before Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy. Christianity has made it mean to insult the dead and their memory. For what we call honor comes to us from chivalry and knighthood, which grew out of Christian doings when men believed; and though non-Christian people have their standards of right and wrong, they have not our sort of honor, nor anything like it, and cannot in the least understand it.

But Wimpole was made happy by Harmon's death, and he himself could not deny it. That was another matter, and one over which he had no control. His satisfaction was in the main disinterested, being on Helen's behalf; for though he hoped, he was very far from believing that she would marry him now that she was a widow. He had not even guessed that she had loved him long. It was chiefly because his whole nature had been suffering so sincerely for her sake, during the long hours since he had read the paragraph in the paper, that he was now so immensely happy. He tried to call up again the last conversation in the dark by the river; but though the words both he and she had spoken came back in broken echoes, they seemed to have no meaning, and he could not explain to himself how he could possibly have stood there wrenching at the cold iron rail to steady his nerves less than half an hour ago. It was incredible. He felt like a man who has been in the delirium of a fever in which he has talked foolishly and struck out wildly at his friends, and who cannot believe such things of himself when he is recovering, though he dimly remembers them with a sort of half-amused shame for his weakness.

Wimpole did not know how long he wandered by the lake in the windy darkness before he felt that he had control of speech and action again, and found himself near the

bridge going toward his hotel. It was less than half an hour, perhaps; but ever afterward, when he thought of it, he seemed to have walked up and down all night, a hundred times past the railway-station, a hundred times along the row of steamboat piers, struggling with the impression that he had no right to be perfectly happy, and fighting off the instinct to rejoice in Harmon's death.

But Helen had fled to her own room, and had locked the door upon the world. To her, as to Wimpole, it would have seemed horrible to be frankly glad that her husband was dead. But she had no such instinct. She had been dazed beyond common sense and speech by the sudden relief from the strain she had borne so strongly and bravely. She had been dazzled by the light of freedom, as a man let out of a dark prison after half a lifetime of captivity. She had been half stunned by the instant release of all the springs of her nature, long forced back upon themselves by the sheer strength of her conscience. And yet she was sorry for the dead man.

Far away in her past youth she remembered his handsome face, his bright eyes, his strong vitality, his pleasant voice, and the low ringing tone of it that had touched her and brought her to the ruin of her marriage; and she remembered that for a time she had half loved him and believed love whole. She is a hard and cruel woman who has not a little pitiful tenderness left for a dead past, — though it be buried under a hideous present, — and some kind memory of the man she has called dear.

Helen thought of his face as he was lying dead now, white and stony; but somehow, in her kindness, it became the face of long ago, and was not like him as when she had seen him last. The touch of death is strangely healing. She had no tears, but there was a dim softness in her eyes for the man who was gone — not for the man who had insulted her, tortured her, struck her, but for the husband she had married long ago.

The other, the incarnate horror of her mature life, had dropped from existence, leaving his place full of the light in which she was thereafter to live, and in the bright peace she saw Wimpole's face as he waited for her.

In the midst of her thoughts was the enigmatic specter of the world, the familiar tormentor of those with whom the world has anything to do — a vast disquieting question-mark to their actions. What would the world say when she married Wimpole?

What could it say? It knew, if it knew anything of her, that her husband had been little better than a beast — no better; worse, perhaps. It knew that Wimpole was a man in thousands, and perhaps it knew that he had been faithful to her mere name in his heart during the best of his years. She had no enemies to cast a shadow upon her future by slurring her past.

Yet she had heard the world talk, and the names of women who had married old friends within the first year of widowhood were rarely untouched by scandal. She did not fear that, but in her heart there was a sort of unacknowledged dread lest Wimpole, who was growing old in patience, should be patient to the end out of some over-fine scruple for her fair name.

Then came the thought of her new widowhood, and rebuked her, and with the old habit of fighting battles against her heart for her conscience, she turned fiercely against her long silent love that was crying freedom so loudly in her ears. Harmon just dead, not buried yet perhaps, and she already thinking of marriage! Said in those words, it seemed contemptible, though all her loyalty to her husband had been for a word's sake, almost since the beginning.

But then, again, as she closed her eyes to think sensibly, she set her lips to stay the smile at her scruples. Her loyalty had been all for the vow, for the meaning of the bond, for the holiness of marriage itself. It had not been the loyalty of love for Harmon, and Harmon being dead, its only object was gone. The rest, the mourning for the unloved dead, was a canon of the world, not a law of God. For decency she would wear black for a short time, but in her heart she was free, and free in her conscience.

To the last she had borne all, and had been ready to bear more. Her last word had gone at once with the message of forgiveness he had asked, and though he had been dead before it reached him, he could not have doubted her answer, for he knew her. If she had been near him she would have been with him to the end, to help him and to comfort him if she could. She had been ready to go back to him, and the letter that was to have told him so was already gone upon its fruitless journey, to return to her after a long time as a reminder of what she had been willing to bear. She could not reproach herself with any weakness or omission, and her reason told her plainly that although she must mourn outwardly to please the world, it would be folly to refuse her heart the

thought of a happiness for which she had paid beforehand with half a lifetime of pain.

When that was all at once and unmistakably clear to her, she let her head sink gently back upon the cushion of the chair, her set lips parted, and she softly sighed, as though the day were done at last, and her rest had come. As she sat there the lines of sorrow

and suffering were smoothed away, and the faint color crept slowly and naturally to her cheeks, as her eyes closed by slow degrees under the shaded light of the lamp. One more restful sigh, her sweet breath came slower and more evenly, one hand fell upon her knee with upward palm and fingers relaxed, and did not move again; she was asleep.

THE END.

F. Marion Crawford.

BILLY AND HANS: A TRUE HISTORY.

WITH PICTURES BY LISA STILLMAN.



BILLY.

SO long as the problem of the possession of the capacity of reasoning by the animals of lower rank than man in creation is investigated through those of their species that have been domesticated, and in which the problem of heredity has become complicated with human influence, and the natural instincts with an artificial development of their faculties, no really valuable conclusions can be arrived at. It is only when we take the native gifts of an animal under investigation, at least without the intervention of any trace of heredity and of what under teaching may become a second nature, that we can estimate in scientific exactitude the measure of intelligence of one of the lower animals. The ways of a dog or cat are the result of innumerable generations of ancestors reared in intimate relations with the human master mind. As subjects for investigation into the question of animal character they are, therefore, misleading, and the wild creature must be taken. And so far as my observation goes, the squirrel, of all the small animals, shows at once the most character and the most affection; and I believe that the history of two that I have lately lost has a dramatic quality which makes it worth recording.

In my favorite summer resort at the lower edge of the Black Forest, the quaint old town of Laufenburg, a farmer's boy one day brought me a young squirrel for sale. He was a tiny creature, probably not yet weaned, a variation on the ordinary type of the European *Sciurus* (*Sciurus vulgaris*), gray instead of the

usual red, and with black tail and ears, so that at first, as he contented himself with drinking his milk and sleeping, I was not sure that he was not a dormouse. But examination of the paws, with their delicate anatomy, so marvelously like the human hand in their flexibility and handiness, and the graceful curl of his tail, settled the question of genus; and mindful of my boyhood and early pets, I bought him and named him Billy. From the first moment that he became my companion he gave me his entire confidence, and accepted his domestication without the least indication that he considered it captivity. There is generally a short stage of mute rebellion in wild creatures before they come to accept us entirely as their friends—a longing for freedom which makes precautions against escape necessary. This never appeared in Billy; he came to me for his bread and milk, and slept in my pocket, from the first, and enjoyed being caressed as completely as if he had been born under my roof. No other animal is so clean in its personal habits as the squirrel when in health; and Billy soon left the basket which cradled his infancy, and habitually slept under a fold of my bed-cover, sometimes making his way to my pillow and sleeping by my cheek; and

he never knew what a cage was except when traveling, and even then for the most part he slept in my pocket. He went with me to the table d'hôte, and when invited out sat on the edge of the table and ate his bit of bread with a decorum that made him the admiration of all the children in the hotel, so that he accompanied me in all my journeys. He acquired a passion for tea sweet and warm, and to my indulgence of this taste I fear I owe his early loss. He had full liberty to roam in my room; but his favorite resort was my work-table when I was at work; and when his diet became nuts he used to hide them among my books, and then come to hunt them out again, like a child with its toys. I sometimes found my type-writer stopped, and discovered a hazelnut in the works. And when tired of his hide-and-seek he would come to the edge and nod to me, to indicate that he wished to go into my pocket or be put down to run about the room; and he soon made a limited language of movements of his head to tell me his few wants—food, drink, to sleep, or to take a climb on the highest piece of furniture in the room. He was from the beginning devoted to me, and naturally became like a spoiled child. If I gave him an uncracked nut, he rammed it back into my hand to be cracked for him with irresistible persistence. I did as many parents do, and indulged him, to his harm and my own later grief. I could not resist that coaxing nodding, and gave him what he wished—tea when I had mine, and cracked his nuts, to the injury of his teeth, I was told. In short, I made him as happy as I knew how.

Early in my possession of him I cast about if I might find in the neighborhood a companion of the other sex for him; and when finally I heard that in a village just across the Rhine there was a captive squirrel for sale, I sent my son with orders to buy it if a female. It turned out to be a male, but he bought it just the same—a bright, active, and quite unreconciled prisoner, two months older than Billy, of the orthodox red, just tamed enough to take his food from the hand, but accustomed to be kept with his neck in a collar to which there was attached a fathom of light dog-chain. He refused with his utmost energy to be handled; and as it was not possible to keep the little creature in the torture of that chain,—for I refuse to keep a caged creature,—I cut the collar and turned him loose in my chamber, where he kept involuntary company with Billy. The imprisonment of the half-tamed but wholly unreconciled animal was perhaps as painful

to me as to him, and my first impulse was to turn him out into his native forest to take his chances of life; but I considered that he was already too far compromised with Mother Nature for this to be prudent; for having learned to take his food from a man, the first attack of hunger was sure to drive him to seek it where he had been accustomed to find it, and the probable consequence was being knocked on the head by a village boy, or at best reconsigned to a worse captivity than mine. He had no mother, and he was still



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.
HANS.

little more than a baby, so I decided to keep him and make him as happy as he would let me. His name was Hans. Had I released him as I thought to do, I had saved myself one sorrow, and this history had lost its interest.

After a little strangeness the companionship between the two became as perfect as the utterly diverse nature of their squirrelships would permit. Billy was social and as friendly as a little dog, Hans always a little morose and not over-ready to accept familiarities; Billy always making friendly advances to his companion, which were at first unnoticed, and afterward only submitted to with equanimity. It was as if Billy had accepted the position of the spoiled child of the family, and Hans reluctantly that of an elder brother who is always expected to make way for the pet and baby of the house. Billy was full of fun, and delighted to tease Hans, when he was sleeping, by nibbling at his toes and ears, biting him playfully anywhere he could get at him; and Hans, after a little indignant

bark, would bolt away and find another place to sleep in. As they both had the freedom of my large bedroom,—the door of which was carefully guarded, as Hans was always on the lookout for a chance to bolt out into the unknown,—they had plenty of room for climbing, and comparative freedom; and after a little time Hans adopted Billy's habit of passing the night in the fold of my bed-rug, and even of nestling with Billy near my head. Billy was from the beginning a bad sleeper, and in his waking moments his standing amusement was nibbling at Hans, who used to break out of his sleep and go to the foot of the bed to lie; but never for long, for he always worked his way back to Billy, and nestled down again. When I gave Hans a nut, Billy would wait for him to crack it, and deliberately take it out of his jaws and eat it, to which Hans submitted without a fight, or a snarl even, though at first he held on a little; but the good humor and caressing ways of Billy were as irresistible with Hans as with us, and I never knew him to retaliate in any way.

No two animals of the most domesticated species could have differed in disposition more than these. During the first phase of Hans's life he never lost his repugnance to being handled, while Billy delighted in being fondled. The European squirrel is by nature one of the most timid of animals, even more so than the hare, being equaled in this respect only by the exquisite flying-squirrel of America; and when it is frightened, as, for instance, when held fast in any way or in a manner that alarms it, it will bite even the most familiar hand, the feeling being apparently that it is necessary to gnaw away the ligature which holds it. Of course, considering the irreconcilability of Hans to captivity, I was obliged, much against my will, to get a cage for him to travel in; and I made a little dark chamber in the upper part of a wire bird-cage in which the two squirrels were put for traveling. During the first journeys the motion of the carriage or railway-train made Hans quite frantic, while Billy took it with absolute unconcern. On stopping at a hotel, they were invariably released in my room.

Arriving at Rome, I fitted up a deep window recess for their home; but they always had the run of the study, and Hans, while never losing sight of a door left ajar, and often escaping into adjoining rooms, made himself apparently happy in his new quarters, climbing the high curtains, racing along the curtain-poles, and at intervals mak-

ing excursions to the top of the bookcase, though to both the table at which I was at work soon became the favorite resort, and their antics there were as amusing as those of a monkey. Toward the end of the year Billy developed an indolent habit, which I now can trace to the disease that finally took him from us; but he never lost his love for my writing-table, where he used to lie and watch me at my work by the hour. Hans soon learned to climb down from their window-bench, and up my legs and arms to the writing-table, and down again by the same road when he was tired of his exercises with the pencils or penholders he found there, or of hunting out the nuts which he had hidden the day before among the books and papers; but I never could induce him to stay in my pocket with Billy, who on cold days preferred sleeping there, as the warmth of my body was more agreeable than that of their fur-lined nest. There was something uncanny in Billy—a preternatural animal intelligence which one sees, generally, only in animals that have had training and heredity to work on. He soon learned to indicate to me his few wants, and one of the things which will never fade from my memory was the pretty way in which he used to come to the edge of the window-bench and nod his head to me to show that he wished to be taken; for he soon learned that it was easier to call to me and be taken than it was to climb down the curtain and run across the room to me. He nodded and wagged his head until I went to him, and his flexible nose wrinkled into the grotesque semblance of a smile, with all the seductive entreaty an animal could show; and somehow we learned to understand each other so well that I rarely mistook his want, were it water or food, or to climb, or to get on my table or rest in my pocket. Notwithstanding all the forbearance which Hans showed for his mischievous ways, and the real attachment he had for Billy, Billy clearly preferred me to his companion; and when during the following winter I was attacked by bronchitis, and was kept in my bedroom for several days, after a day of my absence my wife, going into the study, found him in an extraordinary state of excitement, which she said resembled hysterics, and he insisted on being taken. It occurred to her that he wanted me, and she brought him upstairs to my bedroom, when he immediately pointed to be taken to me; and as she was curious to see what he would do, and stopped at the threshold, he bit her hand gently to spur her forward to the bed. When put

on the bed, he nestled down in the fur of my bed-cover, perfectly contented. As long as I kept my room he was brought up every day, and passed the day on my bed. At other times the two slept together in an open box lined with fur, or, what they seemed greatly to delight in, a wisp of new-mown hay, or the bend of the window-curtain, so nestled together that it was hard to distinguish whether there were one or two.

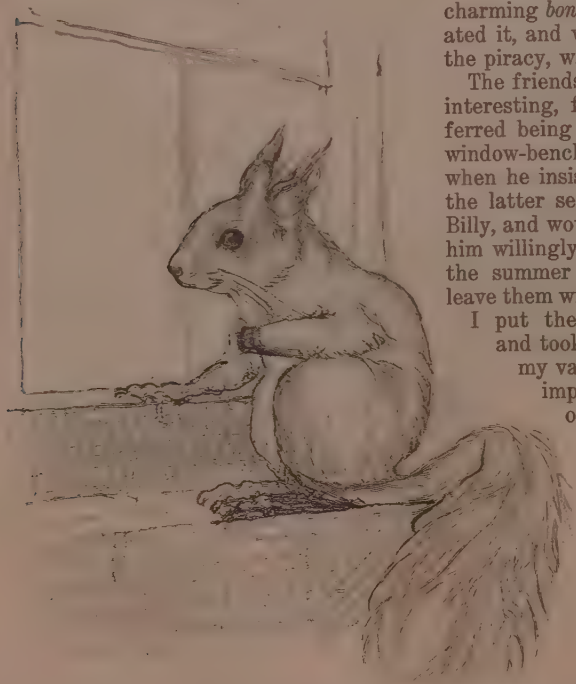
Some instincts of the woods they were long losing the use of, as the habit of changing often their sleeping-places. I provided them with several, of which the ultimate favorite was the bag of the window-curtain; but sometimes when Billy was missing, he was found in my waste-paper basket, and even in the drawer of my type-writer desk, asleep. In their native forests these squirrels have this habit of changing their nests, and the mother will carry her little ones from one tree to another to hide their resting-place, as if she suspected the mischievous plans of the boys to hunt them; and probably she does. But the nest I made my squirrels in their traveling-carriage—of hard cardboard well lined with fur—suited the hiding and secluding

ways of Hans for a long time best of all, and he abandoned it entirely only when he grew so familiar as not to care to hide. They also lost the habit of hiding their surplus food when they found food never wanting.

When the large cones of the stone-pine came into the market late in the autumn, I got some to give them a taste of fresh nuts; and the frantic delight with which Hans recognized the relation to his national fir-cones, far away and slight as it was, was touching. He raced around the huge and impenetrable cone, tried it from every side, gnawed at the stem and then at the apex, but in vain. Yet he persisted. The odor of the pine seemed an intoxication to him, and the eager satisfaction with which he split the nuts, once taken out for him, even when Billy was watching him to confiscate them when open, was very interesting; for he had never seen the fruit of the stone-pine, and knew only the tiny things which the fir of the Northern forest bears; and to extricate the pine-nuts from their strong and hard cones was impossible to his tiny teeth. As for Billy, he was content to sit and look on while Hans gnawed, and to take the kernel from him when he had split the nut; and the charming *bonhomie* with which he appropriated it, and with which Hans submitted to the piracy, was a study.

The friendship between the two was very interesting, for while Billy generally preferred being with me to remaining on his window-bench with Hans, he had intervals when he insisted on being with Hans; while the latter seemed to care for nothing but Billy, and would not remain long away from him willingly as long as Billy lived. When the summer came again, being unable to leave them with servants or the housekeeper,

I put them in their cage once more, and took them back to Laufenburg for my vacation. Hans still retained his impatience at the confinement even of my large chamber, and with a curious diligence watched the door for a crack to escape by, though in all other respects he seemed happy and at home and perfectly familiar; and though always in this period of his life shy with strangers, he climbed over me with perfect nonchalance. Billy, on the contrary, refused freedom, and when I took him out into his native woods he ran about



HANS AT THE WINDOW.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

a little, and came back to find his place in my pocket as naturally as if it had been his birth-nest. But the apparent yearning of Hans for liberty was to me an exquisite pain. He would get up on the window-bench, looking out one way on the rushing Rhine, and the other on the stretching pine forest, and stand with one paw on the sash and the other laid across his breast, and turn his bright black eyes from one to the other view incessantly, and with a look of passionate eagerness which made my heart ache. If I could have found a friendly park where he could have been turned loose in security from hunger and the danger of hunting boys and the snares which beset a wild life, I would have released him at once. I never so felt the wrong and mutual pain of imprisonment of God's free creatures as then with poor Hans, whose independent spirit had always made him the favorite of the two with my wife; and now that the little drama of their lives is over, and Nature has taken them both to herself again, I can never think of this eager little creature with his passionate outlook over the Rhineland without tears. But in the Rhineland, under the pretext that they eat off the top twigs of the pine-trees and spoil their growth, they hunt the poor things with a malignancy that makes it a wonder that there is one left to be captured, and Hans's chance of life in those regions was the very least a creature could have. As to the pretext of the destruction of the pine-tops, I have looked at them in every part of the Black Forest that I have visited, and have never been able to discover one tree-top spoiled. It is possible that the poor little creatures, when famished, may eat the young twigs of trees; but in my opinion the accusation is only the case of the wolf who wants an excuse to eat the lamb. Hans and Billy were both fond of roses and lettuce; but nothing else in the way of vegetation, other than fruits and nuts, would they eat. But when I remember that in my boyhood I have joined in squirrel hunts, and that my murderous lead has often crashed through their tender frames, I have no right to cast stones at the Germans, but with pain and humiliation remember my cruelty. I would sooner be myself shot than shoot another. I feel so keenly their winsome grace when I can watch them in freedom that I cannot draw the line between them and myself, except that they are worthier of life than I am. The evolutionists tell us that we are descended from some common ancestor of the monkey. It may be so; and if, as has been conjectured by one

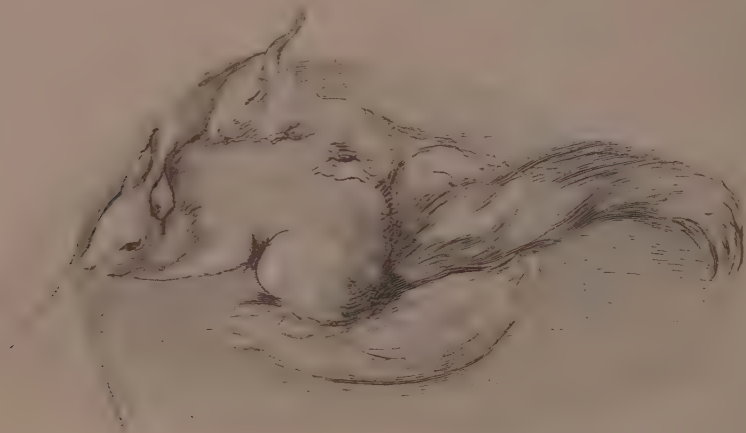
scientist, that was the lemur, which is the link between the monkey and the squirrel, I should not object; but I hope that we branched off at the *Sciurus*, for I would willingly be the far-off cousin of my little pets.

But before leaving Rome for my summer vacation at Laufenburg, the artificial habits of life, and my ignorance of the condition of squirrel health, began to work their usual consequences. Billy had begun to droop, and symptoms of some organic malady appeared; though he grew more and more devoted to me, his ambition to climb and disport himself diminished, and it was clear that his civilized life had done for him what it does for many of us—shortened his existence. He never showed signs of pain, but grew more sluggish, and would come to me and rest, licking my hand like a little dog, and was as happy so as his nature could show. They both hailed again with greedy enthusiasm the first nuts, fresh and crisp, and the first peaches, which I went to Basel to purchase for them; and what the position permitted me I supplied them with, with a guilty feeling that I could never atone for the loss of what they lost with freedom. I tried to make them happy in any way in my limited abilities, and, the vacation over, we went back to Rome and the fresh pine-cones and their window niche.

But there Billy grew rapidly worse, and I realized that the tragedy of our little menage was coming. He grew apathetic, and would lie with his great black eyes looking into space, as if in a dream. It became tragedy for me, for the symptoms were the same as those of a dear little fellow who had first rejoined my father's heart in the years gone by, and who lies in an old English churchyard; whose last hours I watched lapsing into the eternity beyond painlessly, and he, thank God! understanding nothing of the great change. When he could no longer speak he beckoned me to lay my head on the same pillow. He died of blood-poisoning, as I found after Billy's death that he also did; and the identity of the symptoms (of the cause of which I then understood nothing) brought back the memory of that last solitary night when my boy passed from under my care, and his eyes, large and dark like Billy's, grew dim and vacant like his. Billy, too, clung the closer to me as his end approached; and when the apathy left him almost no recognition of things around, he would grasp one of my fingers with his two paws, and lick it till he tired. It was clear that death was at hand,

and on the last afternoon I took him out into the grounds of the Villa Borghese to lie in the sunshine, and get perhaps a moment of return to Mother Nature; but when I put him on the grass in the warm light he only looked away into vacancy, and lay still, and after a little dreamily indicated to me to take him up again; and I remembered that on the day

I can no longer inflict pain or death upon the least of God's creatures. If it be true that «to win the secret of a plain weed's heart» gives the winner a clue to the hidden things of the spiritual life, how much more the conscient and reciprocal love which Billy and I bore, and I could gladly say still bear, each other must widen the sphere of spiritual sym-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

BILLY AND HANS.

before his death I had carried Russie into the green fields, hoping they would revive him for one breathing-space, for I knew that death was on him; and he lay and looked off beyond the field and flowers, and now he almost seemed to be looking out of dear little Billy's eyes.

I went out to walk early the next morning, and when I returned I found Billy dead, still warm, and sitting up in his box of fresh hay in the attitude of making his toilet; for to the last he would wash his face and paws, and comb out his tail, even when his strength no longer sufficed for more than the mere form of it. I am not ashamed to say that I wept like a child. The dear little creature had been to me not merely a pet to amuse my vacant hours, though many of those most vacant which sleepless nights bring had been diverted by his pretty ways as he shared my bed, and by his singular devotion to me, but he had been as a door open into the world of God's lesser creatures, an apostle of pity and tenderness for all living things, and his memory stands on the eternal threshold nodding and beckoning to me to enter in and make part of the creation I had ignored till he taught it to me, so that while life lasts

pathy which, widening still, reaches at last the eternal source of all life and love, and finds indeed that one touch of nature makes all things kin. Living and dying, Billy has opened to me a window into the universe of the existence of which I had no suspicion; his little history is an added chamber to that eternal mansion into which my constant and humble faith assures me that I shall some time enter; he has helped me to a higher life. If love could confer immortality, he would share eternity with me, and I would thank the Creator for the companionship. And who knows? Thousands of human beings to whom we dare not deny the possession of immortal souls have not half Billy's claim to live forever. May not the Indian philosopher with his transmigration of souls have had some glimpses of a truth?

But my history is only half told. When I found the little creature dead, and laid him down in an attitude befitting death, Hans came to him, and making a careful and curious study of him, seemed to realize that something strange had come, and stretched himself out at full length on the body, evidently trying to warm it into life again, or feeling that something was wanting which

he might impart, and this failing, began licking the body. When he found that all this was of no avail, he went away into the remotest corner of his window niche, refusing to lie any longer in their common bed or stay where they had been in the habit of staying together. All day he would touch neither food nor drink, and for days following he took no interest in anything, hardly touching his food. Fearing that he would starve himself to death, I took him out on the large open terrace of my house, where, owing to his old persistent desire to escape, I had never dared trust him, and turned him loose among the plants. He wandered a few steps as if bewildered, looked all about him, and then came deliberately to me, climbed my leg, and went voluntarily into the pocket Billy loved to lie in, and in which I had never been able to make Hans stay for more than a minute or so. The whole nature of the creature became changed. He reconciled himself to life, but never again became what he had been before. His gaiety was gone, his wandering ambitions were forgotten, and his favorite place was my pocket—Billy's pocket. From that time he lost all desire to escape; even when I took him out into the fields or woods he had no desire to leave me, but after a little turn and a half attempt to climb a tree, would come back voluntarily to me, and soon grew as fond of being caressed and stroked as Billy had been. It was as if the love he bore Billy had changed him to Billy's likeness. He never became as demonstrative as Billy was, and to my wife, who was fond of teasing him, he always showed a little pique, and even if buried in his curtain nest or in the fold of my rug, and asleep, he would scold if she approached within several yards of him; but to me he behaved as if he had consciously taken Billy's place. I sent to Turin to get him a companion, and the merchant sent me one guaranteed young and a female; but I found it a male which died of old age within a few weeks of his arrival. Hans had hardly become familiarized with him when he died. The night before he died I came home late in the evening, and having occasion to go into my study, I was surprised, when I opened the door, to find Hans on the threshold nodding to me to be taken, with no attempt to escape as of old. I took him up, wondering what had disturbed him at an hour when he was never accustomed to be afoot, put him back in his bed, and went to mine. But thinking over the strange occurrence, I got up, dressed myself, and went down to see if anything was wrong, and

found the new squirrel hanging under the curtain in which the two had been sleeping, with his hind claws entangled in the stuff, head down, and evidently very ill. He had probably felt death coming, and tried to get down and find a hiding-place, but got his claws entangled, and could not extricate them. He died the next day, and I took Hans to sleep in his old place in the fold of my bed-cover, where, with a few days' interruption, he slept as long as he lived. He insisted on being taken, in fact, when his sleeping-time came, and would come to the edge of his shelf and nod to me till I took him, or if I delayed he would climb down the curtain and come to me. One night I was out late, and on reaching home I went to take him, and not finding him in his place, alarmed the house to look for him. After long search I found him sitting quietly under the chair I always occupied in the study. He got very impatient if I delayed putting him to bed, and, like Billy, he used to bite my hand to indicate his discontent, gently at first, but harder and harder till I attended to him. When he saw that we were going up-stairs to the bedroom he became quiet.

Whether from artificial conditions of life or because he suffered from the loss of Billy (after whose death he never recovered his spirits), or, as I fear, from a fall from some high piece of furniture,—for he loved still to be on any height, and his claws, grown too long, no longer held to the furniture, so that he had several heavy falls,—his hind legs became slowly paralyzed. He now ran with difficulty; but his eyes were as bright and his intelligence was as quick as ever, and his fore feet were as dexterous. His attachment to me increased as the malady progressed; and though from habit he always scolded a little when my wife approached him, he showed a great deal of affection for her toward the end, which was clearly approaching. Vacation came again, and I took him once more with me to the Black Forest, hoping that his mysterious intelligence might find some consolation in the native air. He was evidently growing weak very fast, and occasionally showed impatience as if in pain; but for the most of the time he rested quietly in my pocket, and was most happy when I gave him my hand for a pillow, sometimes, though rarely, licking the hand, for he was even then far more reserved in all his expressions of feeling than Billy. At times he would sit on the window-bench, and scan the landscape with something of the old eagerness that used

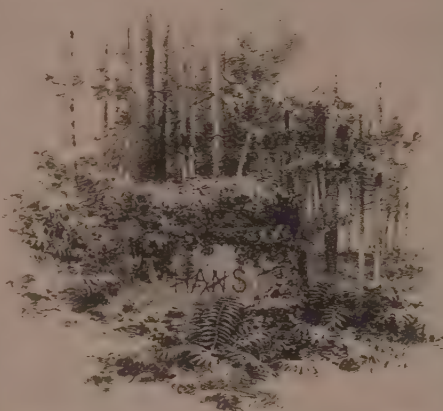
to give me so much pain, snuffing the mountain air eagerly for a half-hour, and then nod to go into my pocket again; and at other times, as if restless, would insist in the way he had made me understand that, like a baby, he wanted motion, and when I walked about with him he grew quiet and content again. At home he had been very fond of a dish of dried rose-leaves, in which he would wallow and burrow, and my wife sent him from Rome a little bag of them, which he enjoyed weakly for a little. But in his last days the time was spent by day mostly in my pocket, and by night on my bed with his head on my hand. It was only the morning before his death that he seemed really to suffer, and then a great restlessness came on him, and a disposition to bite convulsively whatever was near him; but at the end he lay quietly in my hand, and when the spasm was on him

I gave him a little chloroform to inhale till it had passed, and when he breathed his last in my pocket I knew that he was dead only by my hand on his heart. I buried him, as I had wished, in his native forest, in his bed

of rose-leaves, digging a niche under a great granite boulder. He had survived his companion little more than six months, and if the readers of my little history are disposed to think me weak when I say that his death was to me a great and lasting grief, I am not concerned to dispute their judgment. I have known grief in all its most blinding and varied forms, and I thank God that he constituted me loving enough to have kept a

tender place in my heart "even for the least of these," the little companions of two years; and but for my having perhaps shortened their innocent lives, I thank him for having known and loved them as I have.

W. J. Stillman.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAVE OF HANS.

“WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED.”

OPINIONS OF GENERALS S. D. LEE, JOSEPH WHEELER, E. P. ALEXANDER, E. M. LAW, DON CARLOS BUELL, O. O. HOWARD, AND JACOB D. COX.

The communications which follow from distinguished general officers who were engaged in the War of Secession have been received in reply to our request for frank comment upon the points raised in the article in *THE CENTURY* for November entitled “Why the Confederacy Failed,” written by Mr. Duncan Rose, son of a Confederate officer.—EDITOR.

FROM STEPHEN D. LEE, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL
C. S. A.

I AM asked to give my frank opinion of the correctness of Mr. Rose's article. The writer gives three main causes of failure: “(1) The excessive issue of paper money, (2) the policy of dispersion, (3) the neglect of the cavalry,” and remarks, “The (sinews of war) mean specie, and nothing but specie.”

History tells us that nearly all great wars have been waged on currency that greatly depreciated in value, and yet with peace and success came full restoration of credit. This has been the case with England, France, Germany, and Russia. Finances always go wrong in failures. In our Revolution success could not even rescue the worthless paper money of our fathers from repudiation and oblivion. Alexander H. Stephens says that in

the great war between the States “both sides relied for means of support upon issues of paper money and upon loans secured by bonds.” Nearly all currency issued by countries in great wars is to a certain extent “fiat money,” and depends for its redemption mainly upon the success of the issuing country. Federal greenbacks had only the faith of the government behind them, while the bills and bonds of the Confederacy had enormous quantities of cotton and tobacco, received as tithes and purchased with bonds, that were assets against its liabilities. Had the Confederacy succeeded, its ability to meet its obligations would have been recognized by financiers.

Mr. Rose says that the Confederacy provided little for taxation, and during the war “there was raised by taxation the pitiful sum of \$48,000,000, and that all

'paper money.' Certainly the people of the Confederacy were taxed when they gave their specie (all they had) for bonds, and by law one-tenth of all their crops and of all the proceeds of their labor in every industry. This latter was better than money. *It was a tithe*, which, although money fluctuated, did not fluctuate, but furnished food, cotton, tobacco, clothing, and supplies generally in kind, and was pretty abundant even to the close of the war in the limited area not occupied by hostile armies. The trouble was that the few lines of railroad were in a worn-out condition, and were overtaxed by transportation. I do not think the statement as to the first main cause is sustained. I shall treat the second and third main causes together.

Strategically, the Confederacy was virtually exposed to combined land and naval attack. «No country could have been more fully exposed to perfectly crushing blows, both on its land and water sides.» This exposure was caused by the Mississippi River cutting it in twain, thus enabling the great fleets of Farragut from the ocean, and Foote from the North, to give their valuable aid to Grant and Sherman, virtually cutting off Texas, Arkansas, and most of Louisiana, even before the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863; and by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, each reaching from the Ohio River with a deep southward bend into the very heart of the country, enabling the fleets to transport Grant's army to Fort Henry, and be his flank at Donelson. The control of these rivers, and others from the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, was of vital moment, and neither men nor means should have been spared to maintain control of these water highways. Certainly to do so was not dispersion.

The Confederacy had no navy worth mentioning, and when it lost control of these rivers it lost Texas, Arkansas, most of Louisiana, and most of Tennessee, for troops of the trans-Mississippi territory refused to cross the river after 1862; nor had it vessels to protect the Atlantic and Gulf coasts from combined attack, or to prevent blockade. The Confederacy for the last two years, and on the territory where the issue was decided, was composed of the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi (seven States), and was a narrow strip from the Potomac to the Mississippi River, open to combined land and naval attack along its entire fronts—north, south, east, and west. It was all frontier, with a white population of 2,500,000 men, and it contained the supplies and means of transportation. There were really only two main armies—Lee's in Virginia, and Johnston's in Georgia. The Mississippi Army had been merged in the Army of Tennessee. This does not appear to be dispersion.

Dispersion, mainly in cavalry, was a political necessity. The battle of States' rights and local self-government was being fought. The States that furnished troops and supplies demanded protection from invasion, desolation, and pillage; and this was reasonable when we consider the character of the war as shown by Sherman's raid in Mississippi and through Georgia, and Sheridan's campaign in the Valley and in other places, the official letters and reports of these officers, and their spirit, not representing one half of the real character of their work. Why send troops to help Virginia and Georgia, and leave

other States to desolation and pillage? Certainly this question is pertinent when we consider how the country was laid waste.

The cavalry, when not with the two great armies, was protecting vast granaries needed to feed troops, and defending arsenals and depots which in the narrow belt were open to attack and destruction everywhere, owing to the great odds, and the fleets holding the ocean, gulf, and rivers. The charge of dispersion does not hold good.

The writer speaks of cavalry as it existed in the days of Napoleon and the Revolution. Times had greatly changed. The rifled cannon and the Springfield and repeating rifles, arms of precision with long range, had relegated to the past the dashing cavalry charge against infantry or artillery supported by infantry. Such handling of cavalry then would have been slaughter and death to man and horse. Any splendid brigade of infantry in either army felt secure against the attack of charging cavalry. Besides, our country was more wooded than Europe. No general could watch and plan on his tower as Napoleon did. What could cavalry do in charges on the battle-field of the Wilderness, or at Chickamauga, where the fields were mere patches? Cavalry was nothing more than mounted infantry, and fought on foot even in most cases against cavalry. This arm played as important a part as it ever did in war. It covered the front, rear, and flanks of armies. By celerity of movement it met and overcame or checked isolated columns of troops. It played on lines of transportation; it overlapped armies in battle, and destroyed their trains; and in great battles even moved up along with infantry. It protected extended territory when other troops were concentrated in the great armies. No class of troops was more ably commanded or did better service in either army. The Confederate cavalry was well mounted till near the close of the war. They could not take *all* the horses from a people who had made so many sacrifices, as the Federals did from the people of the South. (See Sherman's report of his march to the sea.) The cavalry was as well equipped and armed as the circumstances permitted.

I am one of those who, like my great namesake, said: «I will not speculate on the causes of the failure, as I have seen abundant causes for it in the tremendous odds brought against us»; «the South was overpowered by the superior numbers and resources of the North.» If we compare the two parts of the country, we find the North outnumbering the South four to one in arms-bearing population, incomparably better prepared for war, having an organized government, an organized army and navy, with arsenals, dockyards, and machine-shops, and having free intercourse with the world from which to get supplies and men; while every port was sealed against help from the outside world to the Confederacy, which had to organize its government, and improvise everything for the unequal struggle from an agricultural population.

The official records show that the North had 2,600,000 men from first to last; after October, 1861, never less than 800,000, and often exceeding 1,000,000 men. 1,050,000 men in round numbers were mustered out at the close of the war.

The Confederates, who, by the most reliable records and authority, had 600,000 from first to last, surrendered

150,000 men. The effective force in the field never exceeded 300,000 men at any one time. This army came mainly from the eleven seceding States, having a population of 4,000,000 whites (3,000,000 males). It was about all that the population could do in soldiers. «The Union armies outnumbered those of the Confederacy in all cases as two, commonly as three, and during the entire time in which General Grant was in command as four, to one.» When we consider that in nearly all important battles the forces did not differ very much, the charge of dispersion might be lodged against the Union commanders rather than against the Confederates. The Union army, however, does not imbricate dispersion on the part of the Confederates.

In addition to the land forces, the navy of the United States consisted of some hundred vessels of war, manned by 100,000 sailors, and a fleet of transports, steamers, barges, and war-boats almost everywhere, which in 1862, on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, alone numbered over twenty-two hundred vessels—a great loss to General Grant and other generals in operating against Vicksburg and Fort Hudson.

It was not known what was the number of vessels chartered on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts in moving the large armies to Port Royal, the North Carolina coast, Florida, Mobile, and Louisiana. The navy in its help was as decisive in results as the great armies in the field. It was it and the armies of the Union that have been successful. It blockaded the coast from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It cut up the Confederacy by her rivers, by occupying these with gunboats; in establishing many depots and points of departure from the line of coasts and from the river-banks, for armies to invade, overtake, and destroy supplies in new territory; in transporting armies around territory they could not cross; and in saving armies when defeated. Coupled with the navy, I mention the great trunk railways converging in and striking Confederate territory, connecting with powerful States full of supplies to support armies, and able to transport them in an emergency to any point.

I feel that General R. E. Lee's position is a good one, and none other need be sought as a cause of failure.

S. D. Lee.

JOSEPH WHEELER, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

1864.

HARNEY will authorize the failure of the Confederate cause to the great preponderance of men and resources with which it was confronted.

In commenting upon Mr. Rose's article, I would say:

1. That the financial system might have been better no one will deny; but when we consider that a new-born nation was engaged, furnished with ammunition, fed, clothed, and paid an army which for four years engaged a force 600,000 strong, it must be admitted that there was much in our financial management to commend.

2. I think the author goes to extremes in condemning the military policy which he terms one of dispersion.

The force with which we defeated Charleston was less by far than that with which it was attacked. The surrender of 15,000 men at Fort Donelson was unnecessary.

It was quite possible to have withdrawn the army after it had become apparent that the position was untenable. And it is certain that we should never have allowed 30,000 men to become penned up in Vicksburg. But these disasters cannot properly be attributed to the policy which Mr. Rose condemns.

The author is mistaken in asserting that «if every city upon the seaboard had been evacuated at the beginning of the war, the Confederacy would have been stronger.» He is also mistaken in his suggestion that we «should have learned a lesson from the war of the Revolution, whose capital was changed nine times, and the British allowed to march from one end of the thirteen colonies to the other.» In that war, and in Frederick's Seven Years' War, to which he also refers, the conditions were very different from those in our conflict. We were more dependent upon arsenals and depots and lines of communication, and we had political as well as military conditions to consider. The breaking of our railroads by which supplies were carried from Southern granaries would have made it impossible for us to hold Richmond, and the retreat of Lee's army into the Carolinas or Georgia would have been the beginning of the end.

3. The tendency in European armies during the last thirty years has been to increase the cavalry as compared with other arms, and it is true that a large proportion of cavalry generally adds to the efficiency and power of an army. Especially would this apply to a country like the South, where so many were trained horsemen; nevertheless, after careful consideration, the policy adopted by Confederate army commanders was to encourage an increase of their infantry, and to discourage and even prohibit enlistments in the cavalry. In European wars it often occurred that the weaker of two contending armies became disordered, and in this condition a charge by a large body of cavalry completed the discomfiture; but, with rare exceptions, matters were very different during the Civil War.

The first battle of Manassas and the battle of Shiloh might, however, be well cited to sustain the position taken by Mr. Rose. An organized cavalry force under a good commander at Manassas could have overtaken and captured much of McDowell's army in its retreat to Washington, and such a force at Shiloh could have intercepted much of Grant's army in its retreat to the Tennessee River; but after this the improved organization, discipline, and equipment of the Federal army, together with its numerical preponderance, gave it such strength that very few opportunities were offered for cavalry to charge upon a dying foe. At Perryville the Federal corps and divisions which became seriously engaged were defeated and driven in disorder, but night came on and ended the conflict. Our cavalry was occupied with large forces which extended beyond our flanks, and it charged upon them, and captured a great many prisoners; but the complete rout of the 70,000 men under Buell by less than one third that number was not possible. When Marietta was fought, the cavalry division of Forrest was in western Tennessee, and that of Morgan in Kentucky. The remaining cavalry did valiant service, going around the Federal rear, destroying trains, and charging with good effect upon the disordered Federal right. At Chickamauga our cavalry pursued and

captured a number of the retreating enemy, but darkness and barricades stopped their advance, and the next day Rosecrans's army was behind breastworks and fortifications invulnerable to attacks from cavalry. During the last year or eighteen months of the war we did not have an army strong enough to defeat and disperse the army by which it was opposed, and opportunities for cavalry to pursue and complete their discomfiture did not arise.

In General Sherman's campaign in 1864, his force was more than double that commanded by General Johnston. Sherman's army was thoroughly organized, well equipped, well officered and disciplined. It is true that on many occasions we gained a decided victory at the point of attack, and in July, 1864, the Confederate cavalry defeated and dispersed 10,000 cavalry under Stoneman, Garrard, and McCook; but these Confederate successes in no wise disordered the Federal troops which did not engage us, and there was very seldom any flying foe for such cavalry operations as are referred to by Mr. Rose.

The important service performed by this arm was to fight dismounted as infantry, keep close up to the enemy, keep informed of their movements, cover our flanks and prevent their being turned, and frequently to raid upon the enemy's communications. Its business was also to fight the numerous cavalry of the opposing army. With rare exceptions, all these duties were well performed.

What has been said in regard to the opposing armies of Sherman and Johnston also applies to the armies under Grant and Lee. No one will controvert the fact that an increased cavalry force would have been of great service to the Confederacy; but if that increase had been obtained by taking from the infantry, it can hardly be contended that it would have added to our strength. Every thoughtful man will admit that the life of the Confederate government depended upon our maintaining the army under Lee in Virginia, and the Army of the West, commanded at different times by the Johnstons, Beauregard, Bragg, and Hood. It was evident during the entire conflict that so long as these armies were sustained without serious disaster the Confederacy would live; but that if either was disabled by defeat in battle or by loss of resources, so as to be unable to present a firm front to the opposing army, the almost immediate fall of the government would be the inevitable result.

Joseph Wheeler.

BY E. P. ALEXANDER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL
OF ARTILLERY, C. S. A.

I CONCUR in Mr. Rose's belief that the success of the Confederacy was, for a time, not impossible; but I think it is as difficult to assign brief and general reasons for its failure as it would be to say why A has beaten B in a long and closely contested game of chess. Probably during forty moves B might have won by different play, and each move of the forty might be called the fatal one. But I do not at all think that Mr. Rose has made out his case for any one of the three moves, or causes, which he assigns.

1. Without discussing how or whether the issue of Confederate currency could have been avoided, it is enough to say that it answered its purpose; and the

credit of the Confederacy was good enough, both at home and abroad, until long after the date when its last chance in the field was gone. This date, I think, can be exactly fixed as June 15, 1864, the reasons therefor being another story. Up to that date the Confederacy could *buy* anything in the world, from an ironclad in France to a horseshoe in Richmond. The trouble lay in blockades and other obstacles to getting needed articles from places where they could be procured to places where they were needed. Times were often hard in the field and camp, but this cut little figure when the trial of battle was on, and we never lost a field that I know of for lack of food, clothes, ammunition, or anything that money might have bought. Mr. Rose's deductions as to the principles of national taxation are sound enough, and there are indeed many other valuable lessons to be learned from the history of Confederate money, some of them apropos, too, to the present time; but it is not fair to hold its issue responsible for the loss of any battle having any influence upon the final result.

2. I cannot agree at all with Mr. Rose's statement that the Confederate government attempted to hold unnecessary frontier. It was bound to hold large and undisturbed agricultural districts in order to raise food for its armies; and it was bound to guard, even against bridge-burning raids, the long railroad arteries which brought up supplies to the armies; and it was bound to maintain somewhere very large arsenals and machine-shops and warehouses, and to protect them when once located. Richmond, for instance, was defended to the death, not for its being the capital, but for containing the Tredegar Ironworks, without which, it has been said, our armies could not have kept in the field two years. The capital could be moved, but the ironworks could not. These necessities seem to me to justify the defense of every foot of territory which was held after the war was once fairly joined. But had all the Confederate armies been concentrated, as Mr. Rose suggests, on the flanks of the Appalachians or anywhere else, abandoning their arsenals and sources of supply, they would soon have been out of ammunition, and would have been starved into surrender.

Had Mr. Rose, however, criticized the neglect of the Confederate government to utilize the advantage it possessed in having what is technically called «the interior lines» by transferring heavy reinforcements rapidly back and forth between the East and the West, he would have made the most severe criticism which I think can be justly made upon Confederate strategy. This was attempted only once,—in September, 1863,—and then, though under difficulties preventing attainment of the best results, Chickamauga was made a sort of a victory instead of a disastrous defeat.

The greatest opportunity ever offered for such strategy was probably in May, 1863, after Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville. It was discussed at that time, but not adopted. Vigorously executed, it might have forestalled both the Vicksburg and the Gettysburg campaigns.

3. As to the alleged «neglect of cavalry,» Mr. Rose greatly underestimates the difficulty of supplying horses, and he entirely ignores that of getting men. Men could have been had only by diminishing the number of our

infantry man for man. Considering our inferiority in numbers, and the topography of our average battle-fields, I think no competent military critic would have advised in any of our armies exchanging any material number of our infantry for cavalry. Indeed, the general tendency, as the war went on, was to convert our cavalry into mounted infantry. For the day of decisive cavalry charges passed away with the advent of long-range small arms, breech-loaders, and improved artillery. Even at Waterloo, had half or more of Napoleon's cavalry been artillery and infantry, his chances would have been improved; for their first charge left a rampart of dead horses which broke up all renewed efforts. We may see in future armies large developments of mounted infantry (possibly two men to a horse sometimes), but cavalry, in the old sense of the term, will cut little figure in the future.

It is surely very shallow to charge West Point with depreciation of the cavalry because officers selected for branches of service requiring the most skilled application of the higher mathematics are chosen from among those who, other things being equal, are most proficient in mathematics. Any other principle of selection would be absurd.

Most of Mr. Rose's arguments and illustrations are drawn from events which happened on a different planet from the one now occupying our orbit. The old one, on which Numidians, Macedonians, Napoleon, Frederick, George III, and our forefathers adjusted their various difficulties was not fitted up, either by land or by sea, with steam and electrical appliances. Virtually the only way to go anywhere in force was to walk on land or to take small and inferior sailing-craft by sea. Consequently there were many cases where small nations got the better of large ones because the big fellow could not get at the little one. But in our case the big fellow was all about the little one from the very start, leaving him no resources but Providence and his own pluck. Which failed him, it would be invidious to inquire.

E. P. Alexander.

BY E. M. LAW, MAJOR-GENERAL C. S. A.

I AM loath to criticize so thoughtful and interesting a paper as that of Mr. Duncan Rose, in the November number of *THE CENTURY*, on the question, «Why the Confederacy Failed?» especially as it opens a field for investigation the cultivation of which may bring to light much interesting and as yet unwritten history. But I cannot entirely agree with his conclusion that «in a war for independence numbers do not count.» The history of Poland and that of Hungary are conspicuous refutations of the statement. «The little republic of Switzerland,» which he cites, «won its independence» by reason of the very fact that the kingdoms and empires by which she was surrounded were «in arms» as often against one another as against her, as well as because of the impregnability of her mountain fastnesses when properly defended. If we are to credit history, Frederick the Great was «at the last gasp» during the Seven Years' War, and Prussia would probably have shared the fate which overtook Poland a few years later had not the opportune death of the Empress Elizabeth and the accession of Peter III converted Russia, his most power-

ful foe, into a friend and ally. And, however much national pride may rebel at the admission, the unbiased student of our own Revolutionary history must confess that the American cause was well-nigh hopeless when the powerful intervention of France, and the complications of England with Spain and Holland, turned the scale in our favor. Besides the moral effect of the recognition of our independence, the fleets of France broke the strict blockade of the American ports, and provided the colonies with supplies which were of far more value to them than the few troops furnished by their ally. Had a like good fortune attended the Confederate States, had some friendly nation powerful enough to enforce its decrees recognized their independence and opened their ports, their subjugation would have been impossible, even if we admit the full force of all the reasons assigned for failure.

Our ports being closed, however, and the Confederacy being dependent entirely on its internal resources and credit, Mr. Rose's criticism of its financial system is unanswerable. The free use of the taxing power, to which as a war measure the people would have submitted as patiently as they did to the conscription, was all that could have saved its finances from the ruin that speedily overtook them through the continued issue of irredeemable paper money.

«The policy of dispersion,» which Mr. Rose assigns as another cause of failure, was from a military point of view the gravest mistake that could have been made. It prolonged the struggle, no doubt, but continued adherence to it under the conditions that existed meant certain failure in the end. Some Confederate officers, notably General Joseph E. Johnston, realized this early in the war; but their views were overruled by the Richmond government, which seemed to dread nothing so much as a loss of territory, and adhered to the end, with fatal pertinacity, to the policy of holding positions the defense of which could result only in disaster to the defenders. Whether the Confederate cause would have been won by pursuing an opposite course we cannot know; but a policy of concentration and hard blows, with the decisive results that must have followed, would at least have had the merit of deciding the struggle quickly, and saving the country the prolonged agony and the wasting effects of a four years' war.

For the third cause of failure assigned by Mr. Rose, namely, «the neglect of the cavalry,» I would substitute «the dispersion of the cavalry.» I think the records will show that the Confederacy had cavalry enough in proportion to the other arms of the service, and of a quality superior, man for man, to their antagonists. Had it been concentrated in large bodies in the vicinity of our great armies, under such leaders as Stuart, Forrest, Van Dorn, and Hampton, instead of being scattered by companies, regiments, and brigades all over the country, the many great victories won by those armies might have been as fruitful as they were in fact barren of results.

The causes that contributed to Confederate failure were many, but among them all none can be compared in potency and far-reaching influence to the failure to provide an adequate navy as well as an army; and that a far-sighted statesmanship in the beginning of the struggle could have done this there is little doubt. With

open ports, foreign trade would have given the Confederate finances impregnable strength, the armies would not have suffered the deprivation of many things necessary to the efficiency of soldiers in the field, and the rivers of the South would not have been free waterways for Federal gunboats. But despite all the errors of statesmanship, financiering, and generalship, in spite of resources rendered unavailable by reason of blockaded ports, and in the face of greatly superior numbers, the valor and devotion of the Confederate soldier came «perilously near» winning the fight. On two occasions at least the cause was well-nigh won, but was lost again in such a way as almost to compel belief in the direct interposition of Providence.

E. M. Law.

BY DON CARLOS BUELL, MAJOR-GENERAL
U. S. V.

WHY did the Confederacy fail? The comprehensive answer is that it failed for the want of ability to succeed. To say that the effort was one of the most heroic that ever miscarried, is only to emphasize the formidableness of the obstacles that opposed it.

When we look into the particulars, we find, in comparison with the government which it strove to throw off, that it was deficient in every element that could affect the result of such an enterprise but courage; indeed, we shall be amazed that four years of gigantic effort were required for its overthrow, if we lose sight of the vigor of the resistance, and the inherent difficulty of overcoming any organized revolt of such proportions. We find it completely shut in from foreign intercourse; we find it relatively deficient in men and money and resources of every sort, in military equipment, in facilities for interior communication, in mechanical appliances, in the mechanical skill which so much aided the armies of its adversary, in that material development which occupies so important a place in modern civilization, in foreign confidence and sympathy, in internal confidence as well, and in that profound popular impulse which continually strengthened the armies of its opponent, and threw the whole energy of the North into the contest.

Certainly the early stage of the war was marked by great enthusiasm and bitterness on the part of the South, especially among the upper classes, and the losing cause was followed with fidelity to the end. The Union sentiment in the North was as strong, as enthusiastic, and more general; and there was besides, in an already dominating and growing element, a motive that was stronger and more enduring than enthusiasm—an implacable antagonism which acted side by side with the cause of the Union as a perpetual impelling force against the social conditions of the South, controlling the counsels of the government, and cadencing the march of its armies to the chorus:

«John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on!»

There was from the first but one reasonable chance for the survival of the Confederacy, and that lay in foreign intervention. Recognition alone would not have availed. How long the contest would have been protracted by such interference, and what might have been

the ultimate consequences, are questions which it is not pleasant for an American and a lover of civil liberty to contemplate.

In a conflict of such magnitude as our Civil War, it followed naturally that economic and military policies should exert an important influence. Mere promissory money would be apt to cause embarrassment, but not fatally so in the isolated condition of the Confederacy so long as it satisfied the demands of interior trade. Intrinsically the greenbacks of the North were no better than the paper promises of the South; yet they constituted virtually the sole circulating medium, were received with confidence, and the country was commercially prosperous during the whole war. In the North the use of such money was a policy or device. In the South it was a necessity; for, unable to borrow money abroad, if direct taxation could have been resorted to it would have been futile: the country did not possess wealth enough in an available form for the emergency.

The failure of the financial expedient thus adopted by the South from necessity, without any foundation of material value, became inevitable as soon as it lost the confidence of the public. If there was at the time no other symptom of a distrust of their cause, the rejection of the money of the Confederacy by the people was a sufficient sign of a lack of faith. The bad money was a consequence, not a cause.

The policy of dispersion, as it is called, in the military operations has been criticized on both sides, but not with convincing argument. The conflict was not of a nature to be decided by a single campaign or on purely strategic grounds. The mission of the Federal government was to invade, put down armed opposition, and restore its authority; and the largeness of the force called to the task permitted, indeed required, its employment in different fields of operation at the same time. Correspondingly, all the circumstances of the occasion imposed upon the Confederates the general plan of a popular defensive war. Apart from the necessity of securing the resources of every portion of their territory, by just so far as the Confederate forces consolidated might by superior skill cope successfully with the superior numbers of their opponent, by so far within judicious limits might their successes be multiplied by division against their divided adversary.

There is no reason to suppose that a more extensive or a different use of cavalry would have changed the result of the war. The Confederacy was no better able to secure supremacy in that arm than in any other. The probability is strongly to the contrary, and the South had most to apprehend from rivalry in that direction.

But no explanation of the triumph of the Union cause could be more superficial and erroneous than that which would ascribe the result to military leadership, however meritorious, rather than to the immense momentum of popular will and intelligence which animated and directed the population of the North. That power found an efficient preliminary organizer in the State governments—that peculiar feature of *imperium in imperio* in our political system, which, however it may tend to preserve the liberties of the citizen, may in some future crisis prove as powerful an agent for evil to the nation as in this instance it was fruitful of good to both. It

did not contribute as much to the Confederate cause in the South as it did to the cause of the Union in the North.

In these brief notes upon the chances of the Confederacy I make no reference to the so-called teachings of history, which often fail to elucidate satisfactorily the questions to which we apply them. Moreover, the conditions of the civilization of the present day—especially in their bearing upon military science and the mission of civil government—are too unlike those of even a hundred years ago to make it safe to draw comparisons of action without the most careful analysis.

D. C. Buell.

BY O. O. HOWARD, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. A., RETIRED.

WHILE I do not agree with a number of Mr. Rose's postulates, his article presents important points worthy of study and thought.

It was long my favorite theory, born of my deepest conviction and expressed in a letter to the «New-York Times» at the very beginning of the war, that the Union arms would never be successful until the government aimed directly and indirectly with all its power at the extinction of human slavery. With reference to the intrinsic wrong in slavery, I believe the whole nation participated in its perpetuation, and that this fact affected the morale of our people and our armies. When, after terrible chastisement, our morale followed the divine leading, success became continuous and finally complete.

In fervor, devotion to a cause, and persistency, there was doubtless little difference between the governments, peoples, and soldiers of the South and the North.

1. The Confederate government promised to pay dollars (gold or silver) six months after recognition of the Confederacy by the United States. These promises, used as currency, naturally depreciated as their volume increased and the likelihood of success lessened. But all peoples subjected to extraordinary expenses are wont to throw part of the cost upon the future. The Union government did the same in the Civil War. It was hardly possible for the Confederacy to avoid the issue of these promises. Their reckless issue toward the end was like the straw at which the drowning man catches; it was an endeavor to keep the Confederate armies together for a little space while the government looked and prayed for European help.

At last the South was fairly exhausted. The worthless paper money was only an incident. In some localities, at every period of the war, there was much baled cotton; and though it commanded a high price anywhere outside the blockading squadron, within the Confederacy it was of little value, as it could be neither eaten nor shot at the enemy.

2. «The policy of dispersion» referred to I deem a necessity; for as soon as any portions of the seceded States were held by the Union army they contributed nothing to the Confederacy, but, on the other hand, furnished supplies to the United States. As men understood the art of war in 1861, the military administration of the South could hardly have been excelled. It is true that the armies under Lee and Johnston were hampered at times by a weak government; but all governments are

human, and liable to weakness in organization and mistakes in operation.

Following a reaction against Napoleon's system, the war in the Crimea, as well as our own in its earlier stages, made much of strategic positions. After General Grant's series of demonstrations in battle, we now clearly see that the objective should have been the enemy's active army. The danger to the respective capitals was indeed a great bugbear; for as long as either side had a well-equipped army, the capture of either capital would have been only an advantage, not a conclusive victory. Certainly the strategic theory or the political situation caused the shedding of much blood and the expenditure of much treasure which from a purely military point of view was a sad waste. The endeavor should have been to destroy the opposing army.

3. It takes long training to make effective cavalry, even if raw recruits can ride. The use of horses to transport troops rapidly from point to point for the purpose of fighting on foot was developed during the war. Confederate generals found that such cavalry as they could raise was very expensive and hard to keep efficient. As soon as they had had a little experience in battle, it was not the nature of our armies to become so demoralized after defeat that cavalry could overrun and destroy them. Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Malvern Hill were hardly victories for the Confederacy, and even Fredericksburg became so only because the Union army failed to carry a position. It withdrew without loss of organization. The reason the Confederates did not gain in these more decisive advantage was not because they were weak in cavalry, but because of the stamina of the withdrawing troops. Union victories, so called, were many, but were not decisive, except in a few instances, because of the stamina of the Confederate soldiers.

During the Rebellion we lived under a Constitution which somewhat checked our raising money. These provisions were copied into the Confederate Constitution. Doubtless there was some disability here, but now we could constitutionally increase our income from the internal-revenue taxes by adding other articles to the list sufficiently to carry on a foreign war—that is, if public opinion would permit. Still, should war come, part of its expense would doubtless be thrown over to the future by the government borrowing money. In reference to losses from «the policy of dispersion» our principal sea-coast cities must be defended as naval depots; after that, the objective should always be the destruction of any hostile army landing on our shores or entering our country from the north or the south.

Mr. Rose is mistaken in the matter of the assignment of West Point graduates. No «dullard» is graduated at West Point. Classes which begin with more than a hundred usually graduate less than fifty. Of these fifty not more than five go into the engineers. The other graduates are always allowed a choice of arms according to their class standing. The cavalry vacancies are generally all filled before the members of the lower half of a class have had a chance to select.

Again, I should say that an invasion of Canada, even without an extraordinary cavalry force, could be made an effective military operation, though a good cavalry force is, of course, always desirable. Its effi-

ciency under Sheridan, however (and it would be more so now), was not so much from the old cavalry impact as from the advantage gained by transferring men with good arms from point to point with rapidity. Surely the writer undervalues General J. E. B. Stuart as a cavalry leader. His view probably arises from his partiality for the energy and enterprise of General Forrest.

Oliver O. Howard.

BY JACOB D. COX, MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V.

IN all great historical events the causes coöperating to produce the result are sure to be numerous—so numerous that it would hardly be wrong to call them numberless. The student of history gets so accustomed to crises in which a slight change of circumstance or of conduct would, apparently, have given a wholly different trend to affairs that he gives up the problem of the «might have beens» as one impossible of solution. Yet there is so much that is fascinating in such speculations that we may be very sure that many another son of a Confederate officer besides Mr. Rose has spent long hours of wistful thought upon his question, though not many have so persuasively presented an answer.

Yet when he dismisses the answer that it was contrary to the will of Providence that the South should win, does he not miss some of the reasons contained in that solution of the matter? Many an earnest Southern man now sees and acknowledges that all has «turned out for the best», which is only another way of saying that a superior wisdom and a more potent will than theirs was ruling the world; and they find consolation in the thought. Then we must remember that this view does not imply a mere arbitrary fiat. Under a reign of law it means a supremely wise adaptation of means to ends and causes to effects, if we are only able to trace them out.

For instance, except for the fact that the system of slavery was in conflict with the public opinion of the civilized world, there would seem to be little doubt that both France and England would have intervened actively in behalf of the Confederacy. When we read the evidence of the embarrassment of the statesmen of those countries in the presence of the necessity of deciding whether they would join in a war to establish a new nation upon the basis of African slavery, we are made to feel strongly that a moral force was at work here that was great enough to account for the difference between success or failure in even so gigantic a struggle. The summary of facts bearing on this point which Mr. Rhodes has given in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his «History of the United States» is very instructive. But this non-intervention made possible the great blockade of two thousand miles of sea-coast, depriving the Confederacy of a foreign commerce which was a vital factor both in marketing her own products and in procuring munitions of war.

Mr. Rose has sketched with no little power the mischiefs which resulted from unlimited issues of irredeemable paper money; but can we call it a principal

cause of the Confederate failure? France did not fail in her struggle with Europe because of the worthlessness of her assignats. They were swept into the dustbins, and she began again on a sounder financial basis, and carried her eagles across the Continent. We of the North also suffered from paper issued on doubtful credit, and even the statesman who issued it lived to declare, as Chief Justice, with noble frankness, that the constitutional powers of the government had been strained in doing so, and that the desperate resort to war powers must end at least when peace was achieved.

It is easy for us now to argue that the Confederate notes as well as our own were bad finance; but the true reason for their issue was that the statesmen in power on both sides did not believe that their people would stand the enormous taxation required to «pay as you go.» They looked for refusal to support war measures and war administrations when the burden of taxation should be oppressively felt. They may have been wrong, but they were able politicians, and we must not be too confident that they misjudged the situation.

To examine the causes of military success and failure on both sides is too large a task for condensation into a page, and one can only suggest that Mr. Rose, in his contention that the Confederate armies fought without necessity on «undefensible frontiers», seems to use the term in a questionable way. The frontier in the West was virtually the Ohio River. Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro', Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, made a line of interior positions in the very heart of the country from which the Confederate government must draw its resources, and which was sliced away by great breadths of territory till Sherman completed the dis severing by the march to the sea, and thence north to the capital of North Carolina.

A similar brief suggestion as to the advantage of cavalry must limit what I can say. The cavalry which Mr. Rose advocates are the horsemen of European armies, trained by years of severe drill and instruction of both man and beast to produce effects by the «shock» of galloping thousands using the lance or saber. It was well known that there was neither time nor opportunity to produce such cavalry in our Civil War, and most men of military experience still think the character of the country would have made their use in large bodies impracticable. Our use of horses was only to carry men quickly to the desired position, when they dismounted and fought on foot with carbines much inferior in range and caliber to the infantry weapons. General Forrest openly discarded sabers, and was the most pronounced advocate of dependence on the carbine and revolver in such country as our Western and Southern States.

Is it not reasonable, then, to conclude that the heavier battalions of the Northern army, persistently advancing into the Confederate States, and aided by the moral causes first mentioned, secured results which are consistent at once with military principles and with the purposes of Providence in regard to America?

Jacob D. Cox.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Recording Tendency and What it is Coming To.

IT is getting to be a serious question as to how far the world shall go in the way of self-record, and after the record is made, how far it behooves the individual to acquaint himself with the record. This is not merely a question of daily journalism, or of the periodical press in general, but attaches to all the products of the printing-press, both literary and pictorial; it is a question, also, that has to do with art—literary, plastic, and theatrical.

The world's artistic record—the record in picture and sculpture of the scenes and thoughts of the present and the past—becomes constantly more extensive and minute, as shown in exhibitions, in the multiplicity of separate prints and of illustrated periodicals of all kinds. The invention of photography encourages art to be more photographic. The tendency is toward minute and literal representation of the visible world. Of late years all art has taken a realistic turn, and has gone largely into the business pure and simple of recording; we see this in fiction, in verse, in picture and sculpture, even in music. As it goes on, however, it is beginning to be discovered that the artistic record is apt to run to the trivial; that, as nature and life are infinite, we are threatened with an infinity of recording art, all fairly well executed, but gradually losing distinction, and tending finally to a false accent and an inexpressive and confusing multiplicity. Here and there reaction has been manifested against the tendency, and we have had various forms of impressionism and romanticism; but, on the whole, the last two thirds of the nineteenth century have been given over to realism in the record of humanity past and present, and of the aspects of nature. Even impressionism is simply an attempt to correct the record. This recording tendency in art is partly to be accounted for as a reaction against the conventional, partly as the effect of the great successes of science and of scientific history.

It is under this reign of recording realism that dialect has been chased up into all its myriad variations. It is the insistence of the recording spirit that has brought not merely the ugly, but the loathsome, into the record. There has been a sort of religion of the commonplace, as well as a religion of the beastly, the putrescent, and the obscene. There are books published nowadays, by men of artistic reputation, in which the record of the disgusting has been carried almost to the utmost—almost, not quite; for the most headstrong «realist» stops somewhere of his own accord. There were rooms in the two great exhibitions in Paris last year which one entered at his peril. The walls of one of these chambers of horror were covered with pictures skilfully painted, and dedicated to nightmare, despair, destruction, death, and cannibalism. The best, and we believe the biggest, painting of the whole hysterical lot was devoted to the minute portrayal of the last-named

pleasing theme—a historical subject delineated with conscience and completeness. Another chamber of horrors was full of sculpture almost equally ghastly and ghoulish in character. Concerning the recording realism of the French stage, the less said the better.

The processes of chemical engraving in the lower forms of the industry have been so cheapened, and ordinary printing is also so much less costly, that there is a glut in the manufacture of pictures, books, and all periodicals. It might at first be thought that the power to print must exceed the material for printing. But it has become evident that the quantity of matter that may be printed is quite sufficient to keep all the presses going; it is only in quality that there is any deficiency. The material for record is inexhaustible.

As to the recording activity of the new journalism, its frantic attempts to keep pace with the passing human show have already arrived at the stage of epileptic contortion, partly for the reason that the material is endless. Think of it! If all the rest of the world be set aside, here in our own country are nearly seventy millions of people all daily at work at something—for even the tramp tramps. Each individual furnishes material for record—first, in his individual capacity, second, in his association with others, in endless permutation. For instance, John Jones in any one day may be the subject, we will say, of journalistic record as plain John Jones; he may have a fit, steal a watermelon, or kill his grandmother. Then this same John Jones, by association with a family, a society, a strike, a target excursion, a foot-ball team, or a philanthropic movement, may give occasion to any number of further records. The millions of perfectly commonplace and unimportant John Joneses may thus supply the press with enough material to keep it busy; but there are tens of thousands of John Joneses who have become, to some extent, notorious or distinguished. Any day of their lives may furnish material for public record; if nothing else happens, they can at least give expression to an «opinion.»

With the standard of intrinsic values lowered, with little or no selection, except a selection of the unfittest, it is no wonder that the sensational press is getting to be the epileptic press, the general excuse for sensationalism being that anything that happens may be printed. Of course it is not true that anything that happens may be printed. The courts have a word to say about that, and there is a line drawn by the publishers and by the public, though sometimes the line is lost in the mire.

You can find artists in this recording age who deprecate composition and selection. They say they are «seeking the individual.» Seventy millions of individuals, seventy million pictures, seventy million statues. But why not multiply the pictures and statues by the days of the year? No individual is the same on any two successive days.

And as for the printing-press—but that is settling itself; for the time is at hand when every man will be his own publisher, author, and editor, illustrating his own work with his own snap-shots. When this time actually arrives, every man will simply read his own writings in "proof," and no man will have time to read the writings of any other. Then we shall all begin again, and the art of selecting from the world's thought and doings what is really worthy of record and worthy of examination will once more be exalted among men.

Words of Helpfulness.

In addition to the great religious books—the Bible, the "Imitation of Christ," and others—there are certain passages of spiritual literature, often of poetry, less often, perhaps, of prose, which by their noble sincerity and the intensity of their human feeling, or the boldness and sureness of their perception of realities, inspire one with the consuming wish that they might be known and read of all men. Of such are Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" and "Ode on Immortality," Emerson's "Threnody," "In Memoriam," and certain utterances of Amiel, Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, and Lowell. It is to such writings that the harassed and weary spirit may resort as to a valley of repose or a mountain of far-seen revelation. They constitute for us a protection alike against the induration of custom and the mold of indifference. They are the classics of the soul, nourishing in us the ideal nature by keeping us alive to the reality of the "things that are not seen."

But on a different plane there are often struck out of the life of to-day, and sometimes seemingly published ephemerally, poignant writings on life and death which pierce the heart with a similar emotion, and become a continual source of elevated interest by reason of the sympathy always excited by deep and sincere feeling. In greater or less degree this is true of a considerable portion of serious American poetry, major or minor, while in prose there are occasional examples of inspiring writing on spiritual themes, equally removed on one hand from the indelicacy of a too personal revelation, and on the other from the coagulated dryness of a timid style. Evidences already multiply of an appreciative response awakened in our readers by Mrs. Van Rensselaer's sketch in the *Christmas CENTURY*, "One Man Who was Content," a profound and helpful study of courageous recovery from overwhelming grief. In the present number Mr. Stillman's touching narrative of the life of two squirrels, and of his divining affection for them, will likewise arouse the sympathy of readers through the love of animals which fills a large place in the human heart and has been the motive of many books. These two papers are among the writings which stir us to better moods, and leave us, as it were, enriched by the personal friendship of the writer.

There is another recent utterance of a different sort, but of similar import, which one could wish to place in the hands particularly of young men, and, in these days of friction between classes, in the hands of both rich and poor. We refer to the report of Mr. Carl Schurz's address at the obsequies of William Steinway. Mr. Schurz's words, coming as they do from one of our clearest thinkers and truest patriots, have an even higher significance than the moving tribute of a sincere friend

to a good man and lamented citizen. They excite an ideal of useful living which one can never forget. Mr. Schurz, speaking in German, said in part:

"As a simple workman William Steinway began his life's activity. Through unwearied labor, honest, daring, many-sided, thoughtful, he climbed round by round till the name of the great master manufacturer resounded through all the civilized nations of the earth, and the noblest societies of art and the mightiest princes of the world decorated him with their distinguished honors. But with all the greatness of his success he remained always the simple, honest restless workman—the true, the ideal knight of labor in the broadest, noblest sense.

"And—what is in our day of special significance—he was a pattern as a rich man. I wish I could call the millionaires of the land to this bier and say to them, 'Those among you who lament that at times poverty looks with mutterings on riches, learn from this dead man.' His millions were never begrudged him. The dark glance of envy never fell upon him. Covetousness itself passed him by disarmed and reconciled. Yes, every one would have rejoiced to see him still richer, for every one knew that everything he got contributed to the welfare of all. No one fulfilled better than he the duties of wealth. There was no puffed-up pride of possession, no extravagant prank of display. Simple as ever remained his being, modest his mode of life. But he knew one luxury and he practised it: that was the luxury of the liberal hand—a princely luxury, that few of the world's greatest have indulged in more richly than he.

"I speak here not only of the gifts of large sums, of which the world knows, but of those much greater amounts that he spent quietly for his fellow-man, and of which the world knows nothing. And it was not money alone that he gave. It was the hearty joy of the genuine benefactor with which he bade the worthy welcome, and often anticipated their wants. It was the bright cheerfulness of the willing giver who could conceive no abuse of his generosity, who spared neither time nor pains, who let no business claims deter or disturb him, and who comforted and considered, thought and labored till the necessary aid was secured. How incredibly far that went, how great the number of those who looked upon Steinway as a kindly, never-failing support, how his labor of charity accumulated sometimes till the whole capacity of an ordinary man would have been exhausted, that only his closest friends ever knew; and they hardly knew it all. I have seen many men in my day, never a bigger heart. It is hard over this coffin so to speak the truth that it shall not seem exaggerated. Is it too much to say that in this man every human being has lost a brother?"

In the contemplation of such a personality one is impressed with the superiority of character over attainment, as an element of happiness either in individual or nation. The hope of humanity lies in keeping alive in each generation such a sense of its responsibilities to its time. This is the true altruism which is the main-spring of patriotism and morality.

"384,282."

It is not unusual to find the lawmakers of State or nation underrating the popular strength of reforms. With the lamentable but incorrigible tendency of legislators to follow rather than to lead public opinion, it has not infrequently occurred that they have waked up to find themselves very far behind the progress of public opinion. This has been the case in the matter of the abolition of slavery, civil-service reform, sound money, and other causes; and that this is equally true in the matter of forestry reform, both in the State of New York and in the country at large, there is now no reason to doubt. Instances are afforded by the favorable reception in different parts of the central West and the Pacific slope of the Presidential proclamations establishing out of the public lands forest reserves for the conservation of the timber and of the water-supply often sorely

needed for irrigation purposes. Indeed, as soon as the people are led to consider this question, its far-reaching relations become evident, and with the exception of those who have something to make by the spoliation of government lands, they are sure to be overwhelmingly on the conservative side. Such has been the case with regard to the great forest reservations in the Sierra Nevada and the Cascade range, and there is every reason to believe that public sentiment will heartily support the much-needed extension of the system in other portions of the country.

But the most striking instance of public revolt against an attempt to divert a forest reservation from public uses is found in the overwhelming majority—officially given as 384,282—by which the endeavor to amend the constitution of the State of New York relating to the Adirondack Park was defeated at the election in November. Late in the campaign, under the lead of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, a vigorous fight was made against the scheme to undo what had been gained for the Adirondacks through the Constitution of 1894, by which the framers of that instrument, in sheer despair at the prevalent vandalism, forbade the cutting of timber, or the sale or exchange of lands already reserved for public uses. The spirit of this protest may be inferred from the fact that, in the

words of Mr. Frank S. Gardner, secretary of the Board of Trade, «at the first intimation of danger the people were wide awake, and in every county of the State captains eager to lead the fight were found.» The significant feature of the vote was that the counties in the vicinity of the park uniformly voted on the right side. We believe that this tremendous majority indicates that, as Mr. Gardner says, «the forests are protected in the love and intelligence of the people.»

The Adirondacks have become so largely a resort and sanitarium for the people of the United States that their preservation is no longer a matter of local concern. It would now seem, in view of this vote, an appropriate time to undertake the completion of the original plan for the reservation, the limits of which are known on the map as the «blue line,» within which, however, there is much private land, the denuding of which would largely defeat the very purpose of the reservation. Surely, the wish of the public, as revealed in the test vote on the amendment, and the fact that the acquisition of the desired territory can be made more cheaply now than at any future time, are strong arguments for seizing the opportune moment to perfect this beneficent scheme. To this end the law of eminent domain may well be invoked, and the cost of the undertaking provided for by some carefully planned scheme of gradual payment.

OPEN LETTERS

A Recollection of Lincoln in Court.

THOSE who knew Mr. Lincoln in the days before his contest with Douglas for the senatorial representation from Illinois, will remember that he had won reputation for legal ability and for unsurpassed tact in jury trials.

Among the most important cases in which he appeared was the Rock Island Bridge Case, which was tried in the fall of 1857.

Being then in Chicago, and meeting John F. Tracy of the Rock Island Railroad, he said to me: «Our case will be heard in a day or two. You had better look in; I think it will interest you.»

The trial was the result of a long and violent opposition of river-men and steamboat-owners to the construction of a railroad bridge across the Mississippi River between Rock Island in Illinois and Davenport in Iowa. Continued friction between the builders and boatmen finally culminated in the burning of a steamboat which ran against a pier, causing a partial destruction of one of the trusses of the bridge. Suit was brought by the owners against the railroad company, and after various legal delays was called in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois, Hon. John McLean presiding.

The court held its sessions in what was known as the «Saloon Building» on the southeast corner of Clark and

Lake streets. The room appropriated for its use was not more than forty feet square, with the usual division for the judge, clerks, and attorneys occupying perhaps twenty feet on the farther side, and provided with the usual furniture. The rest of the room contained long benches for the accommodation of the public. Near the door was a large stove of the «box» pattern surmounted by a «drum.» These were common throughout the West in those days, when modern appliances were not thought of.

Alongside the stove was drawn one of the long benches, its front and sides cut and lettered all over. Here in cool weather frequently sat idlers, or weary members of the bar, and witnesses in cases on trial.

Much time was taken up by testimony and contentions between counsel; and as the participation of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce was openly charged, great interest was manifested in the evidence and the manner in which it was presented.

As the character of the Mississippi River was described,—the nature of its currents, their velocity at certain periods, the custom of navigators and pilots in allowance for drift, the depth of water at the «draw» of the bridge, the direction of the piers in relation to the channel, and many other points involving mechanics and engineering being drawn out,—the spectators showed their sympathies unmistakably.

Engineers in the service of the government, civil engineers, pilots, boat-owners, and river-men had testified under the most searching examination. Lincoln seemed to have committed all the facts and figures to memory, and often corrected evidence so effectively as to cause a ripple of mirth in the audience.

During a tedious examination by one of the opposing counsel, Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair, and walking wearily about,—this seemed to be his habit,—at last came down the aisle between the long benches toward the end of the room; and seeing a vacant space on the end of the bench which projected some distance beyond the stove, came over and sat down.

Having entered the room an hour before, I sat on the end, but, as Mr. Lincoln approached, moved back to give him room. As he sat down he picked up a bit of wood, and began to chip it with his knife, seeming absorbed, however, in the testimony under consideration. Some time passed, when Lincoln suddenly rose, and walking rapidly toward the bar, energetically contested the testimony, and demanded the production of the original notes as to measurements, showing wide differences. Considerable stir was occasioned in the room by this incident, and it evidently made a deep impression as to his comprehension, vigilance, and remembrance of the details of the testimony.

As the case progressed public interest increased; the court-room was crowded day after day. In due time the final arguments were made. Apparently counsel had assigned parts to one another. The Hon. Norman B. Judd, the Hon. Joseph Knox, and Mr. Stanton (of Cincinnati) preceded Mr. Lincoln, who in addressing the court claimed that the people along the river had the right to cross it in common intercourse; that the General government had jurisdiction under that provision of the Constitution authorizing Congress to regulate commerce between the States, in which power there was implied protection of legitimate means for its extension; that in such legitimate extension of commerce, which necessarily included transportation, rivers were to be crossed and natural obstacles everywhere surmounted; and that it was the manifest destiny of the people to move westward and surround themselves with everything connected with modern civilization. He further argued that the contention of the St. Louis interest was wholly technical and against public policy.

These and other points were most clearly and ably presented, and when Judge McLean gave his emphatic decision in favor of the Rock Island Railroad Company, it seemed to have received a large inspiration from Lincoln's masterly argument.

In the following year occurred the debates between Lincoln and Douglas, which abounded in amusing incidents. Lincoln's talent and tact in controversy, his deep knowledge of our institutions, his intense desire for their legitimate perpetuation, and his profound love for the people at large, for charity and forbearance—

all these qualifications impressed the public mind, and prepared the way for his subsequent elevation to the Presidency.

F. G. Saltonstall.

Our Frontispieces—Lincoln; Grant.

THE portrait of Lincoln which is given as a frontispiece of the present number of *THE CENTURY* is not new to the public; but no wood-engraving of it has before been made, and the unusual interest which attaches to it as one of the most agreeable of the early portraits of Mr. Lincoln has induced us to present here the admirable woodcut which has been made by Mr. T. Johnson. From a letter from the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, dated November 21, 1896, we quote the following reference to the portrait:

The proofs mentioned in your favor of the 18th inst. have come, and I am very much pleased with the work of your artist. I regret that I cannot give you any positive information as to the date of the original daguerreotype, and there is probably no one living who can do so. I was born in 1843, and can only say that I remember it as being in my father's house as far back as I can remember anything there. My own mere guess is that it was made either in St. Louis or Washington City during my father's term in Congress—which practically began in December, 1847, and ended in March, 1849. I mention St. Louis because I think it was in those days an important stage in the journey to the capital.

The portrait of Grant as major-general is from a photograph owned by Fred. B. Schell, who during the war was pictorial correspondent on the staff of "Frank Leslie's." It bears General Grant's autograph, placed there at Chattanooga on Mr. Schell's request. It is from a negative taken at Vicksburg in 1863, and well represents General Grant's appearance at the time of his command at Chattanooga, which is the subject of the opening paragraphs of General Porter's series. It is believed that this little-known portrait has not been hitherto engraved.

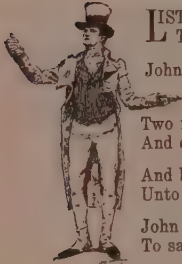
A Servant's Approval of the Training-school Idea.

WE have received a letter from a servant doing general house-work who has been in only three places in eight years. Having read in the September *CENTURY* the article on "Training-schools for Domestic Servants," she expresses her opinion that it would remedy the present unfortunate state of affairs. She thinks that if such a school were established, there is little doubt that there would be plenty of capable girls willing to learn; that the present trouble is caused by a lack of knowledge of how things should be done, which makes them harder to do, and so tries the patience of the mistress. She thinks if servants had a broad training of this sort, they would then know which special line of work it would be best to follow, and they would at the same time be able to manage any branch of it; they would, moreover, thus learn that house-work is an art to be proud of.—EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Ballad of a Bachelor.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.



LISTEN, ladies, while I sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

John Henry was a bachelor,
His age was thirty-three or four.

Two maids for his affection vied,
And each desired to be his bride,

And bravely did they strive to bring
Unto their feet John Henry King.

John Henry liked them both so well,
To save his life he could not tell

Which he most wished to be his bride,
Nor was he able to decide.

Fair Kate was jolly, bright, and gay,
And sunny as a summer day;

Marie was kind, sedate, and sweet,
With gentle ways and manners neat.

Each was so dear that John confessed
He could not tell which he liked best.

He studied them for quite a year,
And still found no solution near,

And might have studied two years more
Had he not, walking on the shore,

Conceived a very simple way
Of ending his prolonged delay—

A way in which he might decide
Which of the maids should be his bride.

He said, «I'll toss into the air
A dollar, and I'll toss it fair:

If heads come up, I'll wed Marie;
If tails, fair Kate my bride shall be.»

Then from his leather pocket-book
A dollar bright and new he took;

He kissed one side for fair Marie,
The other side for Kate kissed he.

Then in a manner free and fair
He tossed the dollar in the air.

«Ye fates,» he cried, «pray let this be
A lucky throw indeed for me!»

The dollar rose, the dollar fell;
He watched its whirling transit well,

And off some twenty yards or more
The dollar fell upon the shore.

John Henry ran to where it struck
To see which maiden was in luck.



But, oh, the irony of fate!
Upon its edge the coin stood straight!

And there, embedded in the sand,
John Henry let the dollar stand!

And he will tempt his fate no more,
But live and die a bachelor.

Thus, ladies, you have heard me sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

Ellis Parker Butler.



The Unfortunate Experience of a Successful Salesman.

A TRUE STORY.

I HAD been working all winter and spring in the western part of New York State, alternately at wood-chopping and at making cradles and bedsteads, with a brief interval during which I ran a wheelbarrow express from the village hotel down to the steamboat-landing a mile and a half away, when I made my first and only flight into business as a drummer. I still think that it was a success in a way, even if it did n't work out exactly right. But that was not my fault. I like a concern, anyhow, that can stand up alone in times of prosperity: this could n't. It was an infant industry: that was the mischief.

It was this way. A lot of my fellow-workers in the factory had hit upon the idea of setting up in business for themselves on the coöperative plan. They had no capital, but they hired a shop with water-power; wood was cheap, and the oil-country close at hand, with boom towns springing up all over it like mushrooms. They wanted beds and tables and chairs down there, and had money to pay for them. All that was needed was some one who could talk to go and sell them the things; then enough could be made to establish the business before the credit of the concern gave out. They picked me for that job, and I, nothing loath, dropped ax and wheelbarrow, and started out.

An album full of photographs of furniture and a price-list made up my equipment. I was to do the rest. I remember, as though it was yesterday, the first storekeeper I struck. It was in Titusville. He was a cross old man, and would n't so much as look at my pictures; but when I poked the book under his nose and it fell open right at the extension-tables, he had to in spite of himself. I told him the price before he could get his eye off the picture, and he took another look. He turned over the leaves, while my heart beat high with anticipation, and by and by he came back to the extension-tables. If they were any good he would n't mind a dozen or so; but he had to bind me down to an iron-clad contract as to price and quality, since he had never seen me before, and did n't know our tables. I signed that contract,—I would cheerfully have signed anything just then,—and many more like it in the three weeks that followed. It was singular how suspicious they were of extension-tables, in spite of the fact that they hankered after nothing else, in that free-handed country. But then I early made up my mind that that was the way of trade.

There were others in Titusville who wanted extension-tables, and I let them have them gladly. I must have sent home an order for a hundred that night before I took the late train for Oil City so as to be up and doing with the birds. There it was the same thing, and so in Pithole Centre, in Franklin, and all the way down the Allegheny River. There was evidently a famine in extension-tables. They wanted nothing else. It seemed as if no one slept or sat down in that country, but just ate. But I made up my mind that they probably all kept boarders, oil running high in those days, and lots of people streaming in from everywhere. Before that day was at an end I had determined to let all the rest of it go, and to throw myself on the tables entirely. If tables they wanted, tables they should have, if it took the last stick

of wood in Chautauqua County with Cattaraugus thrown in. A thunder-storm raged while I canvassed Oil City, and the lightning struck a tank. The oil ran down the hill, and set one end of the town on fire. But while it was burning I sold extension-tables in the other end, reasoning that they would need so many more of them when they came to rebuild. There must have been something contagious about my enthusiasm, judging from the way those tables went.

That night I went to bed happy after sending home a big order for extension-tables, all under iron-clad contract, and telling them to hurry them up. I slept the sleep of the just. I don't know what kind of a time my employers had when they got that order next morning, but I can guess. It seems that they telegraphed to my customers, and received only copies of the iron-clad contract, with assurances that it was all right—they had seen my papers. They wired for me, but no telegraph was swift enough to keep up with my progress through that oil-country. My blood once up, I swept through the region like a storm-wind, scattering extension-tables right and left, until finally I sold a dealer in Allegheny City a full thousand dollars' worth in one bill. When that order came home they gave it up. They did n't wire any more, because it was no use. Not until I brought up in Rochester on the Ohio River near the State line, my last cent gone, and sent back for fresh supplies, were they able to locate me. Every morning the mail had mapped out my trail to them, but where I might be by that time, out on the front, there was no telling.

They sent me ten dollars, and wrote me just to come back, and sell no more tables. But I was not to be balked in that way. I laid out a route which the ten dollars would cover, into Ohio a little way, and planted a few score extension-tables in every town I came to. They were just as greedy for them there as in Pennsylvania. Finally I pinched myself of a dinner or two, and wound up with a run to the city of Erie on the lake, and filled that place with tables too. Then I went home, feeling like a conqueror.

My chief met me at the depot; he wore a look of exhaustion. There was a crowd at the factory just across the canal, and a flag hung out of the window. I felt that it was not a wholly undeserved honor. I had done the best I could, and a reception a little out of the usual would not be unnatural. I asked him what he thought of it, and he said that it was great.

Lots of times since have I tried to recall what were my feelings when I found out that it was the sheriff's flag that hung out of the window. I suppose that I must have been stunned. The concern had «busted.» Too much extension-table had wrecked it. Instead of four hundred and fifty dollars of commission, I got seventy-five cents, which was just half of what the boss had in his pocket. He divided squarely. And that ended my career as a drummer, along with the firm's.

What was the matter? Why, the price-list. It seems that by some mistake the selling price of extension-tables had been put lower than the cost of working up the wood. Perhaps that also explained my sudden popularity with the trade—perhaps; I cannot say that I like to think of it that way.

Jacob A. Riis.

Uncle Ezra on 'Change.

I 'd be'n readin' 'bout some fellers thet were dealin' in
New York
In a brand o' wheat called «futures» an' a «fancy»
breed o' pork;
An' they bought it on the «margins» of a place they
called «the pit.»
So one day I traveled down there jes to take a look
at it;
An' I said to Sary Ellen thet perhaps, fer all I knew,
I 'd bring home some wheat to «seed» with, an' a
«fancy» pig er two.
Well, I hunted an' ast questions, an' I had the blamed-
est chase,
An' I shore was disappointed when at last I found the
place;
Fer they wa'n't no hogs a-runnin' in that lane they call
«the street,»
An' you can't make bread ner flapjacks from that
«future» brand o' wheat.

Why, they hain't no wheat about it, ner no pork, ez I
c'u'd see—
Jes a lot o' dudes thet acted more like luntics to me;
Fer they 'd hol' their breath a minute, sorter waitin' an
excuse;
Then they 'd swing their arms an' holler like all bedlam
hed broke loose.
An' I stood right there an' watched 'em fer about an
hour er so,
An' I never saw no «margins» where that «future»
wheat c'u'd grow;
An' they wa'n't no sort o' pastur's fer that «fancy»
pork to «range,»
An' I did n't see no cattle herdin' round the Stock Ex-
change.
Ef you went there fer pervisions you 'd come short o'
winter's meat,
An' you 'd get no bread ner flapjacks from that «future»
brand o' wheat.

So I went away disgusted,—them manœuvres made me
chafe,—
An' the balance of the day I watched some fellers move
a safe;
An' I bought a bag o' peanuts as I stood a-watchin' it,
An' the peddler give me by mistake a quarter countyfeet.
An' I tuk the train that evenin', an' I went back home,
an' then
I announced to Sary Ellen thet I 'd not go there again.
An' I told her 'bout «the street,» an' 'bout them doin's
in «the pit,»
But I think I failed to mention 'bout that silver county-
feet.
An' she wondered how them city folks c'u'd get enough
to eat
F'om that «fancy» breed o' pork an' that there «future»
brand o' wheat.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

An Irish Host.

THE door lies open and the gate swings wide;
All are made welcome—even sun and rain.
Well knows the host, and knows with conscious pride,
That all who leave his door will come again—
The refuge of the homeless and the lost;
And no one hungers there, unless it be the host.

S. R. Elliott.

The Advertising Girl.

SHE was a most enchanting girl,
Rosy and plump, yet full of grace;
Her hair was perfectly in curl,
A winsome smile was on her face.
«You are so mirthful and so gay,
So free from care, fair maid,» said I,
«Life must be one long holiday
Through which you wander happily.»

«Oh, no, indeed, kind sir,» she said;
«I've had no holiday for years;
I am the advertising maid
Who in the magazines appears.
Life is a whirl of crowded days;
Yet I am gay, and happy too,
Because I find along its ways
So many pleasant things to do.

«From morning unto night I take
My fill of change and luxury.
There are a dozen firms that make
My gowns—the latest styles, you see!
The daintiest of gloves and shoes
Are stitched for me with special care;
I've all the kodaks I can use,
And all the furs that I can wear.

«Innumerable soaps and scents,
Candies and dentifrices, too,
I use with perfect confidence,
And recommend the same to you;
In each new style of underwear,
Braces, and waists my form is clad;
I have pianos and to spare,
And twenty tonics make me gläd.

«And when these varied interests pall,
Still wider joys to them succeed—
Those swiftest, sweetest hours of all
When on my bicycles I speed.
I have at least a score of wheels,
And through each magazine I whirl.
Ah! brighter bliss no monarch feels
Than crowns the advertising girl!»

Priscilla Leonard.

Aphorisms.

WHEN a man claims that he understands women, you may be tolerably sure that he has had experience with one woman whom he found he did n't understand.

EXPERIENCE is not always a good teacher. The man who has once taken a sham for a reality is apt ever afterward to take all realities for shams.

AN unhappy woman turns for distraction to «things»; but with a man the memory of love can be effaced only by a new love. Hence devotion, intense and sincere as far as it goes, to a fascinating woman is often only his surprised tribute, though genuine in its way, to her ability in helping him to forget another woman who, at all hazards, must not be remembered.

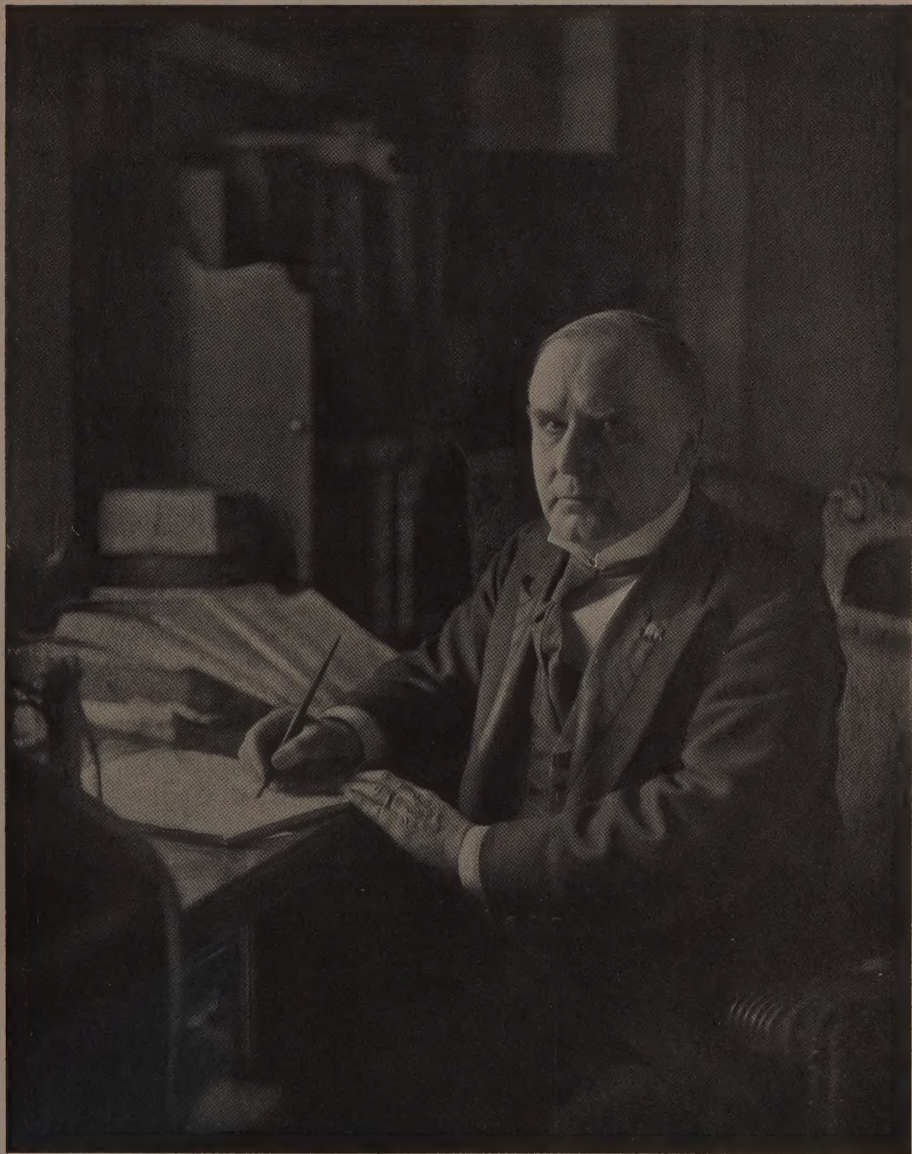
DEMAND does not always regulate supply: a lover may ask for letters at the post-office for a year without getting any.

Alice W. Rollins.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

Wm McKinley



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILLIAM MCKINLEY AT HIS HOME IN CANTON, OHIO.

This portrait and the one opposite are from photographs taken for THE CENTURY, Dec. 9 and 10, 1896.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE C. COX.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AT HIS DESK, NOVEMBER 23, 1896.
From a photograph taken for THE CENTURY.